THE
ATLANTIC MONTHLY

VOLUME 171 NUMBER 5

MAY, 1943

86th YEAR OF CONTINUOUS PUBLICATION

WANTED: AMERICAN RADICALS

by JAMES B. CONANT

THE unconditional surrender of the Axis powers in the shortest possible span of time is the present goal of our national effort. To that end we must be prepared for heavy sacrifices in the months ahead. The demands of our military leaders must be met whatever the cost to the home front, for in no other way may we hope to shorten the present agony of the world. Such being the case, it seems to some like tempting fate even to think about the state of the nation after the war is won.

Yet the debate on the post-war world has started and the clarification of the United Nations' war aims is an essential part of the war effort. Certainly a public discussion of these issues must prove of benefit. But to my mind our post-war domestic problems should take at least equal rank with the more colorful job of planning for the international order. For it would be my contention that the future of our foreign policy depends on the solution of our internal problems.

Unlike some others, I do not fear a recurrence of old-fashioned isolationism. The contracted world of the airplane and its lethal weapons will argue more eloquently against isolationism than a thousand orators. The facts of the military situation will persuade the American people that they cannot ignore the problems of war and peace beyond the seas. Therefore, the question before us when the war is won will *not* be, Shall we play a part in the international scene? but, *How* shall we play our part? And until we settle within the United States our approach to such difficult questions as the relation of management and labor, and the control and ownership of the tools of production; until we square away on a course that will make us both prosperous and free, we shall be irresolute in deciding upon our foreign policy.

One needs no apologies for turning his eyes on the domestic scene. If we are to consider the post-victory era, we must give earnest thought to the organization of the economic and social life of these United States. And one already sees the line-up of contending forces on this front. To one observer, at least, it would appear that the 1940's underline the truth of William Allen White's statement of the 1930's, that the American liberal is in the doghouse. No longer are the Gilbert and Sullivan words applicable, that "every boy and every gal that's born into the world alive is either a little liberal or else a little conservative."

It is not only the liberal but the conservative who seems to have disappeared. For who can locate more than a trace today of a point of view which

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JAMES BRYANT CONANT, President of Harvard University, like his famous predecessor, Charles W. Eliot (who was also a chemist), has a way of speaking out on national issues in words that carry far beyond the confines of Cambridge, Massachusetts.

The continuity of President Conant's thinking is worthy of note. The *Atlantic* regards this article as a splendid successor to his often quoted "Education for a Classless Society," which appeared in our May, 1940, issue.

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might be correctly designated as conservative? Who can find many men who correspond to the famous definition of a conservative — that is, a person who feels that "when it is not necessary to change, it is necessary not to change." In the midst of a war economy, where military necessity determines more and more every aspect of the national pattern, who is to be found who does not believe that a change is necessary once the war is won? A total war has automatically eliminated the conservative.

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We must therefore classify those who think and talk about political and economic matters in terms of the direction of the proposed change: reactionaries who would try to return to a condition approximating the pre-war status (or some earlier date), radicals who look forward to a *radically* different situation. I hasten to assure the reader that I have no desire to read into the words "reactionary" and "radical" any of the usual praise or condemnation. The overtones of such words change with the generations; the radicals of the late 1860's were radical not on the economic issues which now seem to us to be the primary concern of man, but on the issue of racial equality and the political realization of this equality.

Into the debate between reactionary and radical I should like to see introduced a third voice — the voice of the American radical. I use the adjective advisedly, thus distinguishing this third line of approach from that of the chief vocal groups now discussing the American future — whom I shall designate, with due apologies, "American" reactionaries and "European" radicals. The adjectives, I submit, represent the background of the hopes and aspirations of each movement. For example, numerous businessmen today are saying, "If, when the war is over, the government will move out and leave us alone, we will restore the American system of free enterprise and with it American prosperity." There can be no question of the propriety of the word "American" as applied to this side of the domestic controversy. And if some object to my use of the word "reactionary," I would remind them that those who wish openly for a restoration are by definition reactionaries.

The use of the adjective "European" for our radical friends will probably offend as many as the use of the word "reactionary" for the other group. But I think it can be shown that those who have the most clearly defined objectives in their social philosophy today are those who stand to the extreme left. For them a new world is waiting to be born. The choice before our generation, to their mind, is clear-cut. To use the words of one spokesman for their new world: "On the one side there is private ownership, spiritual vulgarity, and some independence; on the other there is communal ownership, moral dignity, and police supervision. The direction of evolution seems to be from the first to the second. . . . One may therefore hope that mankind will quickly learn the conditioned reflexes necessary to live communally, so that the amount of police supervision may not increase indefinitely, and may soon decrease."

This type of radical philosophy stems from the great Continental thinkers of the nineteenth century. The names of the predecessors of the European radicals are to be found on the lists of the Fabian Society of England of a generation back. The nearest approach to their ideals is to be seen in the miraculous Russian state. Their cultural heritage has been derived from Germany, France, and England.

I hardly need to make plain at this point that I am not pinning labels on either of our two major political parties. I am speaking rather about a general line of cleavage which is often spoken of as left and right. The points of agreement and disagreement between these two groups — this rough division by which I have oversimplified the economic and political forces of today — are not to me the significant issue. It is the lack of a third choice. For I believe that if the America of the future is to emerge from the conflict of *only* these two groups, the chances are not great that it will be the kind of America in which most of us would like to live. If the extremes of the two contending forces continue to align as they do now, I fear greatly for the cause of freedom on this continent.

Hence, my hope that a new group of thinkers and of speakers will arise: a group of modern radicals in the American tradition, who will make the conflict triangular and at the same time contribute elements which are lacking in the present picture. Not that I think this American radical, whose importance I am urging, can alone solve the nation's problem any more than the American reactionary or the European radical can, but I do think he is needed in the fight.

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Now, what is this American radical to be like — this successor to the men who abolished primogeniture at the founding of the Republic, who with zest

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destroyed the Bank of the United States in the times of Andrew Jackson?

In the first place he will be obviously more indigenous than our friends the European radicals or even our friends the American reactionaries. He springs from the American soil, firm in the belief that every man is as good as his neighbor, if not better, and is entitled to a real chance for a decent living. Instinctively in the early days of the Republic his predecessor supported the ideas of Jefferson, as against the more aristocratic and monarchical conceptions drawn from Europe.

The American radical traces his lineage through the democratic revolution of Jackson when Emerson was sounding his famous call for the American Scholar. His political ideal will, of course, be Jefferson: his prophets will be Emerson and Thoreau; his poet, Whitman. He will be respectful but not enthusiastic about Marx, Engels, and Lenin. I believe he can make a good case that his kind were the only radicals in the United States on economic matters until the close of the nineteenth century. What would this influential native-born thinker of our past advocate were he confronted with our problems of today? Let me try your patience with an exercise in imagination. Let me attempt to describe a revised and recreated being — an American radical of the 1940's.

First of all, like all radicals and also all reactionaries, in his extreme moods he will be utterly impractical. In general, however, being rooted in the American soil he will be endowed with a considerable amount of earthy common sense and a certain willingness to apply to the changes which he effects the typical American question, "Does it work?" and to take up cheerfully another trial if the answer should be no.

No one needs to be told that the American radical will be a fanatic believer in equality. Yet it will be a peculiar North American brand of doctrine. For example, he will be quite willing in times of peace to let net salaries and earnings sail way above the $25,000 mark. He believes in equality of opportunity, not equality of rewards; but, on the other hand, he will be lusty in wielding the axe against the root of inherited privilege. To prevent the growth of a caste system, which he abhors, he will be resolute in his demand to confiscate (by constitutional methods) all property once a generation. He will demand really effective inheritance and gift taxes and the breaking up of trust funds and estates. And this point cannot be lightly pushed aside, for it is the kernel of his radical philosophy.

He will favor public education, truly universal educational opportunity at every level. He will be little concerned with the future of private education, except as he values independent competing groups in every phase of American activity. By the same token he will be forever harping on the dangers of Federal control of institutions concerned with youth.

Decentralization, local responsibility, all the old shibboleths which his European radical friends have hurled into the dustbin, he will take out, polish up, and see if by any chance they may be more applicable to the future than we suspect. Of course, like the intelligent members of the other two groups, he will recognize that we are going to live in the 1950's in a highly mechanized, industrialized age. He will know that the transition from a totalitarian war economy to the kind of utopia he envisages cannot be made with safety overnight. For the American radical above all others is in the tradition of having a job for everyone; he will rack his brains to find the equivalent of those magic lands of the old frontier.

Like Jefferson when he had to choose between his antipathy to the powers of the central government and the national need for the purchase of Louisiana, the American radical will compromise his objections to governmental action from time to time. He will be ready to invoke even the Federal government in the interests of maintaining real freedom among the great masses of the population. But, unlike the European radical, he will never cease to hope that such remedies may be only passing sins. He will not place a higher value on property rights than on human rights, for his political forebears never did. He will recall that it was "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," not "life, liberty, and property," which Jefferson wrote into the Declaration of Independence. And, of course, he will be very sensitive on such old-fashioned subjects as individual rights as opposed to the police power of the state.

If by any chance the American radical should find his influence increasing, he might advocate drastic revisions in the Constitution, for there are a number of fundamentals in our governmental structure he might like to alter. He would realize, for instance, that in a modern industrial state, government must play a much larger role than he and his friends desire. And the only hope of preventing his hereditary enemy, the Federal power, from increasing every decade is to strengthen local government. Yet when he surveys the odd mixture of areas and population which history has bequeathed to us as sovereign states, he might feel that with new areas, fewer in number and more nearly equal in population

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and resources, local government might become another matter.

Of course, one brand of native American philosophy stems from the barren rocks of the chilly country of the Pilgrim fathers. It might be called individual contrariness. And the American radical would have a fair share of this. He would be on many matters independent as the proverbial hog on ice. It was one of his breed in earlier times who was stopped by a friend on his way to the town meeting: "Don't you know, Ed," said the friend, "there ain't no use in going to that there meeting? Old Doc Barnes and his crowd control enough votes to carry everything they want and more too. You can't make any headway agin 'em." "That's all right," Ed replied, "but I can worry 'em some."

4

NOSTALGIA is the sleeping sickness against which the American radical would have to fight. Large cities, modern transportation, big industries would be the things difficult for his philosophy to encompass, and yet he must take them into his pattern of thought and come out with modern answers conforming to his basic philosophy of life. Organized business groups and organized labor will regard the American radical with equal suspicion; and towards both he in turn will be equally suspicious, but rarely hostile. Pressure groups are, after all, one of the recurring features in the American scene. From their conflicts has emerged the American society of our past.

And the American radical, like the American reactionary, believes it on balance to have been a good past; only he, unlike the reactionary, thinks the road ahead leads straight to a better future, a future that can come only with the change that arises out of the smoke of constant political battle. The American radical believes in the ever recurring struggle to check and put back in place groups which have attained too much power.

The fundamental philosophy of the American radical is a threat to much of the present leadership of both capital and labor. For his equalitarian doctrine, if only partially successful, would change the complexion of the struggle between management and labor. And this is the crux of his contribution to the current scene. He would use the powers of government to reorder the "haves and have-nots" every generation to give flux to our social order. And given a high degree of social mobility in America — a degree comparable to that in a pioneer community of a century ago — labor leaders would find themselves often negotiating with their blood relations. If at the same time ownership and management of industry rarely if ever were passed on by inheritance, nepotism, or patronage, many aspects of the current industrial picture would indeed be radically altered — altered in a characteristically American way.

But I must beware of pressing this utopian picture to a logical conclusion. For even if the American radical were to arise tomorrow, we may be certain that no more than any other reformer would he ever succeed in bringing about the millennium. We should judge him by the resultant of his interaction with many pressures in a social organization which faces a retailoring job if it is to be adapted to a modern industrial civilization and still preserve the elements of freedom. We should judge him by this resultant, not by the blueprints of the future he holds before our eyes.

We may ask the American radical for at least one concrete illustration of a practical method of increasing the social mobility on which he sets so much store. He would answer that the demobilization of our armed forces is a God-given moment for reintroducing the American concept of a fluid society. If it is handled properly (meaning, of course, his way), we can ensure a healthy body politic for at least a generation. Handle it improperly and we may well sow the seeds of a civil war within a decade.

Here are eleven million men (or will be if the present plans are carried through), a cross-section of the nation. A large proportion of them are under twenty-five with their careers and lifework still in the making. If their future role in the United States is determined by their merit, their talents, their character, and their grit, they and their relatives will feel this is a good land, a land of freedom come what may. If on the other hand they feel they were replaced in civilian life on the basis of the accidents of geography and birth, there will be many who will become frustrated and embittered — particularly if the general level of prosperity should fall. Here we have a chance for a grand "Paul Jones."

Do we believe in equality of opportunity or not? asks the American radical. If we do, we shall set up machinery, state machinery of course (but Federally financed), to see to it that the returning soldier is retrained and placed in the kind of employment for which his talents are suited. This has been a total war: we must still use reluctantly a bit of totalitarian power. To be practical, we can't promise white-collar jobs to all the ex-soldiers. We could fix some quotas, perhaps, and see that they

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are fairly distributed. We could even set up agencies to lend money to groups of competent veterans who might start small retail or manufacturing businesses. We could do all within our power to get the son of a laborer who has the capacity on the ladder of management, and with enthusiasm put a son of management who does not have the capacity for desk work in the way of earning an honest living as a manual worker.

So proclaims this fanatic equalitarian. Or else, says the American radical, we can operate our placement services through private pressure groups and see that sons of business executives get jobs through other business executives, and members of union families take up work unionized by their friends. Under such conditions the layers of society probably would become more impervious than ever, we should depart further from our American ideal. And a caste-ridden society is one of potential danger — danger of eruption, danger for the liberty of all. Not governmental employment, not pensions, but governmental guarantee of real equality of opportunity for the veteran therefore would be the plank of the American radical once the war was won!

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To turn from such eminently practical matters as earning a living to the problems of nourishing the human soul, we see also a difference here between the members of my hypothetical trio. For the American radical could not indulge his taste for "Old World culture" without a twinge of conscience. Therefore he would be impelled to sponsor a most difficult undertaking: the work of redefining culture in both democratic and American terms. He would have little patience — too little patience — with antiquarians, scholars, and collectors. The idea that culture is aristocratic would find no sympathy from his kind. This is one of the few points on which the American radical joins hands with his other radical friends and the Russians of the new day; his concept of art and culture would be in terms of the present and the future, in terms of every man and woman and not a special privileged few.

The American radical would be old-fashioned in his notion of the importance of individual integrity. He would be harsh on cynics and easy optimists alike. He would be committed to a free press, to tolerance of all doctrines and the maximum of tolerance for individual action. But since he would bemoan the cynicism of our youth and the intellectual dishonesty of our age, he might well be fanatical in his desire for certain reforms in education. He would surely be both unkind and unjust to this century's methods of advertising and sales promotion. For like some others he would be inclined to see in the waves of distorted facts and beguiling half-truths with which our eyes and ears are daily saturated one of the most insidious maladies of the age. How he would cope with such a problem, I do not know. But on the subject he would be vocal if he were true to the real American radical tradition.

Such in brief is my specification for a genus *Americanus*, whose voice I do not hear. The reader will undoubtedly derive the impression that I am sympathetic in my own personal views with the hypothetical gentleman I have just portrayed. That is true. But I should like to make it clear that I am arguing for his introduction into the American scene not because I believe all his aims should be achieved, but because I believe his type of thinking would prove a most beneficial leaven. I urge the need of the American radical not because I wish to give a blanket endorsement to his views, but because I see the necessity for reinvigorating a neglected aspect of our historic pattern of development.

We must all agree that the problems we shall have to face at the close of the present struggle arise not alone from a global war. They arise largely from the fact that the war itself was a manifestation of a larger maladjustment. To correct this maladjustment we cannot invoke the shades of the liberals of the *laissez faire* Manchester school of thought. Rather in this country we must invoke our radical ancestors and with their spirit attack the problems of a stratified society, highly mechanized and forced to continue along the road of mass production. Without further apologies, therefore, I recommend to the attention of all who are interested in preserving freedom the need for the American radical — the missing political link between the past and future of this great democratic land.

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» You have heard of Juvenile Delinquency — here is what those abstract words mean, in the flesh.

CHILDREN OUT OF HAND

The Reform School

by CHESTER LEE WHITE

1

Two teen-age boys confined in cells at the Whittier State School hanged themselves. It was claimed that, regularly beaten by "brutal guards," they had chosen death as the simplest way out of an intolerable situation. I wondered about that claim.

For fourteen years in the public schools I had ministered to the educational and social needs of scores of boys, before and after they had attended Whittier. Invariably these lads praised California's correctional school. Many confessed that they would far rather remain in that institution than at home with their parents. It was difficult to reconcile these testimonies with continued rumors of other attempted suicides, atrocities, and mismanagement.

A public hearing was convened. The superintendent of the school resigned under fire, and there were so many applicants ready and willing to succeed him that competition assumed the aspects of a professional melee. Superintendents pro tempore came and went in frenzied procession. There were rumors that several of California's counties were becoming hesitant about assigning boys to the Whittier School, until the "controversy" was settled. Inmates escaped from the institution, and juvenile gang wars suddenly seemed to break out in our metropolitan areas.

Because of my interest in the problems of delinquency, I decided to make an investigation in my own right. When it was learned that I had worked with difficult behavior cases in the classroom, the assistant superintendent of Whittier, then in charge of the school, insisted that, in view of the war shortage, it was my patriotic duty to take a position as boys' group supervisor, for the summer.

I accepted the offer and was assigned immediately to duty in the Discipline (Lost Privilege) Cottage, the one in which the two boys hanged themselves. Now at last I should be able to learn the facts about the alleged mistreatment of juvenile wards of the State of California.

The Whittier State School, renamed the Fred C. Nelles School for Boys, is located just twenty miles east of Los Angeles City Hall. The architecture is magnificent. Twenty spacious brick buildings of old English design are surrounded by forty acres of green lawn and soft foliage. Three hundred adjacent acres, used for diversified farming, supply food for the three hundred inmates of the institution.

In the midst of this imposing ensemble stands the Discipline (Lost Privilege) Cottage. Like the others, it is an impressive brick structure erected about an interior court or patio approximately one hundred feet square. This court is divided by a fifteen-foot brick wall, and is surrounded at the top by three strands of barbed wire. The high wall divides what at first seems one building into two identical buildings, the half on the west being known as Lost Privilege Cottage, that on the east as the Receiving Cottage. Each building has five individual "detention" cells, and the interior patio just described, which has the appearance of a prison courtyard. It is paved with asphalt, and from within one can see only the bricks of the walls and the sky above them. I must add, however, that there has never been a fence around the Whittier property or a bar at the windows, except in the one "cottage" to which I was assigned.

During the two and one-half months I served in this situation, ninety maladjusted youngsters were

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For fifteen years, CHESTER LEE WHITE has counseled and taught maladjusted high school boys at the Jacob A. Riis High School in Los Angeles. Last summer he volunteered to serve as the supervisor of the Lost Privilege Cottage at the Whittier State School — a "cottage" in which two boys had recently hanged themselves. Mr. White has been invited to explain his teaching and disciplinary methods to Education classes at the University of Southern California, and also, at the request of Judge Samuel Blake, to the Juvenile Crime Prevention Detail of the Los Angeles city police force.

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assigned to my custody. I ate at least one meal each day with those lads. I supervised their evening baths, provided them with fresh linen and clothing, directed their activities as they washed their dishes and kept their quarters spotless. I listened to their evening prayer. And each night I shuddered as I locked behind them the three heavy doors to three cages or community cells, which are surrounded by strong steel gratings — cages referred to ambiguously as dormitories or wards.

I became acquainted with these boys. I learned their various idiosyncrasies. I read the state's account of their incredible individual records. I have shared my desserts with them; watched their faces light up as I presented them with picture magazines, pencils, and drawing paper to make their confinement less irksome. I have heard their conversations about life and people. The homesick sobs of the less stable youngsters distressed me.

I do not contend that the Whittier program, which has been developed with the greatest care, over about half a century, is so effective as the people of the State of California have intended that it should be; but it is very far from a program of ruthless brutality. The State of California spends $99.71 per month on each child enrolled at the Whittier State School. Actually, as a professional man, I wish that I were able to assure my own children that they would always be as well cared for as are the inmates at the Whittier State School. Believe me, while in training for my commission in the United States Navy, I did not enjoy more uniformly excellent fare.

In view of these claims one has the right to wonder why two children committed suicide in this environment. Since I was not present when that occurred, all I can do honestly is to guess. I have, of course, learned some of the facts about the personal records of those unfortunate children.

2

My experiences at Whittier convince me that nothing in the program at that school could be used as a reason for suicide. Nevertheless, certain boys were continually running away and being returned. Some, finding themselves fugitives from justice, realized that they dare not return to their homes. Becoming hungry, they took the lines of least resistance and committed additional offenses against society. But since impractical theorists, reinforced by pressure groups, deem it inhuman to administer effective discipline in any form, those charged with the responsibility of caring for such unusual children were reluctant to employ even the loss of privilege as a method of punishment for these diversions. This has been particularly true ever since two of the boys hanged themselves.

Instead of effective discipline, the usual penalty for the most serious disregard of rules is a mark of zero entered on a daily report card. One might expect such a system to be an excellent method of rehabilitation of normal children; but for people who evidence psychopathic tendencies, or for children who are criminally adept, it is about as effective as the practice of damming flood waters with sacks of salt.

Should my fourteen-year-old son, in an unguarded moment, speak to me or to anyone else as boys to whom I gave zero at Whittier have done, I would make an issue of the matter which he would long remember; but I was powerless to act at Whittier, because these children were "protected."

I was amused by a story about a baffled supervisor who appeared before his superior officer seeking advice. He complained that although he had given a certain boy triple zero for the day, the boy still insisted on calling him a so-and-so. The supervisor wanted to know what he should do about the matter. The humor in the story is that there was nothing effective he might do, and he should have known it. Of course, he might have given him another zero — on the theory that when you try, try again, you may succeed.

There are many people who would not consent to the use of stern, summary punishment in such cases. The greatest difficulty, I find, lies in convincing reasonable people that children are in the main not unlike their adult parents, and that they should be subject to the inexorable penalties of life as well as to its rules. Children are subject to all the physical ailments to which human flesh is prone, and (appalling as it may seem) children are often as insane and criminal as their allegedly more mature fellow creatures. Therefore, it ill behooves any lay member of society to attempt to prevent the authorities of the state from using their seasoned judgment and skill in effecting the rehabilitation of children whenever their salvation is possible.

If it takes a cuff to change a child's mind about his responsibilities to society, the state has not acted wisely if that cuff has been postponed until the child has reached the reformatory. Certainly the law should not charge the authorities of a state school with maintaining order, and then shackle them by making the use of corporal punishment illegal. Everyone who has been on the receiving end of this baffling business recognizes that it is sometimes necessary and advisable.

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BEFORE I entered the Discipline Cottage, I was warned that I was being placed in charge of twenty-five or thirty of the most difficult and dangerous behavior cases in the State of California. I was instructed to be always on the alert; that there must be two supervisors on duty at all times "in order that any recurrence of violence on the boys' part may be avoided"; and that the two officers on duty must "take every possible precaution to see that neither is left in a position of disadvantage while the other is temporarily absent."

I inquired about the meaning of this paragraph in my instructions and was told that recently a group of boys had slipped up behind their supervisor and felled him with a blow on the head administered with an improvised billy — a heavy teacup inside a sock. Then they stole his keys and escaped. Imagine the salutary effect of a mark of zero on such determined recalcitrants!

It seems that after newspapers and pressure groups had placed all employees of the state institution on the proverbial "pan," similar attempts by bolder inmates had not been unusual. One supervisor explained that. He said, "For months we have not dared to speak sharply to an inmate. We have been forced to relax all discipline, because employees of the institution live in constant and deadly fear of unfavorable newspaper publicity and undue political pressure."

On one occasion I witnessed a fight which had started beween two white boys. Instinctively, I stepped in to protect the weaker. As soon as I assumed that hostilities had ceased, and turned my back on the contestants, the larger boy stole up behind me and struck me an unexpected blow in the throat which so paralyzed my guttural paraphernalia that for forty-eight hours I could not talk or swallow without pain. The boy bragged that that was a sample of the jujitsu which he had used on the "cops" when he was on the "outs" (at liberty).

The most severe penalty I could administer was a grade of zero. However, I reported the incident and my condition to the latest superintendent, who seemed keenly concerned. He asked sharply, almost anxiously, "Did you provoke the boy?" I could not believe my ears.

On another occasion a quarrel started between the white and colored boys in our "cottage." For hours everyone was tense, sullen, and cagey. Late that afternoon, without warning, the strongest and most surly of the white boys approached me demanding frantically that I protect him and his comrades from the violence which he claimed had been slyly inflicted on them for more than twenty-four hours. I was astonished, for although both supervisors had been constantly on the alert, we had witnessed no violence. Yet that fellow's face was bruised and bloody, and his shirt was torn to shreds. The sly cunning of these lads always amazed me.

In order to get a better understanding of the boy's opinion in the matter, I asked what he thought I ought to do. He retorted with obvious impatience, "If you would knock a few of those guys down, it would help." He did not know that the state law would not permit me to lay even a finger on those lads; but even if he had, he would not have been able to understand why I should concern myself about such a trifle as observing the law.

4

I HAD been a supervisor about three weeks before I was able to adapt myself to this very difficult environment. Gradually, however, I began to feel that for some indefinable reason I had become master of the situation; but I am convinced that my mastery was due chiefly to my sense of humor and (poor as it is) to my histrionic ability. For want of a better device, I had learned to keep those inmates guessing; but never for a moment in the two and one-half months did I feel that I could safely relax my vigilance.

Try as I might, it was impossible to capture the confidence of my charges; for an inmate considers it a mark of weakness to respond to the kindly missions of his teachers or supervisors. The boys call such disloyalty to the gang "slurping."

Each afternoon a capable, pleasant, patient, middle-aged woman came to teach mathematics and English to my group. I was impressed with the effort this lady made to minister to the boys' social as well as educational needs. At first, I could not understand the reason for a rule which prescribed that not more than fifteen inmates of the Discipline Cottage should be allowed in the schoolroom at the same time; and that during the class period a male supervisor must be present always, to maintain order. Remember that formerly some of those same boys had been in my public school classes and that I had never needed assistance in maintaining order.

However, I changed my mind quickly when on one occasion, without provocation, a timid-appearing lad went berserk and broke into a frenzy of profanity which would have made Captain Kidd raise

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his eyebrows. At another time two boys jumped at each other's throats, without warning, and blood began to spurt before I could separate them. On a third occasion, unannounced, a mammoth colored boy attempted to accost the teacher. I decided then that undoubtedly the rule had its merits.

All these incidents were disconcerting; but until one has witnessed a stampede of the mob, he is unable to comprehend the significance of problems which daily confront employees of a state reformatory. On one occasion it was necessary for me to be absent for a few hours. At the same time, the supervisor who was my regular partner in the Discipline Cottage was enjoying his day off. Two men who were unfamiliar with the problems of the cottage relieved us. On my return to duty, as I approached the cottage, but while I was still a great distance off, I could hear the din of wild disorder. Upon entering I witnessed a mob scene that would have been not more effective if it had been done by the Keystone Komedy Kops and directed by Hal Roach.

It appeared that when the evening meal had been delivered from the kitchen, in great metal containers, the boys rushed upon the substitute supervisors, seized the food, and used it as ammunition with which to finish a feud that started earlier in the day. The inside walls of the building were spotted with mashed potatoes and greasy portions of stuffed bell peppers. The messy residue which did not stick to the walls was strewn over all the floors and furniture. After this battle of vitamins the warriors had retired to the "prison" courtyard, and when I arrived they were staging a war dance with plenty of wild whoops and hideous halloos. The participants had appropriated reams of toilet paper, which they had torn to bits and were using for confetti.

Several of the more rugged inmates had corralled one of the relief supervisors and were tormenting him as a toreador goads a bull. One of the lads, whose sanity was merely a question of academic debate, was calling him some of the vilest names it has been my lot to hear. With each name the rugged bully would make a wild thrust, as if to strike a vicious blow, and when the supervisor dodged pathetically, a chorus of inmates laughed raucously and bent themselves over with savage mirth. The poor fellow looked as forlorn and frustrated as a missionary who, surrounded by cannibals, realizes that it will not be long until he is merely a well-seasoned soupbone.

I was impelled to laugh when I grasped the meaning of the incongruity, but I assumed an attitude of determined anger and strode deliberately out into the court. The festivities ceased as suddenly as if all had seen that phantom known to literature as the Masque of the Red Death. There were frantically whispered calls of "Cheese it!" The revelers became penitents, and order prevailed as if by magic.

It was amusing to recall that the supervisor whom my arrival had rescued had insisted to me that it would never be necessary to use corporal punishment in disciplining children; that each child possesses a personality which must be allowed to unfold and develop normally, lest the child's nature become warped and democracy be robbed of its influence. (With Scrooge, I say, "Humbug!") He propounded quite fervently that he *believed* there is no such thing as a bad boy. I agreed with this statement. There is no such thing as a bad boy; but unfortunately there are children who for various uncatalogued reasons seldom do anything right.

5

MANY times while I was on duty in the Discipline Cottage, boys threatened to hang themselves. I gave these threats little credence, because I realized that often this was their way of saying, "You'll be s-o-r-r-y." I was warned about one sixteen-year-old lad: the psychiatrists had intimated that he possessed psychopathic symptoms. He had no sooner arrived in the Discipline Cottage than he looked up at me and inquired gleefully: "Is this where the boys hung themselves?"

I answered affirmatively and he asked, "Where?"

I could see that he was keen with morbid anticipation.

"In those cells over there." I pointed at the cells, which were being used temporarily as storehouses for paints, furniture, and clothing. (For those who would question the wisdom of exposing the lad to such information, I am convinced that it is a mistake to shield a child from the facts he seeks to learn. Complete knowledge of a fact always dispels unhealthy curiosity.)

"Where are the boys now?" He explained that he meant the boys who had hanged themselves.

"Why, they are dead, of course," I answered.

He continued incredulously, "Aw, they aren't dead for good, are they?" I was astonished, for he was as serious as anyone with whom I had ever talked.

"Certainly. Don't you know that when a person hangs by the neck it surely kills him?"

"Aw, I don't believe it. I am going to try and see if it will kill me." That boy proved to be a veritable will-o'-the-wisp. He was continually trying

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to inflict torture on someone else, and when he succeeded in producing a cry of pain, he would go into a protracted paroxysm of mirthful hysteria. Once I discovered him trying to weave a rope of shoestrings so that he might hang himself.

One of the cruel facts of life is that some children, as well as adults, are psychopathic criminals. To be sure, the word "psychopathy" is less harsh and disturbing than the term "insanity" or "lunacy"; but it means the same thing.

Police are actually afraid of such children. They would far rather encounter the most hardened professional criminal; for they are able to forecast the reactions of the latter with reasonable certainty. Some children may shoot and kill their fellow creatures and then appear entirely unable to experience remorse.

No parent wants to concede that a child is a psychopathic delinquent. Our whole Christian philosophy makes such a tenet repugnant; instinctively we wish to believe that there is balm in Gilead for the woes of the human heart and mind. At least, I am convinced that all who have devoted their lives to the otherwise thankless task of trying to rehabilitate wayward youngsters are confident that there is.

It cannot be too often reiterated that children do not get into our state schools until every known method has been tested (except, perhaps, corporal punishment), until every one of the child's whims has been indulged, and until every agency for social betterment in our American communities has admitted its failure to effect a change in them. The home, the schools, the church, the Catholic, Protestant, and Jewish Big Brothers, Scout organizations, group agencies, women's clubs, service organizations, and the medical profession have all failed. In addition, the probation departments, the juvenile courts, the police, the local detention homes have failed. The state school is the final depository.

6

It is imperative that society should understand and sympathize with the problem of crime, and that society should finance an adequate program of rehabilitation; but it is more essential that society should possess the courage to admit that the problem exists. If there is to be a successful solution, every factor must be brought out into the light and considered exhaustively. We must not hush the truth or minimize the awful facts because our problem involves children.

Society must recognize that delinquent children are not ruined by their associates in a reformatory. They are already dangerous to themselves and their fellow beings, or they would never have been committed to the custody of the state. Indeed it is almost as difficult to convince our juvenile courts that a child should be assigned to a reformatory as it is to get a camel through the eye of a needle; for our juvenile judges are unanimous in their reluctance to admit (and rightly) that a child cannot be rehabilitated within the environment of his own home. Most juvenile judges are more kindly than Bishop Bienvenu and more patient than Job.

Again, society must have the moral courage to stand firmly behind all vested authority of the state; and society must recognize and children must be taught that our democratic state is a sacred institution, whose laws and penalties are inexorable only because they protect all of us. All must be taught. Some must be taught the hard way.

After nearly fifteen years' experience with maladjusted youths, I am convinced that the greatest single cause of juvenile delinquency may be found in the growing spirit of contempt for the apparent laxity of our law enforcement system. This is entertained by appalling numbers of maladjusted adults and children. I have found that warning a boy of the seriousness of crime gets one this kind of answer: "So what? Nobody can't do nuttin' about it," or "The Judge won't do nuttin'. He's a swell egg," or "Da reform school is a cool place. Dey feed ya good, an' ya have a movie twicet a week," or "Naw, don't believe dat jive. A record don't hurt ya none. Joe had a record, and he got in da Navy," or "Da probation officer is a regular guy. He talks to ya nice. Ya don't need to be afraid of no probation officer."

Authorities claim that child crime is increasing appallingly. Several states have lately sentenced "children" to life imprisonment for hideous crimes. Every thoughtful member of society is asking, "What shall we do to protect youngsters from these unthinkable experiences and such a horrible fate?"

One answer is that we should not experiment in correctional institutions with spineless methods of pedagogy which are of unproved value in the education of normal children. Why must we wait until a child has committed murder before we make an example of him, for the good of his fellows? I am convinced that we should not tolerate even repeated petty crime. "Spare the rod and spoil the child." If one doubts the wisdom of this sound advice, he should take a job in the Discipline Cottage of a state school for maladjusted boys.

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CHILDREN OUT OF HAND

The Slum School

by GRACE IRWIN

1

ONE day last fall I read with horror that a New York schoolteacher had been shot in his classroom by two of his pupils. The boys had left the school building and had returned with a gun and had deliberately murdered their teacher in cold blood. It was depressing to realize that it takes the murder of a young husband and father to make the public understand what an evil thing our slum schools have become. One cannot exaggerate a murder.

It was a sorry satisfaction to see that what I had dreaded and expected had at last come to pass. The wonder to me is that murder was not done long ago. In the six years that I had taught in the slums of a large city, I had witnessed near-murders on too many occasions. Suppose that one of those stones thrown by boys lying in wait to "git" a teacher had hit a vulnerable spot, or suppose that loaded gun I removed from a boy's hand in my classroom had gone off.

The murder of that teacher was not a sudden flare-up of juvenile delinquency due to this war. The causes and events leading up to it have been piling up for a generation — in fact, ever since the last war. The two adolescent murderers were born in a gangster-controlled environment. I was not teaching when gang murders were at their peak but I have heard from teachers something of that period. I do know what it means, however, to teach in an overcrowded slum school, and I shudder to think of the difficulties being any more involved.

It was an overcrowded school in a metropolitan slum neighborhood where I first began to teach, and an incident of those days has always stuck in my memory. Six hundred children were in the auditorium — they had been sent there to hear promotion lists read and to be directed to their new classes. It was the beginning of a new term. There was one horrible half hour in which the principal ran up and down the platform trying frantically to bring peace and quiet. He "shished" right and left, sounding for all the world like a Seltzer siphon being discharged — s-s-shish, s-s-shish! The uproar in the auditorium steadily increased. He was adding to the noise and confusion and was making no headway in bringing order. Two or three teachers moved about trying to assist him. It was painful to watch. They were so miserably ineffective.

The principal and these particular teachers were leading exponents of treating the children patiently, tolerantly, and kindly. A young friend and I were on their side. They did not "hit," they did not speak harshly, they did not belittle. I watched their ignominious defeat with alarm and dismay. What, in heaven's name, *was* the answer? Now, there was one teacher in the school who *did* "hit," who did speak harshly on occasions, who could belittle. The principal did not approve of her discipline. But in the end he had to send for her.

She walked up onto the platform coolly and contemptuously. Her disdain was obviously for her confreres who were incompetent to handle these children. She was sure of her power. She had only to walk up on that platform to have those six hundred boys and girls quiet down in groups as each became aware of her presence. In a few seconds there was a deep and profound silence. However, there was one boy who was not yet aware of her. "You — yes, you — down in front, come up here!" she ordered coldly and menacingly. And he came, believe me!

He was inches taller than she and many pounds

A native of New York City and a graduate of Teachers College, GRACE IRWIN taught for six years in the "slum schools" along the Atlantic seaboard. Having withdrawn from the profession and being today an author in her own right, she is free to make a report which might cost teachers their jobs. Of particular importance is her appeal for better teaching, better equipment, and less crowding in the slum schools.

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heavier. I knew him because he came to my drawing room — and a bigger bully I should hate to imagine. He talked back insolently to most of the seventy or more teachers in the building. He slouched now in a cowed fashion up to that platform. She waited calmly until he had lumbered to her side, and then without any ado she promptly smacked first on one side of his face and then on the other. The smacks resounded throughout the assembly room. To our amazement he began to blubber. "*That,*" she said with a curl of her lip, "for you. Is there by any chance anyone else in this auditorium who would like to come up here?"

She stood still, her eyes moving over the crowd. There was no answer. Apparently no one wanted to share the platform with her — not even one of the teachers. I have no doubt she would have enjoyed smacking a few of them. She had been called away from her work — to do theirs.

"Now," she spoke grimly, "*I* will read the promotion lists. Kindly hand them to me."

They were handed up to her with alacrity. Within five minutes, one class was on its feet and filing out of the auditorium in perfect order. Then another and another. In an unbelievably short time, six hundred children had silently disappeared. She turned to one of the leading exponents of sweetness and light who believed children should be treated like responsible adults. "There are your promotion lists!" She turned on her heel and walked off the platform. Her contempt was not for the children, I was sure, but for the wishy-washy philosophy of her fellow teachers. *They* thought they were so superior!

My young friend and I put our heads together. What *was* the answer? We reluctantly had to admit that, "tough" as she was, she got results. Her classroom was always quiet, her children stood up on their feet and recited their lessons without the interference of general disorder. We younger and gentler teachers did not get the results that she did.

2

After a few months of teaching, or trying to teach against the most unbelievable odds, I felt sadly in need of help and advice. I turned to the educators who had trained and inspired but who had not prepared me for what I had met. I went to a meeting of teachers of the manual arts which was to have as its oracle the high priest of the new child psychology. We were to present our "problems."

I listened with a sinking heart as one teacher after another took the floor and told his or her story. They were so mockingly removed from mine. I recall two "problems" all too vividly and bitterly. They sounded so sickeningly silly. A young woman got to her feet and in a voice quivering with emotion told the plight of one small boy. He had left home one morning with the beautiful hope that he might, in his kindergarten class, paint a rosy apple. His beautiful hope was throttled, stifled, killed. His teacher *compelled* (wicked word in this new psychology) him to work along with the rest of his classmates building a store out of blocks. He became the victim of an unhealthy repression. He had gone home to lunch and he *could not eat!*

A manual training teacher was the next one to take the floor. He, too, presented a "problem." He had fourteen children in his class. He asked gravely what he should do in a difficulty like this: Six of his boys wanted to make coat hangers and the other eight wanted to make book ends. Should there be any compulsion? Or should he permit them to do exactly what they wished? His, I felt, was a most insincere question. He well knew the answer. Under no circumstance under heaven must a child be compelled to do anything he did not want to — especially and above all when he had an artistic impulse.

After listening to these "problems" for some time, in desperation I got to my feet and put my question.

"What would you do if you had about three hundred children come to your drawing room in one day — that is, six classes of nearly fifty pupils — and in each class there were sure to be ten or twelve who did not want to do anything but disturb the peace of the room? Should you compel these ten or twelve to conform, or should you let them go to it?"

There was a fearful silence. I felt like an iconoclast, an anarchist, an outlaw. I did not belong. Our oracle reluctantly, and with all too apparent distaste, turned his gaze upon me. Then he spoke.

"I would not have them," he snapped, and with a disdainful wave of his hand bowed his head to acknowledge another "problem" which was more reasonable and worthy of consideration.

While I was teaching we had several investigations. I remember some of the teachers saying valiantly — and rashly — that they would like these educators to see the school just as it was from day to day. But their valor petered out when it came to them what it would mean if all teachers were not so brave. No one, when it came down to brass tacks, cared to have investigators find her classroom the only one in disorder. She would stand an excellent chance of being put on the spot as inefficient. Accordingly, the whole school was

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put on its guard — brushed over, warned and threatened within an inch of its life. The investigating educators must find the school running smoothly.

I remember once we had a foreign educator in our midst. She came to my drawing room. I had my back to my class and my heart in my mouth. She smiled approvingly and complimented me. "I see that you believe in the modern theories of education. You allow some liberty in your room. Your children are not suppressed — they walk about and talk normally and naturally while they work."

"Allow?" I echoed to myself. I had spent a good half hour "suppressing." What would have happened if I had not? I turned and took a good look at my "modern" classroom. They *were* walking around. They *were* talking. More than a dozen of them were lined up at the windows looking down into the street. An elaborate funeral cortege was moving along it. The heart which had been in my mouth took a dive to my boots. I knew that it was only a question of minutes before the whole forty-six children would be pushing and shoving about the windows. Mercifully the "educator" moved on — and just in time.

There has been on all sides in these last twenty-five years a great deal of sentimental mush talked and practiced in the "disciplining and upbringing" of children. It has permeated the home, the school, and the juvenile courts. These last (the juvenile courts) bring to my mind a story told me by a teacher in a slum district. A fifteen-year-old boy had shot and killed his mother's "lover." It was brought out that the mother's irregularity had been known and accepted in the boy's home for some time. However, the lawyer who defended the boy succeeded in having him exonerated. He had merely defended his mother's "honor." The boy was then free to return to his school and mingle with his classmates.

The principal asked that the boy be transferred to another school. He did not dispute the boy's innocence, but he thought that it would be a mistake to return him to a school where it was generally known that he had shot and killed a man. He would be sure to be a hero to his classmates and an exalted person to himself. It would seem that the principal had made a very reasonable and sensible demand. However, the court thought otherwise and ordered the boy to be returned to his former school since he was innocent and no stigma must be attached to him or his act. He *did* return and he *did* swagger about with unbearable and overpowering importance. I cannot see that this benign verdict, this repudiation of the principal's request, served any good or constructive purpose.

I could cite many other instances of what it means to teach in a big school in the city's slums. In my six years I was kicked, scratched, and bitten. Yes, bitten! I had attempted to separate two boys who were trying to kill each other. If one of them had met with a disfiguring death within the next few weeks, he could have been identified by the imprint of his upper and lower teeth in my wrist. There were many days when teaching was a horrible nightmare — one that has since become recurring. From time to time I awake in the dead of night with the confused and ghastly thought that I am back in one of those classrooms.

3

The abnormal living of the moment piled upon the faults of a generation has brought us to a grim crisis. We are in for a wave of juvenile delinquency the like of which we have never faced. Certainly, the murder of a teacher in a slum school classroom is argument enough that something drastic must be done, and done at once.

I should first demand that publicity be turned on the slum schools in our big cities and towns. The slum school has too long festered in the shadows. It has been overlooked by the general public and snubbed by educators; and too often it has been used by Boards of Education as the dumping ground for inferior teachers or the political Siberia for insurgents.

In every city and town there are "show" schools to which the educators and social groups point with pride. They are the "front" for the educational system, but it is a false front so long as we tolerate the overcrowded school in the city's slums. Until the war is over and as long thereafter as the situation demands, let the slum schools be the show schools! Let them test the powers of our most astute and resourceful educators. We must give up — at least for the duration — the pampered "experimental school" with its favored children taught by hand-picked teachers; it has too long been the plaything of the visionary educator. Instead, let us give our least favored schools all the aid they need.

Again, let us be done with the dishonest and slimy declaration made by the examining board engaging a new teacher: "We recognize no differences among the schools in our system. It is a teacher's task to make the same success of her work no matter to which school she may be assigned." This statement

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has been made in the past because the board has not dared to say: "We are sending you to a school in a district where the police have to work overtime. The children in it do not have to go to the movies to learn crime and vice, for in their daily lives they know more than the Hays office would ever permit to be shown on the screen. In this school your classes will be the largest in the city. You will have a thankless, heartsickening, nerve-racking job, but you won't get one more cent for your work than if we sent you to one of our best new schools in the pleasant outskirts of the city proper, where your classes would be small. You will stand very little chance of getting a transfer if you find it all too grueling unless you have political pull."

No, the examining board has not said this because our politically appointed Boards of Education are afraid of offending some racial group. They dare not jar the sensibilities of the ward heeler in these unfortunate districts, for he might resent hearing that his constituents were not the most desirable for a teacher. We must cease catering to these cheap politicians who have never raised their voices or used their powers to improve the schools in their wards. The children of the slums are not getting the same educational advantages as those of the more favored sections of the city.

I firmly believe that this crisis should be treated as a war problem on the home front. There should be a rousing rally of all the teachers in these slum schools. It should be in the largest auditorium in the city. On the platform would be members of the Board of Education, representatives from the juvenile courts, and newspapermen. There should be no recriminations, for the situation is too acute to waste time arguing over what is past, but the teachers themselves ought to speak out without fear of retaliation.

I am confident that the teachers would all agree that the discipline in these schools must be stiffened immediately, and that in the stiffening they must have the vigorous support of the community, the Board of Education, the juvenile courts, and the police. I trust they will all regard the sentimentalist as nothing short of a saboteur. I feel that there ought to be meetings after school hours to check upon the progress of this new program.

And I hope that some teacher has the courage to state what all of them know: that corporal punishment must be accepted. Even the teachers who have never used it themselves have delegated the job to some father. There is of course corporal punishment now in these schools, but it is a bootleg method of discipline and consequently hazardous and uncertain. It is outrageous to leave a teacher defenseless before a boy bent upon assaulting her or one of his classmates. It is intolerable to have thrown in her face an obscene epithet and an insolent reminder that she dare not touch him because it is against the law. Corporal punishment need not be brutal. Devoted parents have used it through all time and have brought up their children to be a credit to them and their country.

In every slum school there are ringleaders who are the potential gang leaders. They should be weeded out promptly and made to feel this stiffening process. I would not waste one instant "appealing" to their better natures, but I would have them thoroughly trounced at their first flare-up of insubordination. Such action would have an immediate effect upon the whole school and a most heartening one. It should be done in the principal's office with a parent, the teacher, and a policeman present. If the parent preferred he could tackle the job himself, but he must do it in the principal's office before witnesses. I would insist upon this last, for beatings by parents are often savagely brutal. Obviously such treatment as they often administer does more harm than good.

I am conscious that this stand of mine on corporal punishment may sound reactionary — but I will stick to it. It would be a surprise attack and it would have an excellent psychological effect.

These boys are bullies who have long looked upon school authority as "sissy-like"; they have consequently a great contempt for it. They need a jolt — a shock. They know physical violence and use it themselves, and a controlled form of physical punishment would be something that they could respect and understand. After a few months, corporal punishment will be needed less and less, for the "news" will get around. I once heard a teacher say that she never gave a boy a second chance, for he always took it! There is much to be said for her point of view. Too many of these young thugs have been given not only a second chance but a third, fourth, fifth. Stop this shilly-shallying at once — the boys are on to it.

[*The two articles you have just read, both of which came to the* Atlantic *unsolicited, speak with experience and indignation of what juvenile delinquency really means in our metropolitan areas. They appeal for more discipline than has recently been allowed in our public school system. They appeal for corporal punishment. But these may not be the only remedies available. The* Atlantic *holds the door open for other firsthand testimony and for other practical methods of correction.* — THE EDITOR]

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LETTERS FROM NORTH AFRICA

by BENJAMIN APTHORP G. FULLER, 2D
Captain, Tank Destroyer Battalion
and
EDGAR L. JONES
Ambulance Driver, British Eighth Army

[The *Atlantic* intends to publish from time to time letters from the boys in service, both those at the front and those in the training centers here. Persons wishing to submit material for this series should take the precaution of making typed copies, as we do not wish to be responsible for the originals.—THE EDITOR]

North Africa, *February* 2, 1943

DEAREST MOTHER AND ALL: —

Today it is snowing (believe it or not) to beat the devil, and my hands are so cold it is almost impossible to hold the pencil. We are bivouacked high up in the North African mountains, and anybody who tries to tell you that this part of Africa is warm is full of baloney. Things are going O.K. for me, and I still am in one piece, which is all one has to worry about these days around here.

There is little use in talking about or writing what we have been up against the last three months, but I have been on the front ever since the show started, and my outfit has not yet been relieved. The morale is good but we have received some hard lessons from the Jerries and lost a good deal.

As Hod says, we always think about the peace and quiet at home and the rest when all hell is breaking around us and every moment is a good chance of being our last. Often I wonder how you all are and if things will be about the same when I get back. That scarf and sweater arrived O.K. and it sure is swell to have them in the bitter weather we are undergoing at present. Don't attempt to send anything more as I have no place to keep anything and it only gets lost. If you send anything, make it toothbrushes, soap, or toothpaste. Those are the things that really count.

You sure would laugh if you could see me now. We have a makeshift shelter consisting of the side of a tank and a big canvas tarp stretched down to the ground from the side, making a big lean-to. I have that ten-foot scarf wound around my head and a big pair of *non-waterproof* Italian mountain boots on my feet and a quart of whiskey at my right elbow. My table for writing is an empty ration case, and I am sitting on another one.

As I wrote you before, I was promoted to Captain early in January for action on the battlefield, so have no complaints coming. This sure is a crazy campaign. I have seen some terrific tank battles and mechanized fighting. One has the feeling that he is hunting and killing great prehistoric monsters. Well, enough of that; all I can say is that every moral and ideal that a so-called civilized person is brought up on must be cut off, and the psychology of kill or be killed instilled into one and all. No quarter given or asked. As Hod says, great fellows are killed, buried, and forgotten in five minutes. It's brutal, but if that is what the Jerries want to make it, that is what they'll get and plenty more before we are through.

I have seen a lot of the French and British in action and they are damn good fighters. Don't let anyone ever tell you that the British haven't got guts. They sure can fight.

The first three of these Letters from North Africa were written by CAPTAIN BENJAMIN APTHORP G. FULLER, 2D (aged 24), of Milton, Massachusetts, who was graduated from Princeton in the Class of 1940 and who is now serving in a tank destroyer battalion. Captain Fuller, who has already been decorated with the D.S.C. and the Croix de Guerre, is one of four brothers in the service. His first letter is to his mother (his father died in 1919 as a result of his service in the First World War); his other letters were sent to his brother, Captain Horace Fuller, U. S. Marines, now convalescing from injuries sustained at Guadalcanal.

The letters in Section 2 are from EDGAR L. JONES (aged 27), of Concord, New Hampshire, a direct descendant of John and Priscilla Alden. He was graduated from Dartmouth and is now driving an ambulance with Montgomery's army in Tunisia.

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One thing I would like, if it is still possible to buy it in the States, is a good big hunting knife with a leather sheath. I had one but lost it in the shuffle. They can be used for a lot of different things.

Well, Mother, that's about all the news from me. I am O.K. and you have no reason to worry. As the boys look at it around here, if your name is called, you'll sure as hell be present, so there is no point in worrying. Glad Bob and Uncle have done so well and are doing their part. All must work 100 per cent all the time to get this show over with.

I'll bet your garden will be just starting to bloom when this letter gets to you all. I'd like to take a day or two off and just lie around on the green grass and handle a few of those good old weeds. Another thing, you might see if you could get one of those fancy can-openers — the same kind that we have on the wall in the kitchen at home. We need one badly here in our mess truck and the boys will appreciate it as we eat out of nothing but tin cans. Best to all at home and hope all is O.K.

Love to all,

BENNY

North Africa, *February* 13, 1943

DEAR HOD: —

. . . Naturally there is plenty to tell you and much has slipped my memory. We came ashore in good style and caught the French defenses napping. However, they got tough soon enough and as we had orders to take it easy for political reasons, they began shelling hell out of our infantry. The General then got sore and let us go after them. We piled in and shot up about three or four old horse-drawn artillery batteries with my scout cars and mopped up and neutralized with frontal machine guns. It took three days to get Oran when we could have had it in twelve hours if there hadn't been so much "taking it easy on the French" involved.

Within forty-eight hours after that we were on the road for Tunis with two battalions of M-4 tanks and a lot of armored infantry and our battalion. We rolled 650 miles over the Atlas Mountains and some of the ruggedest ground you've ever seen. Heavy tank lighters and big armored equipment. The nights were about 15° above in the mountains but we made it O.K. We drove a hard armored thrust at Tunis and damn near had the place if we had had the infantry to hold the ground. Boy, what shows! One afternoon twenty-five German tanks smashed into thirty American tanks on one road — neither could get off the road on account of the mud. What a time! Tanks and tank destroyers would shoot it out until disabled and two more would roll up to take their place. I have never seen anything like it. The fighting here is mostly armored stuff. We live on or by our vehicles and tanks just like aboard a small vessel.

The Germans are experienced, brave, resourceful. We are learning quickly but it has been costly. I had one damn close one which may be written up in the papers by this time back home. It ended up by my hand-grenading my way out. I took to the mountains for two and a half days but am back in pitching once again. My outfit has caught hell, is at about half strength, and has lost several officers.

This fighting of course is as opposite as day and night to what you've been in.[1] We are all tankers and heavy mechanical equipment, which is hard to keep up in this country. We attack in the valleys, fight it out with the famous German 88 mm. guns for about a day until the doughboys take over our ground, and then withdraw to the mountains to refit and repair. The weather is below freezing every night, and as my sleeping bag has received some heavy 77 mm. shelling, I find the bunking rugged.

The Jerries have a wonderful weapon in their 88 mm. self-propelled gun, and they have given us a dusting with it on more than one occasion. The so-and-so is deadly accurate and they use it smartly. So far my name has not been on a shell, so can't kick. Have a nice 35-ton M-4 tank for battle action with "Beaver Ben" [2] painted on either side of the turret and have bagged several Mark IV tanks with my 75 mm. gun. Tangled with the Italians on one occasion and found them soft. We took over 400 of them prisoners in a god-damn mountain pass. They all had their musette bags packed waiting to be captured.

I get little news of the outside world and all I know is what is on my right and left (if I'm lucky) and that there is nothing behind me. Hope your leg comes around O.K. Recommend a little "skunk oil" on those creaky joints.

The new American tanks have it all over the Jerries, but maintenance and refitting is the problem. What future operations here will consist of on this front, I haven't the slightest idea, but it's going to be a bloody fight to clear the Jerries out. They have their backs to the wall, and I know they are not going to take it lying down. We've got a big job coming up soon and sure hope we give them hell.

Well, Hod, that's about all for now. Someday I hope we meet up on the front and put a Fuller twist on old Tojo. After that I figure to outfit a nice vessel-rigged 45-foot schooner and we'll clear out paying our debts with ample scope and main sheet and

[1] His brother, Captain Horace Fuller, was on Guadalcanal, August through October, 1942.

[2] His nickname at Princeton.

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head to the Southwest Pacific with some kegs of rum and a holdful of cusk and cod.

Figure the States after the war will be full of nothing but cut-throats trying to screw each other out of as much as possible, so we might as well clear for other fronts. My regards to the leathernecks, and I'll still keep ducking as long as I can hear them.

Your brother,

BEN

P. S. I have not seen or heard of any Marines operating on this front. We could use you.

Tunisian Front, *March* 5, 1943

DEAR HOD: —

Sure am sorry to hear your leg still bothers you. As for myself, I still am lucky enough to have my skin on my back and the old Fuller luck is still sticking. . . . As you may have read recently, we had a terrific show here against the Jerries at Sbeitha and Kasserine. My outfit fought a rear-guard action at the pass at Kasserine. The gunners were firing so damn fast that the tubes on the tank guns pretty near burst their hoops. I sure thought my name was on that old St. Peter roll call as we caught a terrific pounding from their artillery and then had to tangle with their infantry. Well, we held the pass, counter-attacked, and finally were relieved. My outfit is now well seasoned, all the deadheads gotten rid of, and all the good gunners, tank commanders right up at the top where they belong.

During the show I got some German 77 mm. HE through my left shoulder, but have had it taken care of and am now ready to tangle again. These Jerries are good, Hod, smart as foxes and bold as brass. They toyed around with us a lot, but now we're getting wise and have handed their tankers plenty of trouble.

The weather is now improving but it sure was cold, muddy, and rainy for a spell. I've been on the front ever since November 24th and am looking forward soon to a break in Algiers. Our air force is steadily on the build-up over here and we are getting better coördination and support all the time.

The boys sure have been dusting the Japs "down under" and seem to be getting the situation better in hand all the time. I wonder if you will have any luck on your request for European duty — there have been no "devil dogs" on this front unless they are up on the seaports. Received the Croix de Guerre with gold star for action at Ousseltia.

I guess that tangle we got into on January 20th was written up at home. Sure had a close one, and had to clog-foot it over the biggest mountain around here. There is not much other news, Hod.

It's going to take years to clean up this mess. Well, Hod, good luck to you and hope you're back in harness before long. See you in Tokyo.

Bung ho!

BEN

If you happen to lay eyes on a vessel-rigged, able-geared 40- to 45-foot schooner lying around, put an option on her for me as I'm banking dough fast. After this mess, we'll pay our debts with the main sheet, take a nice breeze on the quarter, and stand for some place where no so-and-so can get our bracket.

2

British Eighth Army, *November* 21, 1942

DEAR FAMILY: —

In desert warfare, or any warfare for that matter, only a small section of an army is in action at any one time. For the most part it is a sitting-and-waiting game. It is the same with an ambulance unit. When the group we are attached to goes forth to battle, we are busy. But it doesn't last long and we settle back to the routine job of caring for the normal sick: the lads with dysentery, jaundice, fever, desert sores, etc. I can assure you that for us the dangerous days are over for a long time to come. We've had our trial by fire, and like visiting a dentist, it's worse to think about than experience. The worst part of being bombed is not feeling the earth throb as the eggs hit home, but waiting and waiting for the pilot to stop circling around and make up his mind where to drop the blooming things.

I would much rather care for the normal sick than battle casualties, because the latter express reactions to modern warfare that would make a pacifist out of the most rabid patriot. I am thinking, for example, of a young little Tommy with a shredded right arm who kept moaning, "I never had a chance; I never had a chance." Of course he didn't have a chance, poor guy. We of today say how silly our forefathers were to settle arguments by dueling; and what a waste of life when Burr shot Hamilton. And yet as nations we go on asserting our rights with the point of a sword (understatement) and littering the land and seas with the wasted lives of thousands of prospective Hamiltons, Emersons, Beethovens, Pasteurs, and Rembrandts.

I am grateful for last month, because I had an opportunity to prove to myself and to others that pacifists are not cowards. I also learned that I do not hate a man because he tries to kill me. Now I can go on with my work here without feeling a sense of guilt that I did not join Tuck, Chellis, Ned, the Stahl boy, etc., in the firing squad.

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If only this war would mean a second chance to do right by others, as Mother says. If only we would put Christianity on an everyday basis and make democracy something to live by and not just a slogan to die for. If only we would accept our responsibilities as world leaders and help the underprivileged instead of exploiting them. I find so many Americans who talk about how the American way of life must be preserved — and what they mean, it turns out, is not democracy, but the fact that we have more radios, more autos, more education and leisure than any other peoples. We, the richest people on earth, want to hold on to what we have at all costs!

For 166 years Americans have (through the necessities of building a new world) been working for themselves. Now they must work for others. We know there are thousands of good Christians in America. We have them as neighbors, relatives, business partners. From now on they must make a concerted effort to take our country's destiny out of the hands of self-interested politicians, market-juggling industrialists, racketeering labor leaders, and educational crackpots. Well, the lecture's over. But I'm full of enthusiasm anyway.

Love,

EDGAR

November 22, 1942

DEAR NED: —

Two weeks ago I wrote to you and Mac together in care of Mac. But writing to you alone is more difficult. I can't say anything from here. It's one of those things where you should be walking up and down the apartment from 6.00 to 8.00 P.M. and talking aloud while I wash and putter about.

The only thing I'm sure of is that we are in a spot now where our personal plans for the future don't count for a damn. The only way to stay sane is to stop thinking about how we are going to carry on after this whole business goes belly up.

We used to discuss bravery in our little foursome and wonder what we would do under circumstances calling for heroism. I've had just one opportunity to find out, but I think I can generalize for all of us. I had to rescue two men lying close to a burning truckload of high explosive shells.[1] The shells were going off like fireworks and scattering shrapnel a quarter of a mile in every direction. I had to make two trips. The second one has me scared yet. But the secret of heroism, so called, is in the words "had to." Under certain circumstances a man would do nothing else. You don't like to do it, you're scared silly and cursing, but you wouldn't have anyone else do the job. That's the end of my self-build-up. You are the first person I've told about it. Fortunately it is commonplace stuff around here and no one has ever spoken of it since that morning. For me it was important because it was the first chance I've had to prove to myself that we who hate war are not afraid to face it when the time comes.

War is a lonely business with too much time to think. I have been trying to get my vague religious beliefs on a working basis. May I think aloud? There is something in, over, and above our world which I'll have to call goodness for lack of a better term, and each of us has the power of expressing it through daily living. A man's value to humanity is in exact proportion to how well he serves as an expression of this goodness. I think the good that all men do lives after them in the hearts of other men. Jesus Christ, as far as I know, is the man who has come closest to being a complete embodiment of these eternal values. To be a good Christian is to try to serve humanity as Christ did.

I am inclined to doubt many of the things Christ is reported to have done. But how can we tell? No one since him has ever lived so unselfishly in the service of humanity. Perhaps anything is possible if we live like that. Intelligent men who knew Christ said he performed miracles. I don't think that being a good Christian has anything to do with believing that Christ did or did not raise the dead, or with following this or that religious dogma. A man's worth to society is determined by how closely he lives by those eternal virtues that Christ lived by, and Lincoln lived by, and Mrs. Jones lives by. Some day I hope we'll clean out the temples and get down to some constructive Christian living. Until we do, there's not much hope for humanity.

A palm reader in Cairo took one look at my hand and said I worry about the war too much. I do; I'll admit it. I'm like you and your ulcers. We used to tell you to stop worrying so much about little things. The same goes for me. So far I don't think I show my worries. But this letter will be censored by our lieutenant. He's a damn good man. I admire him and welcome his leadership. I'd like to have him feel that I can always be depended on to be a good soldier. The truth is, however, that I'm a remarkably poor soldier. This business tears my guts out. I hate war. I can't view it impersonally. I can't take it calmly. But enough of this sort of thing.

YOUR JONES

[1] Jones was cited by the British for "outstanding bravery" in this action.

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HOW BRITAIN CONTROLS ITS MANPOWER

by JOHN G. WINANT

I SHOULD like Americans to understand the unity of purpose which underlies the British civil organization for total war. I should also like them to appreciate the interrelationship between the various measures adopted in regard to labor, taxation, finance, manufacturing and service industries, food and nutrition and social welfare.

In trying to understand the war effort of the British, I think it is well to remember that they have been fighting for over three years; that the enemy is only eighteen miles from their shores; that their manpower is more limited than our own and yet at the same time there is greater concentration of population within a limited area. All these factors influence Britain's defense, production, and administration. In England both men and women are conscripted. The present Government has assumed—and is wisely administering—a more rigorous control of its citizens than any other Government in England's history.

Since the war began I have been in England many times, and during the last two years I have been in almost continuous residence there. I believe Great Britain is now more effectively organized and equipped, both on the civil and on the military front, than at any other time since the war began.

A Cabinet which prevents disputes

The coördination of government on the civilian front has been brought about by a Cabinet committee (known as the Lord President's Committee) which the Prime Minister once referred to as "almost a parallel Cabinet concerned with home affairs." A number of ministers of Cabinet rank are regular members; other members are invited as needed. Whenever a matter affecting a particular ministry is involved, a representative of that ministry is present. Because of this committee the British war economy has been hindered to a surprisingly small extent by jurisdictional conflicts. Of course the Committee should not be thought of as one which prepares blueprints for the departments and agencies to put into effect. Rather it resolves differences; it deals with competing claims and overlapping, with inconsistencies between details of policies in different parts of the war economy, and with gaps in the whole program. Only on half a dozen occasions have the differences and the problems with which the Committee has dealt had to be referred to the Prime Minister and the War Cabinet.

Manpower

There may be help for us in watching how Britain has solved her manpower problems. The policy followed has been a judicious mixture of advance planning and quick adaptation. Some idea of the imperative adjustment between the demands of the armed forces and those of war production may be illustrated by the fact that in this war *125 workers are needed in Britain's munitions industries for every 100 men and women in the fighting services.* In the last war the ratio was only 65:100.

System of reserving men from military service

In the early years of the last war, Britain made the costly mistake of diverting into the armed forces large numbers of skilled workers who were indispensable to wartime industry. This time the pitfall was avoided by the adoption, before the war began, of the Schedule of Reserved Occupations, which provided for the temporary exemption from mili-

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One of the ablest among the Republicans who have served under Roosevelt, THE HONORABLE JOHN G. WINANT has distinguished himself in four responsible offices. After good seasoning in the State Legislature, he twice served with ability as the Governor of New Hampshire. Then on his own volition he pulled out of politics to help set up the social insurance in this country, becoming Chairman of the Social Security Board in 1935. From Washington he was called in 1937 to the International Labor Office in Geneva, where he served for four years — since 1939 as Director. In 1941 he was appointed our Ambassador to Great Britain, where his directness and integrity have inspired trust at a crucial time.

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tary service of men of certain ages in whole occupational blocks. The exemption applied whether the men were employed or unemployed.

The Schedule was drawn up on a rough-and-ready basis and was intended to give a wide margin of protection to strategic industries and occupations. But as the war developed and the needs of the forces for men increased, a process of transition took place by stages from exemption by occupational blocks to exemption by scrutinizing individual cases to determine the indispensability of particular men to war production.

Between these two stages was a stage where, within the frame of the revised Schedule of Reserved Occupations, men in vital war plants called "protected establishments" were exempted from service at a lower age than men in less vital plants. An electrician in a vital plant would, for example, be exempted from service if he was twenty years old or more, but in a less vital plant he would not be exempted unless he was thirty years or over. This scheme was intended not only to produce more men for the forces but also to encourage men with skills useful to war production to move into plants doing the most vital types of war work.

Exemptions were narrowed down gradually in response to changed military and war production needs. Today the Schedule of Reserved Occupations no longer exists. Deferment is on an individual basis. Dependency does not enter into account. The indispensability of the man (or woman) in his work is the basic criterion for deferment. Men exempted from military service may volunteer for service with permission from an employment exchange, except for a very few types of workers. And any person can volunteer at any time for a permanent career with the regular army or as a pilot or observer of the Royal Air Force. But at times, as an emergency device, all volunteering has been stopped for men in certain occupations until the Ministry of Labor could revaluate a particular situation.

A second noteworthy feature of the British system of deferment is that every occupation has been treated in a highly selective and discriminating manner. This policy has helped to ensure good use of manpower. Sometimes it has helped to force employers to substitute women for men (for example, as bus conductors) and to encourage men to transfer from less essential to war industry.

Finally, there is no permanent exemption from military service. Each man's and each woman's case is liable to reconsideration. His or her exemption is temporary only.

The British system has provided the necessary elasticity for adjusting the needs of the armed forces to the needs of war production. No one method would have sufficed to meet the different needs through these three and one-half years of war. The continuous revision of the British system in the light of new needs and of experience has been a large element in its success. As a result, Britain has been able both to raise a large fighting force and at the same time to achieve a remarkably high level of industrial production.

Complete industrial mobilization

Ever increasing demands have brought about a complete mobilization of labor in war industries in Britain.

The vital task of obtaining information on the location and composition of the labor force was begun early by supplementing the annual count under the insurance scheme with quarterly returns from employers in the munitions industries. The classification required in the questionnaire was of a relatively simple kind — extremely elaborate classification would have broken down.

This was followed by a steady extension of the scope of compulsory registration. There were special registrations of scarce skilled workers by occupational groups and a general compulsory registration by age classes, taking one age class at a time to spread the load of registration and to permit the registration material to be used while it was up to date.

The needs of the war economy required that some movements of workers should be facilitated and others restricted. First came the announcement that the engagement of workers in a number of occupations had to be made through the employment exchanges. Then new machinery was developed to strengthen the exchanges and to help them with their wartime duties, but this machinery was all linked closely with the employment exchanges and with the supply departments. One step taken was to appoint Inspectors of Labor Supply, recruited from both management and labor. These Inspectors are responsible for inspecting war and non-war plants to see that workers' services are utilized effectively.

Essential Work Orders

When the ground had been sufficiently prepared, and when employers and workers were conscious of the need for more control and ready to coöperate to meet it, the Essential Work Order was adopted. This measure has prevented undesirable movements of labor and facilitated those which were useful.

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The essence of the Essential Work Order is that it prevents employers from dismissing workers, and workers from leaving their jobs, without the consent of a National Service Officer (a Ministry of Labor official). It can be applied to any industry or any firm at the discretion of the Minister of Labor. Today it covers some 56,000 establishments and 7,500,000 workers in 120 industries. Special Essential Work Orders have been made for industries with special needs and problems (dock work, for example, and building construction).

Practically all land and sea transport, mining, building, war manufacturing and essential civilian plants, and agriculture in Scotland, are now covered by these orders. Their importance in placing war workers effectively cannot be overestimated. The orders do not "freeze" workers in their jobs or force employers to keep misfits in their employ. Thousands of applications for transfer are made every month by employers or workers and are agreed to by the National Service Officers. The job controls of the Essential Work Orders merely make it possible to direct the movement of workers according to the needs of the war production program.

Women and other labor reserves

In time, of course, it became necessary to utilize to maximum advantage women workers and men over military age, and also the younger men rejected from the Army on medical grounds. These groups were required to register with the employment exchanges and were called in for an individual interview. The exchanges arrange to transfer those who are clearly engaged in unimportant work. Many women were directed into gainful work for the first time, and many of them were transferred from home. Many millions of women have been brought into war industry for full-time jobs, and 300,000 additional women are doing part-time work. Persuasion and voluntary agreement are used successfully in most cases, but compulsion can be used where necessary.

Concentration of industry

The main purpose of the Concentration of Industry Program was to release labor for essential war work. The chief criterion in closing plants is not always the efficiency of the plant (although this plays its part), but its location and the skills of its workers weighed in relation to the needs of war production in the particular locality. The program has released many thousands of workers from a wide range of less essential industries.

The workers affected by concentration are not left to drift to other nonessential work or to no work at all. Careful arrangements are made to place them in priority war jobs. Britain has found, as a result of experience, that these arrangements must be made early in the process of cutting down on less essential production. Otherwise many potential war workers would be lost to war production or would not get into the most important jobs that have to be done.

The Concentration of Industry Program necessitates curtailment of civilian supplies. As a result, there is a close link between labor mobilization and the regulation of the consumption of the civilian population.

Curb on spending

There have been no "ceilings" on wages and no "freezing" of wages in Great Britain. But a series of measures extending into different parts of the war economy has kept wages within reasonable limits. Roughly speaking, wage rates in industries other than agriculture rose, on an average, about 28 per cent; with agriculture included, the average was about 31 per cent. The larger part of this increase was in the earlier part of the war. Earnings have risen by nearly 48 per cent.

A large part of these increases did not enter into expenditure. Only about half the total of personal money incomes in Great Britain have been spent on consumer goods. The level of taxation, the amount of savings, the effects of rationing and scarcities of consumer goods, have had an extraordinarily restrictive effect on spending and thus on inflationary tendencies.

Elasticity of wage rates

Some elasticity of wage rates has proved to be essential to an efficient war economy. The restrictions on the movements of workers could not have been imposed in some industries if wage levels in those industries had been frozen. It has been necessary to raise wages substantially in agriculture and coal mining and to some extent in shipbuilding. Otherwise workers could not have been prevented from leaving occupations in those industries without causing serious unrest.

In general, however, demands for wage increases have been kept within narrow limits for a long time. This may be attributed to: —

1. The Essential Work Orders, which have had the effect of restraining employers from competitive bidding for labor and of keeping workers from "job shopping."

2. The early imposition of an excess profits tax of 100 per cent. Whatever technical arguments may be advanced against such a high rate, it has had a

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great psychological effect in reconciling the trade-unions to a policy of restraint in wage demands. No lower rate would have sufficed for this purpose. To this should be added the unprecedentedly high rates of the income tax and other taxes on high income groups.

3. The maintenance of the cost of living index at a relatively stable level.

4. The equitable and efficient system of rationing and the price control of food and other basic necessities.

5. The prohibition of strikes and lockouts under the agreement of organized labor.

6. The giving of *a statutory and binding effect* to the awards of the National Arbitration Tribunal.

The importance of holding down prices of basic necessities of everyday consumption can hardly be overemphasized. Some 3,000,000 British workers have wage contracts linked to the cost of living index.

Price control

Vigorous measures have been taken to deal with prices and supplies of necessities. The methods of price control vary with different commodities. British experience shows, however, that price control can only be satisfactory when a government gets control of supplies and distribution. Sometimes control has been first applied at a "bottleneck" through which supplies have to pass between the production and consumption stages — for example, the slaughterhouses, the Milk Marketing Board, the flour mills. In some cases control was established by licensing firsthand sellers and distributors. All imports are purchased by the Government. Home food produce is purchased by the Ministry of Food or by a body designated by it. Limits are set, however, on the amounts of some products which the Ministry will buy. These tend to produce an even flow of supplies. Some 70 per cent in value of the Ministry's purchases are paid for at fixed prices.

But in wartime there is an unavoidable rise in some costs. Therefore, to prevent the cost of living index and the prices of basic foods from rising, subsidies have been used to cover the costs of certain foods. Since the Ministry directly or through its agents buys all imported and a large part of home-produced foodstuffs, its selling price is lower than its buying price for the products subsidized.

Subsidized products

The subsidized products include meat, milk, cheese, butter, bread, and potatoes — the least dispensable foods from the nutritional point of view. The subsidies are vital to the health and efficiency of the low income groups, to the Government's wage policy, and to public morale. The money cost to the Exchequer has been repaid many times over by the stability which subsidies have introduced into the war economy through savings to consumers in living costs.

The prices and supplies of clothing and most articles of civilian consumption other than food are regulated through the Board of Trade. Thus two departments — the Ministry of Food and the Board of Trade — control almost all civilian consumption. Control of supplies, control of prices, and rationing are placed in the same hands. British administrators have little faith in price ceilings with legal penalties for violations, unless at the same time government control is established over supplies and distribution and is administered through the department which controls the prices.

Food rationing in the war economy

For a wide range of scarce consumers' goods the British have not merely controlled supply and the channels of distribution but they have also controlled consumer demand by rationing. Rationing was necessary (1) to make price control effective, (2) to ensure equitable distribution, and (3) as part of a nutrition program designed to provide everyone with a proper share of foods needed to maintain health and production.

Food rationing is an outstanding success in the British war economy. This is agreed both by those who have studied it objectively and by those who have lived under it. Methods of rationing have been adapted to meet the different conditions of demand and supply of various products and the differing nutritional importance of various foods.

There are three main forms of rationing. The first consists in a fixed amount of a single product over a period of time — for example, a weekly ration per person of 2 ounces of butter, 4 ounces of margarine, 4 ounces of cheese. The rations of some of these products have been changed at times — for instance, in the worst period the cheese ration was only 2 ounces. But changes are not frequent and the present rations of this group of commodities have remained constant, with the result that people have grown used to them.

The second form of rationing is designed to deal with perishable products of a fluctuating supply — milk and eggs, for example. Consumers register with their retailers, and distributions are made in accordance with the supplies available in any period. The egg ration to adults varies from one to five a month. There is no marking or clipping of coupons as in the first group.

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The third form of rationing is the "points system." It covers a miscellaneous variety of products in short supply but no one of which is indispensable or so much in general demand as the products covered by the other forms of rationing. The consumer is allowed at present 20 points per month. Each product is given a certain number of points per unit: for example, at present, a can of grade 3 salmon and one pound of prunes each cost 8 points. The number of points given to each product is changed from time to time in accordance with changes in demand and supply.

Each of these three forms of rationing is designed to meet different conditions. Any attempt to apply one of them over the whole range of products would have had unfortunate results. For example, any attempt to apply the points scheme to cover all products would lead to inequities. The points system regulates aggregate demand for a group of products. It does not necessarily ensure a minimum ration of any one basic indispensable food. Though it diminishes inequality of shopping opportunity, it does not eliminate it.

War experience has shown that an individual fixed ration of a single essential product is usually taken up, even if the person did not in pre-war days consume so much as the wartime ration. Cheese consumption — vital to British wartime nutrition — is almost certainly higher on a fixed individual ration than it would be if cheese were on the points scheme.

Food and the children

Rationing has been an instrument of general welfare and health policy. The Milk Scheme guarantees to each child under five and to each nursing mother a specified quantity of milk free if the income of the parents is below certain levels calculated to take account of the number of children in the family, and at a special low price if the income of the parents is above those levels. Children and nursing mothers are also given substantial priorities in the distribution of eggs, the price of which is kept low by subsidy to enable low income groups to take up priority rations. Cod liver oil and orange juice or black currant puree or rose hip puree have been distributed free for infants. Imported oranges have been wholly reserved for children's ration books.

Food has been allocated among establishments so as to give larger per capita amounts of some of the most important rationed foods to canteens in factories and workplaces, to "British restaurants," and to restaurants in working-class districts. "British restaurants" are communal feeding establishments set up by local authorities with the financial encouragement of the Ministry of Food. They serve good meals for the equivalent of 20 to 25 cents.

These and other welfare measures are closely related to the general anti-inflation policy, the price policy, and the wages policy. They not only protect health and sustain morale but also help to reconcile workers to sacrifices of much that they enjoyed in peacetime.

The policy of stabilizing the cost of living index with the aid of government subsidies, where necessary, is fundamental to the whole wartime structure, both as a means of preventing inflation and, with the aid of rationing, as a means of securing equitable distribution. Rationing of basic necessities without keeping their prices down with the aid of subsidies would lead to conditions in which low income groups could not buy the rations to which they were entitled.

Unity of purpose

In conclusion I want again to emphasize the interrelations of these policies. They have been molded into an integrated whole. The administrative lines are clear-cut. The policies have been accepted politically and are supported by both organized employers and organized labor. In spite of the compulsory elements in the British system, one is constantly aware that the authorities assumed by the Government are with the consent of the people and have the support of the people. The most moving thing in England today is its unity of purpose.

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OUT FOR STARS

A Meditation on Robert Frost

by GEORGE F. WHICHER

1

STREAMLINING is one of the most popular fallacies of our time. If you apply streamlining to poetry the argument runs about as follows: Since the chief aim of poetry is to bring about a formal ordering or integration of the feelings, communication cannot be its main purpose. Consequently poetry that eliminates communication is purer, and hence better, than poetry that admits a "message." The poem should not attempt to rival the scientific textbook; or as Archibald MacLeish has so incisively put it, "A poem should not mean but be."

With the modernist poet's fastidious avoidance of meaning (once he has stated his *ars poetica*), it is instructive to compare the practice of a great poet like Dante, who seems curiously unaware of how much he might have improved his *Commedia* if he had not sought to use it as an instrument of communication. Instead of reducing the element of meaning to the lowest possible terms, Dante appears almost avid to multiply meanings, to double and redouble the implications of his thought. Can it be that disdain of meaning is a symptom of the poverty of poetry in a time of failing convictions?

A renewed perception of the many levels of implication beneath the innocent-looking surfaces of Robert Frost's poems reminded me recently of the manifold harmonies of Dante's great poetic instrument. Reading again in Mr. Untermeyer's expert selection, *Come In*, the lyric that so happily lends its title to the book, I became aware that the words of the poem were opening vistas in several directions, as from one spot in the forest the eye may fancy that it discerns colonnaded aisles leading off ahead, behind, and on either hand.

Particularly in the last two stanzas I thought I could detect an effect like "underpainting," layer upon layer, beneath the plain intent of the words: —

> Far in the pillared dark
> Thrush music went —
> Almost like a call to come in
> To the dark and lament.
>
> But no, I was out for stars:
> I would not come in.
> I meant not even if asked,
> And I hadn't been.

Here is a poem which, though it does not shirk the obligation of lucid statement, is not exhausted when its surface meaning has been communicated. Instead the simplicity and clearness of the incident recorded leave the reader unimpeded by verbal perplexities, not to turn away satisfied unless he is a singularly obtuse reader, but to look further into these limpid depths and perceive what he can, whether of cloudy reflections of his own mind or of ultimate intentions lurking in the poet's.

After the labor of assimilating to our being much poetry that aims not to mean but to be, the pleasure of encountering a poem that actually conveys a well-defined reading of experience is enormous.

Taken literally, the lines I have quoted record a very ordinary incident of a walk at twilight. A man with an eye for the first stars is distracted momentarily by the poignant beauty of the thrush's song, but he refuses to follow its lure into the darkening woods or to accept its mood of lamentation. The laconic last two lines confirm the New England setting of the poem.

Indeed the intonations are so characteristic that they can hardly fail to recall to the many persons who have listened to Robert Frost's remarkable readings from his poems the voice of the poet himself. Every other part of the poem is equally authentic. Much that Frost has written attests his

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GEORGE WHICHER, for twenty years an associate of Robert Frost on the Amherst faculty, gives us his friendly interpretation of the American poet on the occasion of the publication of a new selection from his poems, *Come In and Other Poems*, by Louis Untermeyer (Henry Holt).

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intimate acquaintance with country things: he can be trusted to select the moment of the day when the wood-thrush's song sounds clearest. His reference to stars is no casual literary gesture, but a tribute to a lifelong passion for astronomy, amply confirmed in other poems.

Not only the person speaking, but the setting of the poem is utterly true to life. It might be any one of the New Hampshire or Vermont farms where Frost has lived, since he has seldom lodged far from the edge of the woods and the companionship of trees. I do not know where this poem was written, nor what landscape was present to the writer's mind, but to me it seems to fit perfectly the region of Ripton, Vermont, where he has latterly spent his summers.

The dark woods might be the half-mile stretch of state forest, largely pine, between his cottage on the Homer Noble place and "Iry" Dow's, the homeplace of his current venture in farming. To get from one property to the other by road is a matter of several miles, and it is natural, therefore, to cut through the woods. But if one were going nowhere in particular it would be easy to refuse the walk beneath the trees for a climb to upland pastures, whence as from a shelf hung high on the slope of the Green Mountains one may look off westward across a narrow strip of Lake Champlain to tumbled Adirondack masses on the rim of the world and above them the evening star.

Ripton is typical "Frost country," though the bulk of his writing was done before he came to live in this neighborhood. It reached the height of its prosperity about the time of the Civil War. The mounting tide of human settlement then flowed up to the higher clearings; since then it has mostly receded, leaving behind a sparse population on "marginal" land and many cellar-holes. Among the people are some whom Frost might name along with the best he has encountered anywhere in rural New England. Others are not to be clearly distinguished from the oddments on any beach at low tide.

There was "Iry" Dow, for example, now departed, who for upwards of forty years professed to make his living as a blacksmith, though prevented by a weak heart from making any strenuous exertions. Consequently a great deal of conversation flowed between blows on the anvil. "That Iry Dow," said one irritated customer, "is as much slower 'n stock-still 's stock-still is slower 'n greased lightin'." The year before he died the village elected him to the legislature so that he might continue his endless talk without the bother of now and then pretending to beat on a horseshoe. Nothing that Frost found among these people would have suggested any need of revising what he had previously written of other little towns north of Boston.

The surrounding country, dominated by the ridge of the mountains, once partly settled, then unsettled again, is full of the wild things, both animals and plants, that the poet has so often observed and described. A great lover of woodlands and Morgan horses, the late Joseph Battell, once possessed much of Ripton, and his will is still reflected in the quantity of standing timber. So bold and numerous are the deer that vegetable gardens need the protection of an electrically charged wire. Overgrown roads follow the brooks and lead to abandoned mowings high on the ridges.

2

In one respect, however, Ripton is peculiar. It contains Bread Loaf, the summer school of English which Frost helped to found some twenty-five years ago and which he still benevolently frequents. Frost, in fact, would not be fully himself unless there were an educational project somewhere in the offing for him to cherish and humorously despair of, for he is a born teacher with a knack of charging dry subjects with intellectual excitement and a large patience for struggling learners.

Teaching to him is a natural extension of his unfeigned interest in people. I have seen him ask friendly, insistent questions about the little country town where a man was born and brought up, and have watched the man, at first answering with diffidence because for years he had been apologetic about his simple beginnings and anxious to live them down, gradually warm to his memories, discover a fresh respect for the sources of his being, and go out from the interview (as he said later) with a new dimension added to his personality. I doubt if Frost knew how much that conversation meant to the other man. He was just expressing an interest in the ways of little towns.

It is against the background of Ripton, then, that I picture Frost hearing thrush music, as it is there that I recall him in many other postures: a stocky figure but alert in motion, wearing an old suit and scuffed shoes, a freshly laundered soft shirt open at his throat, his white hair tousled in the wind, his seafarer's blue eyes twinkling. One would find him skirting a mowing field, crossing a stone wall to a pasture where blueberries grew, measuring the water in the spring, or playing softball with younger friends on a diamond wrung from the hayfield, where running for a fly was an adventure. Then would come hours of such converse as I never expect to repeat.

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For me the poem I have quoted is inseparably bound up with these personal memories of the man and the region. But for anyone, even for anyone ages hence, it is marked with authentic traits of individuality, images to the ear and to the eye, that distinguish it from conventionalized writing just as readily as a portrait can be told from an idealized face when archaeologists study the sculptures found in the buried cities of Yucatan.

In the first instance, then, the poem is justified by its absolute integrity of substance. Whatever it speaks of is something that the poet has absorbed completely into himself, generally by seeing it, hearing it, living through it; less frequently by imaginative reading. But though the poem may appear simple and complete on the literal level, its texture may be dense with implied cross-references. In such poetry it is not inappropriate to look for undermeanings, at one's own risk, of course. The meanings may be all in the reader's eye, or again they may attain to a certain significance if they are confirmed by what the poet has elsewhere written.

3

Frost himself may be held responsible if readers persist in looking in his poems for more meaning than meets the casual eye. Though he denies a didactic intent, he is not unwilling to have his poetic records of experience flower in explicit apothegm. Only there is seldom or never any indication of his writing for the sake of the moral. In that respect he differs completely from makers of fables. La Fontaine, as Mr. Untermeyer claims, might conceivably have shaped the substance of Frost's "At Woodward's Gardens" into an apologue entitled "The Boy, the Monkeys, and the Burning-Glass," ending with the epigram: —

> It's knowing what to do with things that counts.

But Frost's first instinct is to make sure of the reality of his material; nine-tenths of his poem is painstakingly devoted to picturing his monkeys, not as actors in a fable, but as actual monkeys. He calls our attention to their "purple little knuckles," and condenses all the confusion of the simian brain into one delicious line: —

> They bit the glass and listened for the flavor.

Not until that has been fully done does he turn to the moral as a means of rounding the poem. To call such a piece of writing a fable, as at least two good critics have recently chosen to do, is to label it as something less than it actually is.

Except where Frost has completed his poem by attaching an abstract meaning to it — not necessarily a statement of the poem's whole meaning — he is entitled to insist that his intention has been to present, not the symbol of a thought, but an image of an experience. To this there is only one answer: that experience as Frost absorbs and interprets it often spreads out into so many ramifications that thoughts get tangled in it like stars seen through tree branches.

To consider now more searchingly the stanzas that I have quoted about the thrush, would it not be possible to read the episode as a literary parable? A poet of our time hears a birdlike voice from the dark wood (ancient symbol of error) singing of irremediable ills. The call to "come in to the dark and lament" awakens an impulse to become a modernist poet of the decadent school, to take the veil (or, as Frost once put it, "take the blanket") of calculated obscurity and imitate the fashionable lead of the French Symbolistes. The summons, however sweetly conveyed, can be resisted by a poet who has long considered it inappropriate "to write the Russian novel in America," and who prefers to keep on in the way he was going.

To place this interpretation on the poem (and I do not imply that the poem demands it) is to emphasize Frost's remarkable independence of the contemporary note in letters. Though he has studied the experimental poetry of recent years with attention — and some amusement — he has never felt called to share in any experiments except his own, which have been more far-reaching in their metrical subtlety than many readers realize. Ever since as a young poet barely out of his teens Frost was advised by a New York editor to try to write like Sidney Lanier, he has been set in his determination to write like no one but Robert Frost.

His aloofness has been held against him. It has been asserted that any sensitive spirit of our time must be wounded by the spectacle of the world as it exists, and must respond by exhibiting his mutilations in public. Frost's obvious cultivation of soundness and balance, therefore, has been taken as indicative of a refusal to face the bitter realities that really matter, of his retreat to a protected backwater safe from the storm. This to a man who, unlike many of his critics, has worked in the factory and on the farm, who has known poverty as well as grief, and who has waited twenty years for recognition of his work to overtake him!

If Frost has not been willing to come in to the dark and lament, it has not been because he was unacquainted with the night, but because he had

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something to do that pleased him better. Perhaps he has felt that the business of putting love in order, of creating form out of the formless, can be better done by a poet who declined to be warped by the pressures of modern living. At any rate he has been unwavering in his allegiance to an Emersonian conception of human wholeness.

His deep-seated instinct for centrality and balance brings us back to the poem of the thrush to discover its meaning as ethical symbol. We are not disappointed. What else does the poem portray but one of the familiar dilemmas of man's existence? His walk lies between the two extremes represented by the dark woods and the stars. To the heavenly extreme he can never attain, to the other he is unwilling to let himself descend, but he may be aware of both and may on occasion incline a little one way or the other. That is what our living is, discovering where the extremes lie and where we belong on a sort of scale drawn between them.

There are innumerable such scales in politics, in religion, in education. If we do not complete the scale, we risk falling into the illusion of progress — that is, of supposing that we are drifting inevitably toward a far-off divine event; or we are conscious only of what we have fallen from and invent the myth of original sin. Looking toward one extreme only, we commonly speak of savagery in contrast to civilization. Frost recently made us aware of the other end of the scale when he declared, "The opposite of civilization is Utopia." Thus the scale is completed, and man is put back between the poles — where he belongs.

One result of thinking of the normal human position as somewhere midway between two extremes is to awaken a fierce distrust of extremists and totalitarians, no matter how high-minded they may be. Once we are forced as far as we can go toward either extreme, we are committed, we lose our power to maneuver, we must adopt the party line. Only from a central position can we be said to have the ability to choose that makes life dramatic. Frost would not trade the freedom of his material in the world as he finds it for any number of freedoms in Utopia. What he holds precious is the privilege of meeting the exigencies of life by apt recalls from past experience, with only enough newness to freshen thought.

4

But what if the world's crisis is so desperate as to justify a concerted movement to one extreme or the other in the attempt to alleviate it? Are we always to see life waste away into war, insanity, poverty, and crime and do nothing about it? Here indeed we touch on ultimate values. In an address to Amherst seniors a few years ago Frost declared that the thought of coming to condone the world's sorrow is terrible to contemplate. It is our darkest concern. Yet unless I misread the poem, Frost has indicated the inevitable response of a wise man in the poem we have been discussing. To be resolutely "out for stars" is not to be concerned overmuch with the still, sad music of humanity.

The poet must nerve himself to say with Housman: "Be still, my soul, and see injustice done." It is his function to realize the millennium, not in terms of social adjustments, but either

> right beside you book-like on the shelf,
> Or even better god-like in yourself.

Frost has spoken with deep compassion of the Shelleyan natures who insist on bearing their share, or more than their share, of the world's miseries, but he has not hesitated to proclaim that the call to struggle for society's betterment is "poetry's great antilure." He is not attracted by

> the tenderer-than-thou
> Political collectivistic love
> With which the modern world is being swept.

The poet, in so far as he is a poet, must not be too cognizant of mankind's wounds or his own. His business is not to make humanity whole, but to explore the uses of wholeness. It is naïve to hang the class struggle on his shoulders. In the American tradition one does not have to join the army to be a good citizen.

If anyone still should ask, Why is the function that the poet performs so important that he may seek exemption from duties incumbent on his fellows? the best answer is read once again the lovely stanzas of "Come In" or the new poem that stands as an afterword in the anthology of Frost's writings that Mr. Untermeyer has just compiled. Is it nothing to us that someone should be out for stars? Is it nothing in a universe where every star we can examine seems to be engaged in radiating incredible light and heat — is it nothing in our preoccupation with war and wages and prices, to be reminded of the sense in which a star by its mere existence can "ask a little of us here"?

> It asks of us a certain height,
> So when at times the mob is swayed
> To carry praise or blame too far,
> We may choose something like a star
> To stay our minds on and be staid.

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AN ATLANTIC STORY

THE ASSISTANT PRODUCER

by VLADIMIR NABOKOV

1

MEANING? Well, because sometimes life is merely that — an Assistant Producer. Tonight we shall go to the movies. Back to the Thirties, and down the Twenties, and round the corner to the old Europe Picture Palace. She was a celebrated singer. Not opera, not even *Cavalleria Rusticana*, not anything like that. "La Slavska" — that is what the French called her. Style: one tenth *tzigane*, one seventh Russian peasant girl (she had been that herself originally), and five ninths popular — and by popular I mean a hodgepodge of artificial folklore, military melodrama, and official patriotism. The fraction left unfilled seems sufficient to represent the physical splendor of her prodigious voice.

Coming from what was, geographically at least, the very heart of Russia, it eventually reached the big cities, Moscow, St. Petersburg, and the Tsar's milieu where that sort of style was greatly appreciated. In Feodor Chaliapin's dressing room there hung a photograph of her: Russian headgear with pearls, hand propping cheek, dazzling teeth between fleshy lips, and a great clumsy scrawl right across: "For you, Fedyusha." Stars of snow, each revealing, before the edges melted, its complex symmetry, would gently come to rest on the shoulders and sleeves and mustaches and caps — all waiting in a queue for the box office to open. Up to her very death she treasured above all — or pretended to do so — a fancy medal and a huge brooch that had been given her by the Tsarina. They came from that firm of jewelers which used to do such profitable business by presenting the Imperial couple on every festive occasion with this or that emblem (each year increasing in worth) of massive Tsardom: some great lump of amethyst with a ruby-studded bronze troïka stranded on top like Noah's Ark on Mount Ararat, or a sphere of crystal the size of a watermelon, surmounted by a gold eagle with square diamond eyes very much like those of Rasputin (many years later some of the less symbolic ones were exhibited at a World's Fair by the Soviets as samples of their own thriving Art).

Had things gone on as they were seeming to go, she might have been still singing tonight in a central-heated Hall of Nobility or at Tsarskoye, and I should be turning off her broadcast voice in some remote corner of steppe-mother Siberia. But destiny took the wrong turning and when the Revolution happened, followed by the War of the Reds and the Whites, her wily peasant soul chose the more practical party.

Ghostly multitudes of ghostly cossacks on ghost-horseback are seen charging through the fading name of the assistant producer. Then dapper General Golubkov is disclosed idly scanning the battlefield through a pair of opera glasses. When movies and we were young, we used to be shown what the sights divulged neatly framed in two connected circles. Not now. What we do see next is General Golubkov, all indolence suddenly gone, leaping into the saddle, looming sky-high for an instant on his rearing steed and then rocketing into a crazy attack.

But the unexpected is the infra-red in the spectrum of Art: instead of the conditional *ra-ta-ta* reflex of machine-gunnery, a woman's voice is heard singing afar. Nearer, still nearer, and finally all-pervading. A gorgeous contralto voice expanding into whatever the musical director found in his files in the way of Russian lilt. Who is this leading the infra-Reds? A woman. The singing spirit of that particular, especially well trained battalion. Marching in front, trampling the alfa-alfa and pouring out her Volga-Volga song. Dapper and daring *djighit*

Born in St. Petersburg in 1899, VLADIMIR NABOKOV, the grandson of a Minister of Justice, was educated first in Russia, then at Trinity College, Cambridge. He had published two volumes of poetry before he received his degree. Since then, he has written in Russian and had translated into many languages his novels, his plays, and his short stories. It is only in recent years that he has mastered the difficulty of writing in English.

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Golubkov (now we know what he had descried), although wounded in several spots, manages to snatch her up on the gallop, and, lusciously struggling, she is borne away.

Strangely enough, that vile script was enacted in reality. I myself have known at least two reliable witnesses of the event; and the sentries of history have let it pass unchallenged. Very soon we find her maddening the officers' mess with her dark buxom beauty and wild, wild songs. She was a Belle Dame with a good deal of Merci, and there was a punch about her that Louise von Lenz or the Green Lady lacked. She it was who sweetened the general retreat of the Whites which began shortly after her magic appearance at General Golubkov's camp. We get a gloomy glimpse of ravens, or crows, or whatever birds proved available, wheeling in the dusk and slowly descending upon a plain littered with bodies somewhere in Ventura County. A White soldier's dead hand is still clutching a medallion with his mother's face. A Red soldier near-by has on his shattered breast a letter from home with the same old woman blinking through the dissolving lines.

And then, in traditional contrast, pat comes a mighty burst of music and song with a rhythmic clapping of hands and stamping of booted feet and we see General Golubkov's staff in full revelry — a lithe Georgian dancing with a dagger, the self-conscious samovar reflecting distorted faces, the Slavska throwing her head back with a throaty laugh, and the fat man of the corps, horribly drunk, braided collar undone, greasy lips pursed for a bestial kiss, leaning across the table (close-up of an overturned glass) to hug — nothingness, for wiry and perfectly sober General Golubkov has deftly removed her and now, as they both stand facing the gang, says in a cold, clear voice: "Gentlemen, I want to present you my bride" — and in the stunned silence that follows, a stray bullet from outside chances to shatter the dawn-blue windowpane, after which a roar of applause greets the glamorous couple.

There is little doubt that her capture had not been wholly a fortuitous occurrence. Indeterminism is banned from the studio. It is even less doubtful that when the great exodus began and they, as many others, meandered via Sirkedji to Motzstrasse and Rue Vaugirard, the General and his wife already formed one team, one song, one cipher. Quite naturally he became an efficient member of the W.W. (White Warriors Union), traveling about, organizing military courses for Russian boys, arranging relief concerts, unearthing barracks for the destitute, settling local disputes, and doing all this in a most unobtrusive manner. I suppose it was useful in some ways, that W.W. Unfortunately for its spiritual welfare, it was quite incapable of cutting itself off from monarchist groups abroad and did not feel, as the *émigré* intelligentsia felt, the dreadful vulgarity, the Ur-Hitlerism of those ludicrous but vicious organizations. When well-meaning Americans ask me whether I know charming Colonel So-and-so or grand old Count de Kickoffsky, I have not the heart to tell them the dismal truth.

But there was also another type of person connected with the W.W. I am thinking of those adventurous souls who helped the cause by crossing the frontier through some snow-muffled fir forest, to potter about their native land in the various disguises worked out, oddly enough, by the social revolutionaries of yore, and quietly bring back to the little café in Paris called "Esh-Bubliki," or to the little *Kneipe* in Berlin that had no special name, the kind of useful trifles which spies are supposed to bring back to their employers. Some of those men had become abstrusely entangled with the spying departments of other nations and would give an amusing jump if you came from behind and tapped them on the shoulder. A few went a-scouting for the fun of the thing. One or two perhaps really believed that in some mystical way they were preparing the resurrection of a sacred, if somewhat musty, past.

2

We are now going to witness a most weirdly monotonous series of events. The first president of the W.W. to die was the leader of the whole White movement and by far the best man of the lot; and certain dark symptoms attending his sudden illness suggested a poisoner's shadow. The next president, a huge, strong fellow with a voice of thunder and a head like a cannon ball, was kidnaped by persons unknown; and there are reasons to believe that he died from an overdose of chloroform. The third president — but my reel is going too fast. Actually it took seven years to remove the first two — not because this sort of thing cannot be done more briskly, but because there were particular circumstances that necessitated some very precise timing, so as to coördinate one's steady ascent with the spacing of sudden vacancies. Let us explain.

Golubkov was not only a very versatile spy (a triple agent to be exact); he was also an exceedingly ambitious little fellow. Why the vision of presiding over an organization that was but a sunset behind a cemetery happened to be so dear to him is a conundrum only for those who have no hobbies or pas-

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sions. He wanted it velly velly badly — that is all. What is less intelligible is the faith he had in being able to safeguard his puny existence in the crush between the formidable powers whose dangerous money and dangerous help he received. I want all your attention now, for it would be a pity to miss the subtleties of the situation.

The Soviets could not be much disturbed by the highly improbable prospect of a phantom White Army ever being able to resume war operations against their consolidated bulk; but they could be very much irritated by the fact that scraps of information about forts and factories, gathered by elusive W.W. meddlers, were automatically falling into grateful German hands. The Germans were little interested in the recondite color variations of *émigré* politics, but what did annoy them was the blunt patriotism of a W.W. president every now and then obstructing on ethical grounds the smooth flow of friendly collaboration.

Thus General Golubkov was a godsend. The Soviets firmly expected that under his rule all W.W. spies would be well known to them — and shrewdly supplied with false information for eager German consumption. The Germans were equally sure that through him they would be guaranteed a good cropping of their own absolutely trustworthy agents distributed among the usual W.W. ones. Neither side had any illusions concerning Golubkov's loyalty, but each assumed that it would turn to its own profit the fluctuations of double-crossing. The dreams of simple Russian folk, hard-working families in remote parts of the Russian diaspora, plying their humble but honest trades, as they would in Saratov or Tver, bearing fragile children and naïvely believing that the W.W. was a kind of King Arthur's Round Table that stood for all that had been, and would be, sweet and decent and strong in fairy-tale Russia — these dreams may well strike the film-pruners as an excrescence upon the main theme.

When the W.W. was founded, General Golubkov's candidacy (purely theoretical, of course, for nobody expected the leader to die) was very far down the list — not because his legendary gallantry was insufficiently appreciated by his fellow officers, but because he happened to be the youngest general in the army. Towards the time of the next president's election Golubkov had already disclosed such tremendous capacities as an organizer that he felt he could safely cross out quite a few intermediate names in the list, incidentally sparing the lives of their bearers. After the second general had been removed, many of the W.W. members were convinced that General Fedchenko, the next candidate, would surrender in favor of the younger and more efficient man the rights that his age, reputation, and academical distinction entitled him to enjoy. The old gentleman, however, though doubtful of the enjoyment, thought it cowardly to avoid a job that had cost two men their lives. So Golubkov set his teeth and started to dig again.

Physically he lacked attraction. There was nothing of your popular Russian general about him, nothing of that good, burly, popeyed, thick-necked sort. He was lean, frail, with sharp features, a clipped mustache, and the kind of haircut that is called by Russians "hedgehog": short, wiry, upright, and compact. There was a thin silver bracelet round his hairy wrist, and he offered you neat homemade Russian cigarettes or English prune-flavored "Kapstens," as he pronounced it, snugly arranged in an old roomy cigarette case of black leather that had accompanied him through the presumable smoke of numberless battles. He was extremely polite and extremely inconspicuous.

Whenever the Slavska "received," which she would do at the homes of her various Maecenases (a Baltic baron of sorts, a Dr. Bachrach whose first wife had been a famous Carmen, or a Russian merchant of the old school who, in inflation-mad Berlin, was having a wonderful time buying up blocks of houses for ten pounds sterling apiece), her silent husband would unobtrusively thread his way among the visitors, bringing you a sausage-and-cucumber sandwich or a tiny frosty-pale glass of vodka; and while the Slavska sang (on those informal occasions she used to sing seated with her fist at her cheek and her elbow cupped in the palm of her other hand) he would stand apart, leaning against something, or would tiptoe towards a distant ash tray which he could gently place on the fat arm of your chair.

I consider that, artistically, he overstressed his effacement, unwittingly introducing a hired-lackey note — which now seems singularly appropriate; but he of course was trying to base his existence upon the principle of contrast and would get a marvelous thrill from exactly knowing by certain sweet signs — a bent head, a rolling eye — that So-and-so at the far end of the room was drawing a newcomer's attention to the fascinating fact that such a dim, modest man was the hero of incredible exploits in a legendary war (taking towns single-handed and that sort of thing).

3

GERMAN film companies, which kept sprouting like poisonous mushrooms in those days (just before the

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child of light learned to talk), found cheap labor in hiring those among the Russian *émigrés* whose only hope and profession was their past — that is, a set of totally unreal people — to represent "real" audiences in pictures. The dovetailing of one phantasm into another produced upon a sensitive person the impression of living in a Hall of Mirrors, or rather a prison of mirrors, and not even knowing which was the glass and which was yourself.

Indeed, when I recall the halls where the Slavska sang, both in Berlin and in Paris, and the type of people one saw there, I feel as if I were technicoloring and sonorizing some very ancient motion-picture where life had been a gray vibration and funerals a scamper, and where only the sea had been tinted (a sickly blue), while some hand machine imitated offstage the hiss of the asynchronous surf. A certain shady character, the terror of relief organizations, a bald-headed man with mad eyes, slowly floats across my field of vision with his legs bent in a sitting position, like an elderly foetus, and then miraculously fits into a back-row seat. Our friend the Count is also here, complete with high collar and dingy spats. A venerable but worldly priest, with his cross gently heaving on his ample chest, sits in the front row and looks straight ahead.

The items of these Right Wing festivals that the Slavska's name evokes in my mind were of the same unreal nature as was her audience. A variety artist with a fake Slav name, one of those guitar virtuosi that come as a cheap first in music hall programs, would be most welcome here; and the flashy ornaments on his glass-paneled instrument, and his sky-blue silk pants, would go well with the rest of the show. Then some bearded old rascal in a shabby cutaway coat, former member of the Holy Russ First, would take the chair and vividly describe what the Israel-sons and the Phreema-sons (two secret Semitic tribes) were doing to the Russian people.

And now, ladies and gentlemen, we have the great pleasure and honor — There she would stand against a dreadful background of palms and national flags, and moisten her rich painted lips with her pale tongue, and leisurely clasp her kid-gloved hands on her corseted stomach, while her constant accompanist, marble-faced Joseph Levinsky, who had followed her, in the shadow of her song, to the Tsar's private concert hall and to Comrade Lunacharsky's salon, and to nondescript places in Constantinople, produced his brief introductory series of stepping-stone notes.

Sometimes, if the house was of the right sort, she would sing the National Anthem before launching upon her limited but ever welcome repertoire. Inevitably there would be that lugubrious "Old Road to Kaluga" (with a thunderstruck pine tree at the forty-ninth verst), and the one that begins, in the German translation printed beneath the Russian text, "*Du bist im Schnee begraben, mein Russland,*" and the ancient folklore ballad (written by a private person in the eighties) about the robber chieftain and his lovely Persian Princess whom he threw into the Volga when his crew accused him of going soft.

Her artistic taste was nowhere, her technique haphazard, her general style atrocious, but the kind of people for whom music and sentiment are one, or who like songs to be mediums for the spirits of circumstances under which they had been first apprehended in an individual past, gratefully found in the tremendous sonorities of her voice both a nostalgic solace and a patriotic kick. She was considered especially effective when a strain of wild recklessness rang through her song. Had this abandon been less blatantly shammed I might still have saved her from utter vulgarity. The small, hard thing that was her soul stuck out of her song, and the most her temperament could attain was but an eddy, not a free torrent. When nowadays in some Russian household the gramophone is put on, and I hear her canned contralto, it is with something of a shudder that I recall the meretricious imitation she gave of reaching her vocal climax, the anatomy of her mouth fully displayed in a last passionate cry, her blue-black hair beautifully waved, her crossed hands pressed to the beribboned medal on her bosom as she acknowledged the orgy of applause, her broad dusky body rigid even when she bowed, crammed as it was into strong silver satin which made her look like a matron of snow or a mermaid of honor.

4

You will see her next (if the censor does not find what follows offensive to piety) kneeling in the honey-colored haze of a crowded Russian church, lustily sobbing side by side with the wife or widow (she knew quite exactly which) of the general whose kidnaping had been so nicely arranged by her husband and so deftly performed by those big, efficient, anonymous men that the boss had sent down to Paris.

You will see her also on another day, two or three years later, while she is singing in a certain *appartement*, Rue George Sand, surrounded by admiring friends — and look, her eyes narrow slightly, her singing smile fades, as her husband, who had been detained by the final details of the business in hand,

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now quietly slips in and with a soft gesture gently rebukes a grizzled colonel's attempt to offer him his own seat; and through the unconscious flow of a song delivered for the ten-thousandth time she peers at him (she is slightly nearsighted like Anna Karenina) trying to discern some definite sign, and then, as she drowns and his painted boats sail away, and the last telltale circular ripple on the Volga River, Samara County, dissolves into dull eternity (for this is the very last song that she ever will sing), her husband comes up to her and says in a voice that no clapping of human hands can muffle: "Masha, the tree will be felled tomorrow!"

That bit about the tree was the only dramatic treat that Golubkov allowed himself during his dove-gray career. We shall condone the outburst if we remember that this was the ultimate general blocking his way and that next day's event would automatically bring on his own election. There had been lately some mild jesting among their friends (Russian humor being a wee bird satisfied with a crumb) about the amusing little quarrel that those two big children were having, she petulantly demanding the removal of the huge old poplar that darkened her studio window at their suburban summer house, and he contending that the sturdy old fellow was her greenest admirer (side-splitting, this) and so ought to be spared. Note too the good-natured roguishness of the fat lady in the ermine cape as she taunts the gallant general for giving in so soon, and the Slavska's radiant smile and outstretched jelly-cold arms.

Next day, late in the afternoon, General Golubkov escorted his wife to her dressmaker, sat there for a while reading the *Paris-Soir*, and then was sent back to fetch one of the dresses she wanted loosened and had forgotten to bring. At suitable intervals she gave a passable imitation of telephoning home and volubly directing his search. The dressmaker, an Armenian lady, and a seamstress, little Princess Tumanov, were much entertained in the adjacent room by the variety of her rustic oaths (which helped her not to dry up in a part that her imagination alone could not improvise). This threadbare alibi was not intended for the patching up of past tenses in case anything went wrong — for nothing could go wrong; it was merely meant to provide a man whom none would ever dream of suspecting with a routine account of his movements when people would want to know who had seen General Fedchenko last. After enough imaginary wardrobes had been ransacked Golubkov was seen to return with the dress (which long ago, of course, had been placed in the car). He went on reading his paper while his wife kept trying things on.

5

The thirty-five minutes or so during which he was gone proved quite a comfortable margin. About the time she started fooling with that dead telephone he had already picked up the general at an unfrequented corner and was driving him to an imaginary appointment the circumstances of which had been so framed in advance as to make its secrecy natural and its attendance a duty. A few minutes later he pulled up and they both got out. "This is not the right street," said General Fedchenko. "No," said General Golubkov, "but it is a convenient one to park my car. I should not like to leave it right in front of the café. We shall take a short cut through that lane. It is only two minutes' walk." "Good, let us walk," said the old man and cleared his throat.

In that particular quarter of Paris the streets are called after various philosophers, and the lane they were following had been named by some well-read city father Rue Pierre Labime. It gently steered you past a dark church and some scaffolding into a vague region of shuttered private houses standing somewhat aloof within their own grounds behind iron railings on which moribund maple leaves would pause in their flight between bare branch and wet pavement. Along the left side of that lane there was a long wall with crossword puzzles of brick showing here and there through its rough grayness; and in that wall there was at one spot a little green door.

As they approached it General Golubkov produced his battle-scarred cigarette case and presently stopped to light up. General Fedchenko, a courteous non-smoker, stopped too. There was a gusty wind ruffling the dusk, and the first match went out. "I still think —" said General Fedchenko in reference to some petty business they had been discussing lately, "I still think," he said (to say something as he stood near that little green door), "that if Father Fedor insists on paying for all those lodgings out of his own funds, the least we can do is to supply the fuel." The second match went out too. The back of a passer-by hazily receding in the distance at last disappeared. General Golubkov cursed the wind at the top of his voice, and as this was the all-clear signal the green door opened and three pairs of hands with incredible speed and skill whisked the old man out of sight. The door slammed. General Golubkov lit his cigarette and briskly walked back the way he had come.

The old man was never seen again. The quiet foreigners who had rented a certain quiet house for

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one quiet month had been innocent Dutchmen or Danes. It was but an optical trick. There is no green door, but only a gray one, which no human strength can burst open. I have vainly searched through admirable encyclopedias: there is no philosopher called Pierre Labime.

But I have seen the toad in her eyes. We have a saying in Russian: *vsevo dvoe i estj: smertj da sovestj* — which may be rendered thus: "There are only two things that really exist — one's death and one's conscience." The lovely thing about humanity is that at times one may be unaware of doing right, but one is always aware of doing wrong. A very horrible criminal whose wife had been even a worse one once told me in the days when I was a priest that what had troubled him all through was the inner shame of being stopped by a still deeper shame from discussing with her the puzzle: whether perhaps in her heart of hearts she despised him or whether she secretly wondered if perhaps in his heart of hearts he despised her. And that is why I know perfectly well the kind of faces General Golubkov and his wife had when the two were at last alone.

6

Not for very long, however. About 10.00 P.M. General L., the W.W. Secretary, was informed by General R. that Mrs. Fedchenko was extremely worried by her husband's unaccountable absence. Only then did General L. remember that about lunch time the President had told him in a rather casual way (but that was the old gentleman's manner) that he had some business in town in the late afternoon and that if he was not back by 8.00 P.M. would General L. please read a note left in the middle drawer of the President's desk. The two generals now rushed to the office, stopped short, rushed back for the keys General L. had forgotten, rushed again, and finally found the note. It read: "An odd feeling obsesses me of which later I may be ashamed. I have an appointment at 5.30 P.M. in a café 45 Rue Descartes. I am to meet an informer from the other side. I suspect a trap. The whole thing has been arranged by General Golubkov, who is taking me there in his car."

We shall skip what General L. said and what General R. replied — but apparently they were slow thinkers and proceeded to lose some more time in a muddled telephone talk with an indignant café owner. It was almost midnight when the Slavska, clad in a flowery dressing gown and trying to look very sleepy, let them in. She was unwilling to disturb her husband who, she said, was already asleep. She wanted to know what it was all about and had perhaps something happened to General Fedchenko. "He has vanished," said honest General L. The Slavska said "Akh!" and crashed in a dead swoon, almost wrecking the parlor in the process. The stage had not lost quite so much as most of her admirers thought.

Somehow or other the two generals managed not to impart to General Golubkov anything about the little note, so that when he accompanied them to the W.W. headquarters he was under the impression that they really wanted to discuss with him whether to ring up the police at once or first go for advice to eighty-eight-year-old Admiral Gromoboyev, who for some obscure reason was considered the Solomon of the W.W.

"What does this mean?" said General L. handing the fatal note to Golubkov. "Peruse it, please."

Golubkov perused — and knew at once that all was lost. We shall not bend over the abyss of his feelings. He handed the note back with a shrug of his thin shoulders.

"If this has been really written by the General," he said, "and I must admit it looks very similar to his hand, then all I can say is that somebody has been impersonating me. However, I have grounds to believe that Admiral Gromoboyev will be able to exonerate me. I suggest we go there at once."

"Yes," said General L., "we had better go now, although it is very late."

General Golubkov swished himself into his raincoat and went out first. General R. helped General L. to retrieve his muffler. It had half slipped down from one of those vestibule chairs which are doomed to accommodate things, not people. General L. sighed and put on his old felt hat, using both hands for this gentle action. He moved to the door. "One moment, General," said General R. in a low voice. "I want to ask you something. As one officer to another, are you absolutely sure that . . . well, that General Golubkov is speaking the truth?"

"That's what we shall find out," answered General L., who was one of those people who believe that so long as a sentence is a sentence it is bound to mean something.

They delicately touched each other's elbows in the doorway. Finally the slightly older man accepted the privilege and made a jaunty exit. Then they both paused on the landing, for the staircase struck them as being very still. "General!" cried General L. in a downward direction. Then they looked at each other. Then hurriedly, clumsily, they stamped down the ugly steps, and emerged, and stopped under a black drizzle, and looked this way and that, and then at each other again.

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She was arrested early on the following morning. Never once during the inquest did she depart from her attitude of grief-stricken innocence. The French police displayed a queer listlessness in dealing with possible clews, as if it assumed that the disappearance of Russian generals was a kind of curious local custom, an Oriental phenomenon, a dissolving process which perhaps ought not to occur but which could not be prevented. One had, however, the impression that the *Sûreté* knew more about the workings of that vanishing trick than diplomatic wisdom found fit to discuss. Newspapers abroad treated the whole matter in a good-natured but bantering and slightly bored manner. On the whole, "L'affaire Slavska" did not make good headlines — Russian *émigrés* were decidedly out of focus. By an amusing coincidence both a German press agency and a Soviet one laconically stated that a pair of White Russian generals in Paris had absconded with the White Army funds.

7

The trial was strangely inconclusive and muddled, witnesses did not shine, and the final conviction of the Slavska on a charge of kidnaping was debatable on legal grounds. Irrelevant trifles kept obscuring the main issue. The wrong people remembered the right things and vice versa. There was a bill signed by a certain Gaston Coulot, farmer, "*pour un arbre abattu.*" General L. and General R. had a dreadful time at the hands of a sadistic barrister. A Parisian *clochard*, one of those colorful ripe-nosed unshaven beings (an easy part, that) who keep all their earthly belongings in their voluminous pockets and wrap their feet in layers of bursting newspapers when the last sock is gone and are seen comfortably seated, with widespread legs and a bottle of wine, against the crumbling wall of some building that has never been completed, gave a lurid account of having observed from a certain vantage point an old man being roughly handled. Two Russian women, one of whom had been treated some time before for acute hysteria, said they saw on the day of the crime General Golubkov and General Fedchenko driving by in the former's car. A Russian violinist while sitting in the diner of a German train — but it is useless to retell all those lame rumors.

We get a few last glimpses of the Slavska in prison. Meekly knitting in a corner. Writing to Mrs. Fedchenko tear-stained letters in which she said that they were sisters now, because both their husbands had been captured by the Bolsheviks. Begging to be allowed the use of a lipstick. Sobbing and praying in the arms of a pale young Russian nun who had come to tell her of a vision she had had which disclosed the innocence of General Golubkov. Clamoring for the New Testament which the police were keeping — keeping mainly from the experts who had so nicely begun deciphering certain notes scribbled in the margin of St. John's Gospel. Some time after the outbreak of this war she developed some obscure internal trouble and when, one summer morning, three German officers arrived at the prison hospital and desired to see her, at once they were told she was dead — which possibly was the truth.

One wonders if in some way or other her husband managed to inform her of his whereabouts, or if he thought it safer to leave her in the lurch. Where did he go, poor *perdu?* The mirrors of possibility cannot replace the eyehole of knowledge. Perhaps he found a haven in Germany and was given there some small administrative job in the Baedecker Training School for Young Spies. Perhaps he returned to the land where he had taken towns singlehanded. Perhaps he did not. Perhaps he was summoned by whoever his arch-boss was and told, with that slight foreign accent and special brand of blandness that we all know: "I am afraid, my friend, you are nott nee-ded any more" — and as X turns to go Dr. Puppenmeister's delicate index presses a button at the edge of his impassive writing desk and a trap yawns under X, who plunges to his death (he who knows "too much"), or breaks his funny bone by crashing right through into the living room of the elderly couple below.

Anyhow the show is over. You help your girl into her coat and join the slow exit-bound stream of your likes. Safety doors open into unexpected side portions of night, diverting proximal trickles. If, like me, you prefer for reasons of orientation to go out the way you came in, you will pass again by those posters that seemed so attractive a couple of hours ago. The Russian cavalryman in his half-Polish uniform bends from his polo pony to scoop up red-booted romance, her black hair tumbling from under her astrakhan cap. The Arc de Triomphe rubs shoulders with a dim-domed Kremlin. The monocled agent of a Foreign Power is handed a bundle of secret papers by General Golubkov. . . . Quick, children, let us get out of here into the sober night, into the shuffling peace of familiar sidewalks, into the solid world of good freckled boys and the spirit of comradeship. Welcome, reality! This tangible cigarette will be very refreshing after all that trashy excitement. See, the thin dapper man walking in front of us lights up too after tapping a "Lookee" against his old leathern cigarette case.

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» The graphic story of how English publishers did their job under bombing — and without paper.

THE BATTLE FOR BOOKS

by CURTICE HITCHCOCK

1

THE importance of books in America becomes clearer after a visit to a land where they are rationed. England today is such a land. Not, of course, in the sense that the book buyer has to present a coupon for the latest novel, as he would for a pound of butter or a pair of shoes. But actually, new books are scarce, because the paper and ink and cloth and boards from which they are made, and the manpower for making them, are so restricted as to make it impossible to produce anything like the number of books which the public demands.

Before the war, British book paper was made primarily from esparto grass imported from North Africa, secondarily from wood pulp imported from Norway. With the cutting-off of those two sources began the battle for books in Britain, a battle which has certainly resulted in a moral victory — even though the buyer may have trouble in finding a copy of a particular Wells novel in his favorite London bookshop. For the battle has demonstrated two things: first, that an informed democratic community can be convinced that books are indispensable to a progressive civilization; second, that if restrictions have to be made in production, they can be applied by democratic processes without interfering ultimately with intellectual freedom.

British book publishers are allowed at present as a basic ration 37½ per cent by weight of the volume of paper which they used in the year prior to the war. This is about twice the allotment, in percentage terms, granted to newspapers, but in physical tonnage this differential is a very slight concession, since books use in England in normal times only about 2½ per cent of the national consumption of paper. (In the United States, books use only about one half of 1 per cent.) A publisher may occasionally secure a small additional quantity to take care of some book deemed important to the national interest, if he has exhausted his basic quota.

By virtue of the most careful economies, worked out by coöperative research, the publishing fraternity has been able to produce between 60 and 70 per cent of the number of volumes published annually before the war. These economies affect the bulk, margins, type size, leading, spacing of chapters and other "breaks" — anyone who has seen current English books is aware of the changed appearance, including often the cheapening of the quality of the paper itself.

The reduction in the current supply of books to approximately 70 per cent of the pre-war figure, coupled with the destruction of library, publishers', booksellers', and private stocks by enemy action, has been accompanied by a great increase in the demand. An increase of 150 per cent would certainly be a moderate estimate.

Reading is the most obvious resource for such leisure as the English have, now that private driving has been eliminated and there is total blackout in the evenings. True, theaters and cinemas continue, and are well patronized, but they are in the main for the townfolk and — as anyone who has experienced a London blackout well knows — for the quick and the early. And reading in England means books, because four-page newspapers occupy little time, and the magazine assortment is meager.

The result in the book world is tantalizing. For the first time in his experience, it is possible for the publisher to sell — within reason — anything he can get the paper to print, and with little effort or incitement. On the other hand, some books cannot be published and someone has to make a choice as to which books shall fall by the wayside. Such a decision, involving the life or death of particular books, naturally partakes of the nature of censorship in the wider sense.

CURTICE HITCHCOCK, president of the publishing firm of Reynal and Hitchcock, was flown to England this winter as the ambassador of American publishers and the Office of War Information to learn what the English can tell us about publishing in wartime.

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2

THE process as it works in England is enlightening. The most important, even though the most obvious, point to make is that the government has made no effort to bar the publication of any book or type of books as belonging to a nonessential class. It has confined its restrictions to the volume of paper to be used for books, leaving the choice of titles entirely to the taste and judgment of the publishers and the ordinary processes of the market place. This is the only way in which freedom of the press could be maintained, but it would have been easy for a hard-pressed government department to decide that this or that kind of book was unnecessary to the war effort and therefore should be abolished by decree.

The selection still rests with the publisher as in peacetime, and in Britain the challenge of restrictions has been met on two planes: first, by the individual firm; and second, by the publishing industry acting collectively.

The individual publisher's problem is complex. He may have to stop printing a best-seller in the middle of its run in order to save enough paper for a medical book, an engineering book, or some important book on public affairs which he deems more essential to the winning of the war and the peace. Publishers have choked off the printing of such best-selling books as a Priestley novel or *War and Peace* at the point where they have sold 50,000 or 60,000 copies and would sell many more thousands, simply because they were using more than their fair proportion of available paper.

Apart from being fair to the nation, the publisher has also to be fair to his own authors and, so far as may be, give each one his due proportion of the precious means of life. Every publisher worth his salt — and this is a period which tends to bring out the best even among our tribe — has tried to give the preference to what I can only describe as the "more important" book, and that does not mean that it would always be a serious informational item. There is health in diversity in war as in peace and there are occasions when a good novel might be more important than anything else within the range of the publisher's choice.

As a supplement, the government has provided a small pool of one thousand tons of paper a year to be allocated to publishers for the production of books of importance for which individual quotas proved insufficient. Here again, on the advice of the industry, the government chose to leave the allocation in private hands. This it could do effectively only because the British publishers, unlike ours up to this time, have for many years been building up an effective trade association. This organization was in a position to speak and to act for the industry as a whole. The allocation of the paper from the surplus pool is made by a committee of four publishers chosen by the Publishers Association and acting impartially for the whole group. Their decision is of course subject to appeal to the Ministry of Supply, but so far, although a few protests have been registered, the committee has not been reversed, and in the main its members have been supported wholeheartedly by their fellows.

In passing on the application of any publisher for additional paper for a book which he claims to be important, the committee considers not only the value of the particular book but the use which the publisher has made of his original quota. No one is allowed to exhaust his paper in profitable frivolity and come to the pool for extra paper for the important item. The committee in charge of surplus paper allocation is a genuine censor over publishing wastage, but not a censor of ideas.

It would be interesting to digress for a discussion of the possibilities of comparable trade collaboration in this country as materials and manpower become scarcer. We are not England. We differ in industrial tradition and — most importantly — in our possession of an institution known as the Sherman Antitrust Act, which has discouraged, rightly or wrongly, the building up of effective self-governing bodies in industry. Trade associations have their dangers. They can become smug, complacent, and dead hands over imaginative free enterprise. On the other hand, if they have genuine leadership, as for the most part the English book trade has had in this emergency, they can be of enormous service to an overworked government at a time of crisis, both in making the resources of the industry available and in saving much administrative manpower.

From what I have said, it may sound as if the British publishing lists had become hopelessly high-minded and that the reader would find nothing in them but great literature and professional books for the war effort. This — without too much mourning — is not true. A good deal of tripe (the favorite example is *No Orchids for Miss Blandish*) still issues from the British presses, and publishers who have previously confined their efforts to that category continue largely as before. What is true is that the restrictions have resulted in a larger proportion of necessary professional and technical books (at the expense of general reading lists) and in a more con-

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scientious scrutiny of the value of the books of entertainment which are permitted to see the light of day; and that they have on the whole tended to raise rather than to lower the general level of taste. And who is competent to say whether a considerable measure of what I have characterized as "tripe" does not remain a necessary ingredient in the publishing output for Britain's weary population?

3

WHAT then is Britain mainly reading? The answer is: Very much what we are reading here, but necessarily in more limited quantities. There is the same stress on books about the war, although the British after three years of it seem to be rather more interested than we are as yet in books which constitute a complete escape from it. Since there is a vast unfilled demand for entertaining books of all kinds, it is difficult to assess the public taste in quantitative terms, but many more reprints of the classics and copies of current fiction could be manufactured and sold were the paper available.

The most striking single development in British publishing since the war began is the creation of a whole new field of informative government books, published by the Ministry of Information on its own behalf and for other departments. These are well-written factual accounts of various aspects of the war, printed, bound in paper, and sold in enormous quantities at low prices ranging from 3d. to 2/6. The more elaborate ones, such as *The Battle of Britain*, *Bomber Command*, *Front Line*, are heavily illustrated and are halfway between a book and a picture magazine in format. The circulation has reached in one or two instances a four-million figure. They are issued by H. M. Stationery Office and sold through the bookstores at ordinary discount rates. This is perhaps the first time a government has ever issued its propaganda at a profit. Some publishers look longingly at the amount of paper consumed and think they might in some cases have done a better job.

One extremely interesting fact to an American is that 27 per cent of the commercial output of the past year has been of American origin, including both fiction and non-fiction. This is a higher percentage of American authorship than has ever before appeared on British lists.

This emphasis on American books is only one element in a phase of the present British cultural picture which must strike any American visitor with great force. For the first time in history the English public is curious about and genuinely interested in the United States. Probably never before (not even during the last war) has any substantial part of the English public been much concerned about us — about what we are like and what we are up to. A few intellectuals, yes; a few politicians, yes; but the British people in general have been content to consider us as a rather curious monstrosity which developed in peculiar ways as an offshoot of the Empire — occasionally useful, occasionally a nuisance, but never anything vital to their own ways of life. That situation has changed.

I found many different kinds of audiences prepared to sit for hours asking questions about the United States and discussing different aspects of our life and our relations to the world. The questions ranged over the widest possible territory — domestic and foreign politics, literature, journalism, our war preparations, how people here were taking the war, what war restrictions we had to endure, our ways of life generally. The British have begun to realize that while our older traditions and our older stock are Anglo-Saxon, both have been enormously modified by the influx of new people, new blood, and different geographic and cultural influences. No longer are they prepared to assume that, whatever our peculiarities, basically we are a kind of overgrown British dominion.

Substantial efforts are being made to introduce American history in British schools. The British War Office, with imagination and foresight, has also introduced into the British Army a highly successful program of adult education for citizenship. This program makes use of a series of excellent pamphlets on the world today which has a large infusion of well-written material about the United States — material which is not only issued to the troops but is discussed by them in a way to make one feel that the British people really believe in the idea of a well-informed world citizenship. We who have prided ourselves so long and so loudly on our system of public education may well ask ourselves why we have not kept the pace. To be sure, it has taken the British some time to develop their army educational projects, but we might take more advantage of their experience.

Finally, there is the rising percentage of books of American authorship on the British publishing lists. This naturally cannot be ascribed wholly to the awakened interest in America. In part it is merely a reflection of an increased virility and power in American writing. The British, like ourselves, are prepared to read the authors of any country if what they say is worth reading; and if our authors have developed larger audiences in the British Isles, it is in part because American writing during the past

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twenty years has been on the whole superior to British writing.

Nevertheless, in part this increase in the volume of American books, which is now being extended through projects for reprinting various American classics, reflects the awakened British attitude towards us, and has in turn stimulated the tendency it represents. At the present time it may be fair to say that, whereas we are more aware of the older British history than the English are of ours, they are far more awake to our present and recent past than the bulk of our population is to theirs. Our English stereotype is Victorian; their American counterpart is a cross between Hollywood and Sinclair Lewis. Grotesque as both may be, the more modern one is a better foundation for action.

From what does this greater mental curiosity about us arise? In part from reading, in part from the ubiquitous motion picture (which may give them a distorted view but does interest them). But fundamentally I think it springs from something deeper down in the English mind and heart. Like many of us, the English are profoundly ashamed of the social and political futilities and failures of the past twenty years. They believe that both they and we failed miserably in building that fairer world which was promised after the last war. They know that they alone are incapable of providing it at the end of this holocaust. They want help and — speaking of 90 per cent of the English public — they do not really care whether they are ranked as No. 1, No. 2, or No. 3 in the conglomeration of power which must control the world to come. They want us with them, and they know that before they can persuade us, they must understand us.

One should add that they are equally interested — perhaps even more interested — in Russia, for the same or equally obvious reasons. At present, however, they are a little more starry-eyed about Russia than they are about us. But regardless of Russia or of us, there is a firm determination among the British public to carry out their own future international obligations.

4

To return from this digression, British publishers are selling fewer books but selling them at less expense. Their advertising and selling costs are cut to a minimum; their working staffs, cut by demands for manpower, are still adequate to their needs and cost them less in wages and salaries. Even the blitz has contributed its part to supporting the balance sheets of some of the publishers. Most of those who lost large stocks of books were compensated by war risk insurance, in certain notable cases to the enrichment of the publishers involved because the destroyed stocks included much remainder material which was worth nothing like its book values. Gossip has it that several firms which were in a shaky condition before the war are now in excellent financial shape. However this may be, most of them have healthy bank accounts and are making substantial profits even though the corporate income tax leaves them little benefit from that happy state of affairs.

Apart from the financial benefit to some publishers, the destruction of stocks of standard books in publishers' warehouses, bookshops, and public and private libraries is, of course, a catastrophe. The nation's storehouse of the printed word has suffered many irreplaceable losses.

In this discussion of a gallant free industry, one fact, perhaps the most important of all, must not be overlooked. If the essential function of book publishing be, as its friends insist, the cultivation and spread of new ideas, the tendency of war controls is a thoroughly unhealthy one. If a publisher's quota is inadequate for maintaining in print his established authors and the standard lines which constitute his basic bread and butter, he obviously has little financial incentive to experiment with new authors and with mass circulation cheap editions.

It is to the credit of English publishers that they have experimented and have issued cheap editions where it seemed to them important to do so despite the controls. Occasionally either process is assisted by the government, which in addition to the general pool sometimes makes available a special supply of paper for some book which it considers of special national importance, or for the issuance of a cheap edition for the use of the troops or the civil population or both, when the book has a direct bearing on the state of the public morale.

I have spoken earlier of the economies which have been introduced into book formats. No one who sees an English book at the present time can fail to be aware of them. Books are much thinner. Where before the war they bulked between an inch and an inch and a half, they are now more likely to run from one half to three quarters of an inch in thickness. They are smaller. Wherever it is physically possible, the book is made smaller — 12mo instead of 8vo. The type also is smaller — nine or ten point instead of eleven or twelve — and there are few if any leads between the lines. The margins are very slender indeed. Chapters are run on instead of starting on a new page. The paper itself, being frequently made from straw or odds and ends and

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without proper chemicals, instead of from esparto grass or pulp, is likely to be yellow and coarse. The thin, inadequate board in the covers tends to buckle on the slightest provocation.

Costs of manufacture, of course, have gone up in the face of shortages of all kinds. The process of manufacture is infinitely slower. But book prices, while higher, have not gone up proportionately so high as other uncontrolled articles. Perhaps on the average they are 25 to 30 per cent higher. Novels which once sold for 7/6 are now likely to be 9/6 or 10/6. Small books such as the popular Penguins have gone from 6d. to a shilling.

With respect to new authors, very few are showing their heads at the present time, and for obvious reasons. In no other country in the world can the young people who will be the writers of the future be more completely absorbed in the national effort than are the young men and women of Britain today. But no American can spend two months in Britain at the present time without a feeling that mentally Britain is a livelier and a more heartening place.

One hears also of a great stir of thoughtful discussion among the young men in the armed forces. The last war killed off an enormous number of promising young men in the British population. It is not without reason that the last twenty years in England have been relatively sterile and fallow in terms of creative literature. If this generation is not bled white as the last one was, there is every reason to hope in the next twenty-five years for a genuine British renaissance in literature as well as in political and economic life. The embattled island is still full of good human stuff.

THE MAN IN THE FIELD

by ELFORD CAUGHEY

He did not see the hand of God
Ruffle the streaming grain.
Prayers unanswered blinded him,
And a need for miracles again.

He did not see the smile of God.
He thought of one with sultry hair
Waiting beyond the poplars there.
His flesh, weary and unaware,
Desired no solace but despair.

He did not hear the voice of God.
He heard the evening plane
City-bound, and then a thrush
Valleys away, and further still
In the dusk a whip-poor-will.

He did not hear the feet of God.
He heard the evening silence press
Upon him the din of nothingness —
No voice to give, no word to bless.
The footsteps faded down the hill.

A star arose. The man in the field
Stood on a star that pitched and reeled —
He knew no motion. All his need
Lying far from prayer or creed,
He wept beneath the chill caress
Of his eternal loneliness.

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PERSONS AND PLACES

First Friends and Harvard College

by GEORGE SANTAYANA

9

AT THE age of sixteen I began to notice the characters and quality of the other boys, and to find my ideal affinities. I say ideal affinities because I had always had instinctive or canine friends: boys or girls — for there were several girls — with whom I played or prattled, or danced at the dancing school.

There, at about the age of ten, I had a sort of *amourette:* absolutely groundless and silent, but absolutely determined. I remember the child perfectly. She had a dark complexion and curly black hair, and stood very straight, but gracefully. She was the first example to me of that admirable virtue cultivated by French actresses: eloquent stillness. I don't think she ever said a word, and I very few; but we always took each other out to dance, and were partners for the cotillion. Her name was Alice White, and I have never seen or heard of her since then. It was the friendship of two genteel kittens who played gravely with the same ball and eschewed the rest of the litter.

A less enigmatic companionship of my boyhood was with Charlie Davis. He was a soft blond youth, a little older and taller than I, but mentally younger; our great pleasure was to laugh about everything, like silly girls. But in our daily walks from school we must have gabbled on many subjects, because after some years — he left school young to go into an office — he became a Catholic, and asked me to be his sponsor at his christening. I was; and I remember later his desire to enter a religious order. Let us hope, if I didn't save my own soul, that I saved the soul of Charlie Davis.

My first real friend was Bentley Warren. We two with Dick Smith (who afterwards took his mother's name, Weston) formed what we called the Triumvirate. Warren's father, who had recently died, had been a Democratic Congressman, elected in an off year of public dissatisfaction in a suburb of Boston, usually Republican; but two years of life in Washington, together with inherited dissentient opinions, had given his son a freer intelligence and a more varied experience than little Bostonians were likely to have. I often went to Mrs. Warren's on holidays to tea; and Warren sometimes came to lunch at our house.

His Democratic views, if he had them, were not rabid; his most intimate friends were Harry and Jim Garfield, sons of the future President of the United States; and he left school at the end of our second class year in order to enter Williams College with the Garfields, a year before the rest of us were expected to be ready for the university. Dick Smith, too, on account of the tiff his father had with the headmaster, left school early during our last year; so that as far as friendship was concerned — so new to me but so important — the end of my school life might have been desolate.

Not that my relations with Warren were broken off: we wrote each other long letters; and four years later, in 1885, I went to Williamstown for the festivities at his graduation. I think it was my first journey undertaken merely for pleasure, and at my own expense.

I went to Williams again twenty or twenty-five years later, to read a lecture on Shelley. Harry Garfield was president of the College; we spoke of Bentley Warren and of the old days, but with how different a sentiment! For me those things had passed into the empyrean, into an eternal calm where their littleness or their greatness was nothing and their quality, their essence, everything; for him they were merely early unimportant phases of the business which occupied him now, and not to be regarded on their own account. When I mentioned Bentley Warren, Garfield said: "Oh, yes. He is one of the Trustees of our College." From this I gathered two

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The *Atlantic* has been privileged to publish chapters drawn from the first volume of the autobiography of GEORGE SANTAYANA, the most European of all American philosophers. This is the third and final installment.

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things: that Warren had been "successful" and was now rich; and that for Garfield this fact was what counted in Warren, rather than their early friendship.

My school friends were gone; but just beyond school bounds a new friend appeared, Edward Bayley. I was lieutenant colonel of the Boston School Regiment, the colonel that year being from the English High School, which, back to back with the Latin School, was housed in the other half of the same new building. In some matter of vital importance to our forces it became necessary for me to consult my superior officer. We met by appointment, and found that the high questions of epaulettes or of buttons were soon disposed of; but that first interview made us fast friends. We happened to live in the same quarter of the town, the Back Bay, about a mile from our schools, and we at once established the custom of waiting, he for me or I for him, at the corner, so as to walk home together.

That winter my mother moved to Roxbury, having at last got rid of the dreadful burden of our Beacon Street house; so that I saw my new friend only occasionally, or by express appointment. But that made no difference. The bond was established, silently of course, but safely. Even the fact that he was not going to college, but directly into some place of business, so that, as it actually came about, we never saw each other after that year, and hardly a letter passed between us, made no difference in our friendship, though it entirely separated our lives. Strange enchantment! Even today, the thought of that youthful comradeship, without incidents, without background, and without a sequel, warms the cockles of my heart like a glass of old port.

Is that all? What did he do? What did he say? What did he stand for? I confess that after sixty years I have to invent a theory to account for this fact. Why did a strictly Puritan and inward religion in him, far from producing narrowness or fanaticism, produce charity and hospitality of mind? Not that he was in the least what was called liberal — that is, indifferent and vaguely contemptuous towards all definite doctrines or practices, and without any discipline of his own. On the contrary he was absolutely loyal to his own tradition, and master of it; he was made, finished, imposing in the precision of his affections.

I may be reading ideals of my own into that very young man, in whom nothing of the sort may ever have come to light; but potentially I cannot help thinking that in him there was something his spiritual forebears never possessed: I mean humility and renunciation. A dumb inglorious Milton who was not a prig, an Emerson with warm blood, who was not proud or oracular or cosmographical, and never thought himself the center of the universe. Young Bayley was my first, perhaps my fundamental, model for *The Last Puritan*.

It was doubtless the discovery that we were both — but differently — religious that made us so quickly sure of each other. Never was trust more instinctive, more complete, or more silent. It has lasted in silence, at least on my side, for sixty years. Not long ago I asked a Boston friend who turned up at Cortina about these very first friends of mine, Warren and Bayley. Did he know them? Were they still living? What had become of them? And I was not surprised to hear the warmest eulogy of both, although my informant was a Lyman of the Lymans and a Lowell of the Lowells, while Warren and Bayley were not descendants of the Boston Brahmins. And I said to myself, "Oh, my prophetic soul!" My earliest friendships were not illusions.

10

If fortune has been unkind to me in respect to my times, — except that for the intellectual epicure the 1890's were enjoyable, — in respect to the places fortune has been most friendly, setting me down not in any one center, where things supposed to be important or exciting were happening, but in various quiet places from which cross-vistas opened into the world. Of these places the most familiar to me, after Avila, was the Harvard Yard. I lived there for eleven years, first as an undergraduate, later as an instructor and proctor.

No place, no rooms, no mode of living could have been more suitable for a poor student and a free student, such as I was and as I wished to be. My first room, on the ground floor in the northeast corner of Hollis, was one of the cheapest to be had in Cambridge: the rent was $44 a year. I had put it first for that reason on my list of desired rooms, and I got my first choice. It was so cheap because it had no bedroom, no water, and no heating; also the ground floor seems to have been thought less desirable, perhaps because the cellar below might increase the cold or the dampness. I don't think I was ever cold there in a way to disturb me or to affect my health. I kept the hard-coal fire banked and burning all night, except from Saturday to Monday, when I slept at my mother's at Roxbury.

An undergraduate's room in any case is not a good place for study, unless it be at night, under pressure of some special task. At other times, there are constant interruptions, or temptations to interrupt one-

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self: recitations, lectures, meals, walks, meetings, and sports. I soon found the Library the best place to work in. It was not crowded; a particular alcove where there were philosophical books at hand, and foreign periodicals, soon became my regular place for reading.

As to my lodging, I had to make up my sofa bed at night before getting into it; in the morning I left the bedding to be aired, and the "goody," whose services were included in the rent, put it away when she came to dust or to sweep. I also had to fetch my coal and water from the cellar, or the water in summer from the College pump that stood directly in front of my door. This was economy on my part, as I might have paid the janitor to do it for me; perhaps also to black my boots, which I always did myself, as I had done it at home.

But my life was a miracle of economy. I had an allowance from my mother of $750 a year to cover all expenses. Tuition absorbed $150; rent, $44; board at Memorial Hall, with a reduction for absence during the week-end, about $200; which left less than one dollar a day for clothes, books, fares, subscriptions, amusements, and pocket money. Yet on my less than one dollar a day I managed to dress decently, to belong to minor societies like the Institute, the Pudding, and the O.K., where the fees were moderate, to buy all necessary books, and even, in my junior year, to stay at rich people's houses, and to travel. Robert had given me his old evening clothes, which fitted me well enough: otherwise the rich people's houses could not have been visited.

Doing my "chores" was something I rather liked, as I still brush and pack my own clothes for pleasure, and shave myself, and walk everywhere rather than drive, circumstances permitting. A little manual work or physical exercise changes the stops agreeably, lengthens the focus and range of vision, reverts to the realm of matter which is the true matrix of mind, and generally brings judgment and feeling back into harmony with nature. I have never had a manservant, and later when I lived in hotels I seldom called on the servants for any personal service not in their common routine. This trait is a heritage from the humble condition of my father's family and my mother's reduced circumstances during my boyhood. I had not an aristocratic breeding; not only was I not served, but I was taught no aristocratic accomplishments — not even riding or driving or shooting.

What is a gentleman? A gentleman is a man with a valet; originally he also had a sword, but in my time that was obsolete except for officers in full uniform; a bank account could take its place. But having many servants, though it makes a man a master, does not make him a gentleman. He is not one because his wife may keep servant girls in the house; he is one only if he has a body servant of his own. This defines the Spanish gentleman as well as the English gentleman. To be a complete gentleman he should also have a horse, and should ride it gallantly. Don Quixote, too, had a horse, as well as a servant.

Life in the Yard for me, during my second period of residence there, 1890–1896, had a different quality. I hadn't a horse or a valet, but could count on enough pocket money, a varied circle of friends, clubs, and ladies' society in Boston and Cambridge, and the foreglow and afterglow of holidays spent in Europe. The first year, when I had only one foot in the stirrup and was not yet in the saddle as a Harvard teacher, I lived in Thayer; graceless quarters and the insecure stammering beginnings of a lecturer.

The next year I again had my pick of rooms in the Yard, securing No. 7 Stoughton, in the southeast corner of the first floor, where I stayed for six winters. Here there was a bedroom, and my coal and water were brought up for me by the janitor; on the other hand I often made my own breakfast — tea, boiled eggs, and biscuits — and always my tea in the afternoon, for I had now lived in England and learned the comforts of a bachelor in lodgings. Only — what would not have happened in England — I washed my own dishes and ordered my tea, eggs, milk, and sugar from the grocers: domestic cares that pleased me and that preserved my nice china, a present from Howard Cushing, during all those years. There was a round bathtub under my cot, and my sister's crucifix on the wall above it: only cold water, but the contents of the kettle boiling on the hearth served to take off the chill. I had also acquired a taste for fresh air, and my window was always a little open.

One day a new goody left the bathtub full of slops, explaining that she hadn't known what to do with it; it was the only bathtub in her entry. I had myself taken only recently to a daily sponge bath. When I was an undergraduate few ever took a bath in Cambridge; those who lodged in private houses might share one bathroom between them, and those who went to the Gymnasium might have a shower bath after exercise; but your pure "grind" never bathed, and I only when I went home for the week-end.

My father used to say that the English had introduced baths into Christendom from India; but I suspect that it was luxury and the *femmes galantes* of the eighteenth century that did it. What could be more un-English than a languid female in a turban,

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not unattended, and not without a semi-transparent clinging garment, like that of a statue, getting in or out of a marble bath like an ancient sarcophagus, itself draped and lined with linen sheets? These were the refinements of luxury and mature coquetry. And the Christian background appears in the gown worn in the bath, according to the monastic precept of never being wholly naked. No such scruple exists in England or among athletes. The tone there is masculine and hardy, with a preference for cold water and the open air. Robert Bridges, the most complete of Englishmen, at the age of eighty, used to take his cold bath every morning in the lounge-hall of his house, before a roaring wood fire. Here was Sparta rather than India transported to the chilly North.

In Spain, in those days, there were no baths in houses. My sister procured an immense zinc tub, in the middle of which, when it was full, a special stove had to be introduced to heat the water, which a special donkey laden with four earthen jars had to carry from the fountain; the thing didn't work, and I doubt that she took more than one or two baths. For me she got a manageable little hip bath which I found quite sufficient.

Hollis and Stoughton were twin red-brick buildings of the eighteenth century, solid, simple, symmetrical, and not unpleasing. No effort had been made by the builders towards picturesqueness or novelty; they knew what decent lodgings for scholars were, and that there was true economy in building them well. The rectangular wooden window frames divided into many squares, flush with the walls, and painted white, served for a modest and even gay decoration.

On the whole, it was the architecture of sturdy poverty, looking through thrift in the direction of wealth. It well matched the learning of early New England, traditionally staunch and narrow, yet also thrifty and tending to positivism; a learning destined, as it widened, to be undermined and to become, like the architecture, flimsy and rich. It had been founded on accurate Latin and a spellbound constant reading of the Bible; but in the Harvard of my day we had heard a little of everything, and nobody really knew his Latin or knew his Bible.

You might say that the professor of Hebrew knew his Bible, and the professors of Latin their Latin. No doubt, in the sense that they could write technical articles on the little points of controversy at the moment among philologists; but neither Latin nor the Bible flowed through them and made their spiritual lives; they were not vehicles for anything great. They were grains in a quicksand, agents and patients in an anonymous moral migration that had not yet written its classics.

Holworthy Hall in my day had no baths, not even shower baths, and no central heating. Modern improvements seem to me in almost everything to be a blessing. Electricity, vacuum cleaning, and ladies' kitchens render life simpler and more decent; but central heating, in banishing fireplaces, except as an occasional luxury or affectation, has helped to destroy the charm of home. I don't mean merely the ancient and rustic sanctity of the hearth; I mean also the home comforts of the modern bachelor.

An obligatory fire was a useful and blessed thing. In northern climates it made the poetry of indoor life. Round it you sat, into it you looked, by it you read, in it you made a holocaust of impertinent letters and rejected poems. On the hob your kettle simmered, and the little leaping flames cheered your heart and ventilated your den. Your fire absolved you from half your dependence on restaurants, cafés, and servants; it also had the moralizing function of giving you a duty in life from which any distraction brought instant punishment, and taught you the feminine virtues of nurse, cook, and Vestal virgin.

Sometimes, I confess, these cares became annoying; the fire kept you company, but like all company it sometimes interrupted better things. At its best, a wood fire is the most glorious; but unless the logs are of baronial dimensions, it dies down too quickly, the reader or the writer is never at peace; while a hard-coal fire (which also sometimes goes out) sleeps like a prisoner behind its iron bars, without the liveliness of varied flames.

The ideal fire is soft coal, such as I had in England and also in America when I chose; like true beauty in woman, it combines brilliancy with lastingness. I congratulate myself that in the Harvard Yard I was never heated invisibly and willy-nilly by public prescription, but always by my own cheerful fire that made solitude genial and brought many a genial friend who loved cheerfulness to sit by it with me, not rejecting in addition a drink and a little poetry; no tedious epic, but perhaps one of Shakespeare's sonnets or an ode of Keats, something fit to inspire conversation and not to replace it.

11

My election to the *Lampoon* Board — because of some drawings I submitted — was a decisive event in my Harvard life. Two other freshmen, Felton and Sanborn, had also been elected; and they asked me

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to come and sit at their table in Memorial Hall. Felton's chum, Baldwin, was also there, and some other friends; so I immediately found myself in a little circle of more or less lively wits that congregated every day at meals, apart from personal sympathies. In time, the inner circle narrowed down to four: the three I have mentioned and me. We kept up our comradeship at table for four years; and Sanborn and I became personal friends on intellectual grounds.

In those days freshmen at Harvard were still at school. Courses were prescribed, and we sat in alphabetical order, to be marked present or absent. Sanborn and I were therefore likely to sit next to each other: not always, because those who had passed in French had to take German, and vice versa, and in some subjects the two hundred and fifty freshmen were divided into more or less advanced classes. But I remember especially in Natural History 4, where Professor Shaler set forth "all the geology necessary to a gentleman," sitting next to Sanborn. We had separate chairs but one running desk in front of us, so that we could easily look at each other's notebooks; and we amused ourselves in matching triolets, not always on that "concatenation of phenomena" which Shaler was impressing upon us.

The room where Felton and Baldwin lived, No. 1 Thayer, was the reality under the literary fiction of a *Lampoon* "Sanctum." We gathered there to compose our parts of the fortnightly edition; chiefly drawings, although sometimes the column of puns entitled "By the Way" was concocted by us cooperatively, in the midst of a thousand interruptions.

I never wrote for the *Lampoon;* even the text for my sketches was usually supplied for me by the others, who knew the idioms required. My English was too literary, too ladylike, too correct for such a purpose; and I never acquired, or liked, the American art of perpetual joking. What we printed was a severe selection from what we uttered: it had to be local, new or fresh, and at least apparently decent. Speech in this circle, if not always decent, never became lewd. There was an atmosphere of respect for holy things, of respect for distant or future lady-loves, and also of self-respect. We were not very intimate friends. The *Lampoon*, the Yard, the College had brought us together; and when we scattered, the comradeship ceased. I scarcely knew what became of Felton or Baldwin.

The man who gave the tone to the *Lampoon* at that time was Eugene Thayer, not one of our group. He seemed a man apart, and his wit was not so much jocular as Mercutio-like, curious and whimsical, as if he saw the broken edges of things that appear whole. There was some obscurity in his play with words, and a feeling (which I shared) that the absurd side of things is pathetic. Probably nothing in his later performance may bear out what I have just said of him, because American life was then becoming unfavorable to idiosyncrasies, and the current smoothed and rounded out all the odd pebbles.

In our last year or two, the *Lampoon* possessed a business manager whose name is known everywhere, and who is identified, perhaps more than anyone else, with that inexorable standardizing current — namely, William R. Hearst. He was little esteemed in the College. The fact that his father was a millionaire and a Senator from California gave him an independence that displeased the undergraduate mind, and his long cigars were bad form in the Yard.

Yet his budding powers as a newspaper owner and manager made him invaluable to the *Lampoon* in its financial difficulties. He not only knew how to secure advertisements, but he presented us with a material Sanctum, carpeted, warmed by a stove, and supplied with wooden armchairs and long tables at which all the illustrated comic papers in the world were displayed as exchanges for our little local and puerile *Lampy*. How easily a little cool impudence can deceive mankind!

To the Harvard Yard in spirit, though not topographically, may be assigned my other contacts with college life during those first four years. Athletics did not figure among them. I never took any exercise except walking, and I seldom went, as yet, even to watch the games, which in the case of football was then done as in England, standing at the side lines, the crowd being kept back only by a chalk mark or a rope.

This "Harvard indifference" was not due to intense study on my part or to misanthropy. I played the leading lady in the Institute theatricals of 1884; and two years later, though I no longer looked at all deceptive in feminine clothes, I was one of the ballet in the Hasty Pudding play. These amusements, with rehearsals and a noisy trip to New York as a theatrical company, involved a good deal of intimacy for the moment.

More intellectual, at least nominally, were the literary groups or societies of which, for me, the O.K. and the *Harvard Monthly*, when that was founded, were the most important. The members of the two were largely the same, and included *Lampoon* men as well; but the O.K., which later gave excellent dinners, had the advantage of running over into the class of merely intelligent or even athletic leaders of the College. In a commercial civilization, these

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were likely to be much *better beings* than the professional scholars or intellectuals, *better beings* even than the future lawyers, though these might have more historical and rhetorical attainments.

The *Harvard Monthly* was founded by A. B. Houghton, afterwards American Ambassador at Berlin and London. His literary quality was in marked contrast with Sanborn's, as were also his character and fate. Houghton was as rich as Sanborn was poor; he was ambitious and bitter, nominally preoccupied with socialism and pessimism — not, I think, in a clear speculative spirit, but rather as scandals and dangers that the leaders of liberalism and plutocracy must somehow overcome. His conscience and critical faculty were not at peace about the way in which his father made money: it was chiefly in a glass factory, and the son would ask himself how many glass blowers died each year from blowing into those furnaces.

I knew Houghton very well; we discussed all manner of subjects. In 1898 he unexpectedly made me a visit in Brattle Street. He glanced about my quarters disapprovingly, sucked his enormous cigar, and said magisterially that it was a sad mistake to try to swim against the stream. I have never been aware of swimming against any stream: I have merely stood on the bank or paddled about in the quiet backwaters. From there I may have observed that the torrent was carrying down more or less wreckage. My philosophy throws no challenge to those who rush down the very middle of the rapids and rejoice in their speed.

I will say nothing more about the Harvard Yard. It has lost its character and its importance. When President Lowell was planning his "Houses" to be built by the river, he very kindly urged me to remain and take part in the experiment. I could have lived very like a don at Oxford or Cambridge. But it was too late. My heart might have been in the thing twenty years earlier, and perhaps then the transformation of Harvard into a University of Colleges might have been socially more successful. But by 1912 the non-collegiate additions had become too important for such a reorganization.

The community too had outgrown the instinct for a secluded life. Colleges were fundamentally conventual and religious; on which foundation specific precious traditions, social and sporting, might develop together with an exact but familiar and humanistic learning. Now looser, wider, more miscellaneous interests had invaded every mind. But I am not writing a history of Harvard University. I know very little about it. I knew only the Harvard Yard.

12

The chief event of my freshman year occurred towards the end of it. I received — what was unprecedented — a note from home, asking me to be in my room on the following evening, because my mother and sisters were coming to lay before me an important proposal. I guessed at once what it would be, although no hint had been dropped on the subject. I was to go to Spain that summer to see my father.

My mother evidently felt profoundly the recent relief to her finances, and wished to be generous. Sending me to college, even on my modest allowance, had already consumed perhaps a fourth of her income; yet she still had money to spare, and desired to do more. She had done nothing for my father during these ten years; in her view she had done nothing for *me;* for giving me food and lodging and a hundred dollars a year for clothes, books, and pocket money was something she owed to herself. She would not have allowed a child of hers to beg or go in rags; and even in sending me to college she was carrying out a plan of her own, and trying to make me into what she wished me to be, rather than into what my father or I secretly desired.

But now, in letting me go to see him, she was doing us an unselfish kindness, relenting as it were and letting us, for a moment, have our own way. Neither my father nor I had made any such suggestion; but it was impossible that he shouldn't wish to see his son grown up; and everybody knew at home how I longed to travel, to see again with my own eyes old towns, cathedrals, castles, and palaces, and also the classic landscape of Europe: because in America, at least in the parts I knew, nature as well as society seemed to lack contrast and definition, as if everything were half formed and groping after its essence.

Late in June I started accordingly on my first journey alone, and sailed from New York for Antwerp. Robert had looked up the various routes possible, and it had been decided that I should go and return by the Belgian or Red Star Line. The ship was decent as standards stood in those days, but second-rate, perhaps of 5000 tons; and as usual I was dreadfully seasick; so much so that the doctor and the stewardess took pity on me, some ladies became interested (I was nineteen years old), and a bed was rigged up for me on deck, where, as they said, I should enjoy the sunshine and the air.

The fresh air was indeed a relief but the glare an added nuisance; and the coming and going of people, and their talk, only intensified the general instabil-

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ity of everything. I was too ill for the moment to be ashamed of myself; but when I once got back to my cabin, although I wasn't alone even there, the feeling of shame came over me. They say dying animals go into hiding; and I could understand that instinct. There are phases of distress when help is neither possible nor desired. It is simpler, easier, more honest to be seasick alone, and to die alone.

When I appeared on deck again, looking and feeling perfectly well, shaved and in fresh linen, I was congratulated. One particular lady of uncertain age, who now explained that she was Mrs. X of Cincinnati, Ohio, had to be thanked for the kindness she had shown, or at least intended, on the day of that disgusting exhibition which I was heartily sorry to have made of myself. A young man should be hardier, and I had been sicker than any girl. Mrs. X had brought me a raw egg in brandy, and insisted I should swallow it, which I had done with dire results: brandy on such occasions is a brutal remedy that my throat, not to say my stomach, abhors.

At Antwerp I had just time to see the market place, with the Cathedral spire like a group of inverted icicles rising above it; and inside, besides the general splendor of a great living place of worship, I admired the two magnificent, if theatrical, pictures by Rubens at the head of the two aisles, especially the "Descent from the Cross." Yet this is too classic, too Michelangelesque for Flanders; I could have wished to carry away some humbler and more intimate memories, but the gorgeousness of Rubens blotted out the rest.

In Paris I saw nothing, merely driving from one station to the other; but at the Gare d'Orléans I found myself in the sort of difficulty that inexperience will fall into. I was provided with just the amount of French money that I had calculated would be sufficient, leaving a decent margin for emergencies; and at the ticket office I asked, as planned, for a second-class ticket to Avila. I could have a ticket to Avila, the man said, but only first class for the express: the ordinary trains, with second and third class, would take more than two whole days for the journey. I counted my money. I could take a first-class ticket and have 15 francs left. Would that be enough for meals and tips on the journey? I would risk it. It was only thirty-six hours, two nights and one day; at a pinch, I could have a sandwich instead of a dinner. It wouldn't kill me.

My 15 francs, however, were only just enough to pay my way on that first occasion; and I found at Irún that I had only a few coppers in my pocket and couldn't telegraph to my father, as had been agreed, that I was arriving at 5.30 the next morning. It was broad daylight, being early in July, and I recognized the walls and the Cathedral tower, touched by the rising sun, before we reached the station. But there was nobody to receive me, and no vehicle. Not even anybody to carry my valise. I left it with the guard, and started alone on foot, immensely happy, and remembering perfectly that station road and the place among the first houses to the left, opposite the church and convent of Santa Ana, where Don Juan the Englishman's house stood, which was now my father's.

There it was, the middle one of three humble two-story buildings, not properly lined up, and painted in varying weather-worn yellows or grays, with red tiled roofs. I pounded the middle door with the knocker. No answer. Finally a neighbor, from a window over the bakery in the house to the left, put out her disheveled head and said, "Knock hard. They are all deaf in that house." I knocked harder, until the window over my door was opened also, and another head, evidently the housemaid's, peered out, and looked at me with an air of inquiry.

"Don Agustín lives here, doesn't he? I am his son." She smiled, wished me a good arrival, and said they were expecting me but not that morning. El Señor was still in bed; la Señora (his sister Maria Ignacia) was in the garden. And presently the door was opened for me.

At the end of the stone-paved passage running through the house, I could see the so-called garden, and my aged aunt standing there, stooping a little, with a watering pot in her hand. The maid tactfully ran ahead and announced me loudly, and after embracing my aunt, whom I had never seen before, I had some difficulty in making her hear and understand why I hadn't telegraphed. Then I was led up to my father's room, where the same embraces and the same explanations, under the same difficulties, were duly repeated. But it was all right now; and rather characteristic of a young son from half round the world to arrive home with just twopence in his pocket.

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SONG FOR THE SILENT

by JAMES BOYD

Down here the mule leans in the traces,
The plow swims through the loam
And men at dusk turn quiet faces
To chimney smoke and home.
The roof is touched, then, by the first star's finger,
A lamp stands in the wall;
Inside the house, slow sparse words linger,
Slow shadows rise and fall.
Out where the tracery of trees is cool
The plow leans toward the shed
In whose black cave the mule
Lies on his rustling bed.
Deep dark and silence come,
The mule no longer stirs,
The house, the darkened room
Seem filled with whisperers:
No sound but quiet breathing,
No light but from the star,
Whose beams through starlight and dark forests weaving
Form webs to where there are
Some other breathers lost in woods and clearing,
Some other breathers in the starry night,
Living their days beyond all others' hearing,
Beyond all others' sight.
But not beyond the web that holds them
To plow, to mule, to star,
And with light, lovely majesty enfolds them
And all earth's silent breathers, lone and far;
Breathers and brothers in the world's dark reaches,
Brothers at peace within the web of light,
Free of the day and all the ill day teaches,
At rest now in the silver of the night.

The mannikins of state who scheme astutely
To blot each other's names from history's page
Forget that here in lonely cabins mutely
Men watch the feuds they wage.
But when through roads by ghosts of soldiers haunted
The crippled boys come back to mule and star,
If they shall miss the brotherhood they wanted
Our leaders may learn who the silent are.

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» We read continually about the War Labor Board, but few of us have a clear understanding of the part it has played as an American umpire in one of our toughest ball games.

THE FIGHT FOR UNION SECURITY

by LOUIS L. JAFFE

1

LABOR'S demand for union security has put democratic government to the test. "Union security" is a new phrase. It expresses the yearning for certainty which is characteristic of our unsettling times. Among many other devices, it includes the familiar closed shop, under which only union members can be hired, and the variant union shop, which permits the hiring of a non-union man but requires him, upon being hired, to join. Finally, it includes that current and contemned triumph of compromise, "union maintenance," against which the leaders of industry and the columnists are at present fulminating.

Montgomery-Ward in lofty, expensive protests in the *New York Times* states that maintenance is the closed shop in masquerade. This is not so. Maintenance requires only that, as a condition of employment, all persons remain members who are members when the collective contract is signed or who thereafter voluntarily join. Non-union men may be hired; non-union men may continue in employment.

Furthermore, in the form ordered by the War Labor Board, members have fifteen days in which to resign before the maintenance of membership clause goes into effect. This is the clause which most of American industry is being ordered to incorporate in its collective agreements with labor. Before Pearl Harbor the Army and the Navy had to enforce it. Since then it has been more or less accepted, but only over a sustained note of passionate protest.

Congress alone, it is argued, can impose such fundamental changes in labor relations. The action, first by the President's National Defense Mediation Board and then by his War Labor Board, created by mere executive order, is said to be in excess of the authority conferred by either statutes or the Constitution; it undermines the fundamental premises of a government of laws democratically made. There is enough color to these charges to make it worth while to understand the story of union maintenance. It is a great story, charged with significance — a story of the trial of democratic process under the stress of emergency and war.

The great spurt of armament production in 1940 stimulated labor to seek a new level of wages and led to the increase in strikes which is a typical incident of rising production. This condition alarmed those in charge of the defense program. It threatened the schedules. It intensified recrimination between labor and anti-labor forces. The need and urgency of a war program had already divided the country into hostile, denunciatory groups; the labor quarrel was an opportunity for mutual charges of obstruction.

In a bid for a unified public opinion the President, by executive order, set up the National Defense Mediation Board with authority to mediate labor disputes. Mediation, of course, requires no more of the disputants than that they open their hearts and minds to persuasion. But the executive order authorized the Board to make and to publish "recommendations" if their mediatory efforts failed. A party might incur public displeasure by refusing to accept a recommendation. No other penalty was named.

The Board was organized on a tripartite basis: three public members, four labor, four employer, all appointed by the President. The Board's professed credo was voluntarism, an appeal to interest and patriotism. Its distinguished chairman, William Davis, was fond of quoting Plato, that "the creation of a cosmos out of chaos is a series of victories of persuasion over force." He has said re-

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A graduate of Johns Hopkins and the Harvard Law School, LOUIS L. JAFFE first began to practice in San Francisco. He was then called to Washington as the law secretary of Mr. Justice Brandeis and became thereafter first a member of the legal staff of the AAA and subsequently of the National Labor Relations Board. Since 1936 he has been a member of the faculty of the University of Buffalo Law School.

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cently, "I am firmly convinced that, though you can protect a created situation, perhaps, by force, you cannot create by force."

The great issue of union security — on which the Mediation Board was to founder — arose early. In a decision later cited against the Board by John L. Lewis, the Board "recommended" that the Bethlehem Steel Corporation, that implacable fortress of the open shop, accept the closed shop in its West Coast shipbuilding plants. The government had induced the workers to limit their wages in a time of rising wages and not to strike. All the shipbuilders except Bethlehem were willing, in return, to agree to the closed shop.

The employer members objected that if the Board forced the closed shop upon Bethlehem it would be creating a legal precedent which, they said, was in excess of its power as a mediator. Not at all, said the labor and public members. In mediation, each case is decided entirely without reference to any other: there is only question of what is fair and what the parties will accept. It was known that Bethlehem would accept the closed shop if it were recommended.

This solution warded off the crisis for a time. It was then that the public members worked out the brilliant compromise of union maintenance. Under this device the employer could not complain that he was barred from hiring good workers who refused to join the union. The only limit was on workers who, being union members at the time of the collective agreement, now wanted to resign. The employers protested that these devices interfered with the liberty of their workers. Whatever may be said of the union shop, maintenance requires no more of the worker than loyalty to his own choice. On the other hand, the union had given up the right to strike. The strike is its chief weapon, not only for enforcing its demands but for maintaining its discipline and extending its membership.

Maintenance was in essence a well-balanced bargain; it froze the status quo. The Board induced a number of employers and unions to agree to it. In a few cases it exerted the pressure of "recommendations" — once against a union which wanted a closed shop. In the fracas at the North American Aviation plant the national officers of the Automobile Workers stood behind the President when he sent in the Army to break the local's strike. The Board, in justice, granted maintenance to assist the union in restoring the shattered locals. And in other cases where the employer was anti-union it "recommended" the clause. Maintenance, it seemed, was the magic formula to success.

2

But the Board had reckoned without the deep hostility of big business. The steel corporation had a subsidiary, the Federal Shipbuilding Corporation, which was a party to the Atlantic Coast Zone Standards Agreement. As in the similar West Coast agreement in question in the Bethlehem case, the men had limited their wages and the right to strike. New men without trade-union experience were flooding into shipbuilding and were threatening to swamp the union. This was a case, said the Board, in which the union was entitled to protection. The Federal Shipbuilding Corporation replied that it would rather lose its plant than comply.

Here was a defiance which no talk of voluntarism could gloss. The Board must decide whether its decisions were to be backed up by force. It must decide whether, from the shadowy realm of broker plenipotentiary, it was to emerge into the clear, sharp light of lawgiver. "You have no power to make law," said the employer members of the Board. But the Board saw only that production must go on; if they were not to strike, the unions must be given something.

The Board, ultimately the President, might have let the issue mature into violence and be carried before Congress. But just here was the crux of the whole matter, the answer to the charge of usurpation, so far as there is an answer. The Congressional forces, or more profoundly the forces which they represented, were at an impasse: a sufficiently powerful group was unwilling to yield to the unions, yet afraid to oppose them openly. If the formal lawmaking organs do not function in crisis, what are the alternatives? Civil war or martial law? The sterile solution of martial law might have been preferred by employers, for it would not have made new labor-relations law. The Board asked the President to take over the plant as a sanction for its decision. If he must take this drastic step, why not do it in accordance with his sense of right? This then, for better or for worse, was the President making law.

At this crucial point John L. Lewis demanded the union shop for the captive mines. These are the coal mines owned by the steel companies. This move was the checkmate of the Federal Shipbuilding case and brought the game to full stop. Mr. Lewis had recently secured the union shop in most of the bituminous coal mines; the steel industry guarded its captive mines lest, losing this pawn, the whole steel industry should succumb. Mr. Lewis insisted that the mineworkers were entitled to the

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union shop as of right. The Board had recommended arbitration and Mr. Lewis had called a strike. After maneuvers behind the scenes, the President announced that the parties had agreed to submit the case to the full Board for its recommendations, but there was no agreement to accept them.

The Board met in an atmosphere tense with the silent fury of giants at issue. Here it was thrown into the arena hardly knowing whether it was umpire or victim, naked of any equipment for the job — already forewarned that if it decided against the union it would probably decide nothing; and if for the union, the decision would be attributed to fear and coercion. It was a doubtful political judgment which pushed upon it a load so likely to jam its machinery — a judgment symptomatic of a dangerous impasse and failure in the lawmaking organs.

3

The unions and the labor members in earlier cases had always insisted that a recommendation for union security would create no precedent. This, of course, was in answer to the employer argument that the Board was making legal precedents without authority. Now labor and the labor members whirled sharply around and insisted that the Bethlehem case was a precedent which entitled them to a union shop as of right. But they grounded their claims of right more deeply in the situation itself, in their great majorities in the mines (95 per cent in the mines as a whole), in the union shop pattern in all except the captive mines, and in their asserted power by strike to make the pattern universal. It was a powerful case, the facts were overwhelmingly impressive, the spokesman at that time was still the foremost symbol of labor's force and aspiration.

It was just this overwhelming force which offended and alarmed the Board. If a man is appointed ostensibly to judge and to exercise choice and then is told he has no alternative, he is likely to avoid the ignoble imputation by saying no; and he may believe, not without reason, that he is answering for more than himself. There were alarm and anger at what seemed a defiance of the whole of society. Some of the Board members were disturbed at the implications of monopoly. Because of the isolation of the coal mines, union shop in them would cover practically all the available jobs.

But whether or not on the facts the Bethlehem case was similar, there was this important difference: in the early case the Board could still think of itself as a mediator; it had "recommended" the closed shop because it knew Bethlehem would agree to it. But now that the Army and Navy were used to enforce its decisions, it was in the position of a judge. It must proceed on a principle which justified force. The principle of the Federal Shipbuilding case was that the union, being helpless by reason of the loss of its strike weapon, should be given protection. But John L. Lewis announced proudly that the United Mine Workers needed no protection. And so the Board denied the demand.

All the CIO members of the Board resigned. They believed in mediation, they said, but they found it impossible any longer to place confidence in the Board. The temporary discomfiture of Mr. Lewis no doubt pleased many, but a number of the more thoughtful admirers of the Board were disturbed by the decision. The Board, they said, should have given the union what the union had power to get. The Board had committed a political blunder, since Lewis would in any case take the union shop and it would be better to appear to give it. The President was unwilling to risk a strike and the taking over of the mines by the military. He proposed arbitration, and ultimately Mr. Lewis got the union shop from a Board of Arbitration of which John Steelman, the Department of Labor's chief conciliator, and he himself were the majority, Benjamin Fairless of Big Steel dissenting.

But the feeling against the decision arose from deeper ground than that of momentary expediency; it expressed the general philosophy that the law represents the underlying equation of economic force; that if the display of force is to be forgone, its probable gains should in justice not be denied. But this assumption is undemonstrable and unworkable. We are sure, of course, that force works in and through government and law, but the only test of ultimate force would be to withdraw government and law and let him win who can. Short of that there is no instrument which measures power, no slide rule which translates a given force into a given law.

It was just this appeal to arms which the Board was to foreclose and of necessity must foreclose by some conception transcending the unknowable dictate of force. A government which as a matter of principle lays itself open to be played upon by the assumed dominant force of the moment will have only fear as its mentor and chaos as its destiny. Force, of course, always lies behind, and if its claims are too completely ignored, it will redress the balance by an appeal to arms; but government and law, particularly as embodied in democracy, seek constantly for ideal conceptions which modify forces toward a mean. Though the Board in its rejection

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of expediency signed its own death warrant, it evolved a workable principle for the troubled times ahead.

4

The coming of war made industrial peace more urgent but easier to win. The new War Labor Board was sure that the President had power to order any agreement necessary to settle a dispute, and that this power had, by executive order, been bestowed on it. How has this plenitude of power been used? The short and significant answer is that the maintenance clause has become the keystone of its policy. It still refuses the union shop unless it has been won in an earlier free contract. What was worked out as fair in the days of uneasy trial has become the law for the days of sure potency.

But there have been important modifications and extensions. First there is the "escape clause." This gives union members fifteen days in which to resign before maintenance of membership goes into effect. What is the reason for this clause? The employer members put it to their colleagues this way: "If, as you say, the workers really want to remain in the union, why are you afraid to give them a choice?" The Board at first answered quite simply: "The workers have already made this choice by joining the union."

The emphasis of the employer members on an apparently democratic concept touched a sensitive point. But more important was the desire to secure the adherence of the employer members to the maintenance policy. The great value of a tripartite board is to win acceptance of its policy from all the affected groups. This can be fully achieved only if there is unanimity. The labor members disliked the escape clause; it might give the employers and rival leadership a chance to break down discipline. But they saw that compromise was justified if a united Board could be secured.

Little use has in fact been made of the escape clause by members. This shows membership satisfaction, though the Board has had to warn against union interference with the right to withdraw. But the employer members, despite the acceptance of the escape clause, have continued their bitter opposition. The old Board had granted maintenance rather gingerly: only a union in very special need of security could get it. What the employer members feared, and what has indeed happened, is that the clause is now granted to any union which represents a majority and is "responsible." If the leaders countenance a strike in violation of the no-strike agreement, they are "irresponsible" and must wait six months or so before demanding maintenance.

Why should the unions be granted maintenance? In part, no doubt, because they are a powerful force and must be cajoled. But I think the rationale of this piece of lawmaking is more profound. The union is the prime organization through which a majority of the workers seek to realize their strength, to express their total personality as it is involved in the industrial process, to function effectively in the government of industry. Thorstein Veblen long ago indicated that such organization was inevitable. He said: "Those who move in trade-unions are, however crudely and blindly, endeavoring, under the compulsion of the machine process, to construct an institutional scheme on the lines imposed by the new exigencies given by the machine process."

If the unions feel secure, they can devote their energies to production rather than to campaigning for membership. This is at least the hope of the public members of the Board, as it must be the hope of the public in general. Unions possess the power to coördinate and to organize the efforts of their members; for good or bad, the psychology and the philosophy of the unions may condition the temper of its members and even of the whole industry. This potential the Board is seeking to harness to the public purpose by diverting it from intramural uses. Public recognition of the union and protection of its status entitle the public to demand responsible coöperation with a clear conscience.

5

The country, its survival as a democratic society, as a unique integration, is threatened by hostile forces. To survive, it needs to function superlatively as a going concern. It can do so only if its citizens, those who fight and those for whom there is fighting, rise to the highest levels of technical and spiritual coöperation. But how can there be the necessary coöperation when society itself is in transition—when the struggling of farmers, workers, engineers, entrepreneurs, bankers, and members of the professions to establish or to maintain their status is a part of society's efforts to preserve the older traditions of individualism?

For a breathless moment we were faced with the terrible peril of a stalemate between two of the most powerful organs of our society: the capitalists and the labor organizations. The capitalists appealed to the older tradition of freedom, to the

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liberty to contract or not as interest dictated, to a structure of relations in which the essential instrument of society was the adventuring individual. Labor appealed to powerful current realities. Depersonalized financial power covered the whole of society with economic units so inclusive, so integrated with each other, that personal adventure was of less and less relevance either as social motive power or as individual opportunity. Out of this struggle grew the impetus for labor organization as the power of labor to face the power of capital, as opportunity for individual participation and power.

It was and is a situation of fearful danger, because the opposing forces are obstinate and the obstinacy is profoundly reflected in the vital organs of government. Into the breach stepped the President as the delegate-extraordinary of Congress, as commander-in-chief of the Army and Navy, and finally as President of the United States. The National Defense Mediation Board and the War Labor Board created law in part through the preeminent power and claim of the nation symbolized in the President, in part through persuasion.

This law was modest: if the employer was forced to modify the principle of hiring and firing, the new relationship was limited at least to those workers who voluntarily accepted it. Thus the principle of union organization and leadership secured a new level of sanction: to prevail upon the worker to join, the union must rely on its own devices, but this victory would become by force of law its more than temporary acquisition. This was compromise but more than compromise. These Boards took notice of the emerging pattern of the future; they marked out the way according to their half-seen vision of a new order.

"TRAFALGAR"

by LLEWELLYN HOWLAND

1

I WAS emotionally a little above myself, for it was the day I had graduated from kilt skirts to trousers, when I first made acquaintance with melgers. These delectable sweetmeats, which I believe were a compound of molasses caramel, chopped beechnuts, and snowy icing, lay hidden in the belly of a big glazed jar of deep blue, shot with white cherry blossoms. The jar — after that introduction an irresistible siren — was confined in a locked closet in a quiet old mansion house not a stone's throw from that of my grandfather in New Bedford.

Far from the water front and business center of the port, these two houses stood screened from other neighboring rooftrees by the interlacing branches of the great American elms that bordered the streets of this region. Lofty tunnels of cool, green shade in summer, gray Gothic cloisters in winter, these streets were graceful at all times and gave a dignity and charm to the buildings and gardens they served. Here none of the paneled front doors were ever locked, so that it became an almost daily habit of mine to slip through the chalky white one where Grandfather's seafaring treasures lay, or the dark green one where, if Fate were kind, a melger might be the reward of virtue.

A turn of the heavy cut-glass doorknob, and the green door could be swung open on well-oiled, noiseless hinges, revealing a long narrow entry stretching to a half-open door on the left, through which streamed light enough to discover a straight, uncompromising staircase with its mahogany handrail dully polished by time's touch, and a tall grandfather clock whose steady beat gave life to the otherwise dim silence.

Here by unbreakable law one paused and gave the password: two low notes, whistled. If an answering whistle came from the room beyond the half-opened door, a glow of pleasure speeded the pulse and set the feet racing across the dull bronze carpet

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Descendant of an old New Bedford seafaring family, LLEWELLYN HOWLAND tells us there really was a "Trafalgar" letter, which was read to him many times. He writes: "The main fact of the *Ann Alexander* sailing into the battle was as familiar a topic of family tradition as the later loss of this little ship when she was rammed and sunk by a sperm whale." *Atlantic* readers will recall Mr. Howland's mouth-watering articles of Cape Cod cookery.

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and the threshold into the room of many enchantments where Aunt Lee, the frail mistress of this household, held her court. If the whistle was not answered, the visitor stole sadly out into the prosaic world.

A cold October day with a blustering northwest wind, and the thought of the savor of melgers brought on a sudden desire to lie snug behind the green door. Luck was with me that afternoon, for my whistle was answered, permitting me to enter my "chamber of delights" where the fitful afternoon sun streaming in through west windows brightened the leather bindings of the books on their shelves covering one entire wall, and warmed the faded carpet to a glow. A fire of maple logs smoldered in the gray, marble-faced fireplace, and a breath of heliotrope from the glazed plant room that opened to the south hallowed all with its incense. But as always it was my aunt's welcoming smile and her gentle kiss that kindled the feeling of changeless security and faith which enfolded me in this sanctuary.

Born of the moment, some impulse urged me to ask if I might roll a big terrestrial globe, on its casters, from its place under a tallboy to the hearthrug, where I could lie at ease with a reading glass and by a touch revolve and cant the world to any plane or angle to suit my fancy. Presently I was prone at Aunt Lee's feet, sailing swiftly across oceans and striding over continents. Suddenly, through the glass, two crossed swords and "Cape Trafalgar" wheeled into sight to arrest my voyaging. What was the significance of the crossed swords under a name that rolled so pleasantly over my tongue? I pondered for a moment, for I knew idle questions were not encouraged in this room. Then I chanced it: —

"Aunt Lee, what *do* crossed swords mean?"

"Places where great battles have been fought," came the answer, and "Which one are you looking at?"

"Trafalgar — but I thought that was a city square in London. And here it is in Spain."

A silence followed — so long I turned away from the globe to look at my hostess. She was gazing at me yet through me, her thoughts evidently far away. At last her eyes came back from their distant quest; she patted the vacant end of the sofa beside her and invited me to "come and sit close."

When I was perched on the deep seat with my legs straight out before me, she said: "You know, it's a strange happening that you should have picked out Trafalgar to ask about today — for it's exactly eighty-two years ago this afternoon that Lord Nelson, in command of a fleet of English ships, met and defeated, off that Cape you were looking at, the combined armada of French and Spanish men-of-war that Napoleon — 'Boney' — had sent against him. One of our own ships from New Bedford, the *Ann Alexander*, played a small part in this battle. I'll read you an old, old letter all about it."

Going to the tallboy, she presently came back with a packet of papers. Drawing a low table in front of us, she sat down again beside me, loosed the faded ribbons holding the packet together, and after a moment's search spread out several square sheets giving way at their creases and closely covered with crabbed writing, the ink browned by age. And here is the story as she read it to me fifty-five years ago.

2

On board ship Ann Alexander
LEGHORN. 11/25/1805

MY DEAR WIFE: —

As thee will see when thee receives these presents I am still here in this ancient port. I am in good health under Divine Providence and trust this finds thee in like case. On my first arrival the events and perils of the voyage were of such recent occurrence, and I was in such haste to advise thee and George Howland [the owner of the *Ann Alexander*] of our safe arrival, that my mind was jumbled and I could only touch on the exceptional happenings.

But the passing of the days has ordered my thoughts and made clear how mercifully our affairs have prospered by the help of our Heavenly Father, and I want that thee should share my deep gratitude and comprehend the character of one of the episodes of this voyage wherein we encountered without injury to our lives or property an outburst of the evil passions of mankind in a manifestation terrible to witness even in small part as we did. So I will attempt to describe this collision of great fleets of ships in battle where the mastery of the seas was at hazard.

Thee must understand that *early* on twenty-first day ult. after a week of overcast weather, when having run our distance I was uneasy as to our position and hoping to raise the land about the Straits [Gibraltar], many sails to leeward of us were reported from aloft. The wind was light at northwest, and while I was fearful of falling afoul of French or Spanish letters of marque or worse with the weather what it was, I held our course (a little south of east) in hopes I might raise a landfall. The strange sails were headed south when first sighted and shortly faded away.

With paltry airs during early forenoon our way

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was very moderate. By five bells, from fore topgallant yard where I went with my glass in hopes to pick up land, I discovered a great press of sails to the eastward and more sails to the south, all headed north. With the breeze so light and a heavy and growing swell from SW it was hopeless to come to the wind to beat out of the pocket we were fairly caught in. Accordingly I shortened sail and let her sog to leeward toward what I could now make out to be two squadrons of heavy vessels under a press of sail bearing down obliquely on a raffle of ships beyond.

Thus we proceeded till shortly after noon, when of a sudden a great smoke commenced to billow up from among the ships we were drifting down on, which soon became so thick as to shut them from view, the sluggish wind being too light to lift the pall. As we continued to be hove up and up and then dropped by the great following seas with glassy sides and barrel tops just ruffled by the gentle breeze, it appeared to me we were being drawn by some mysterious magnet into a boiling pot the steam from which was riven here and there by darting tongues of flame, while across the heaving floor came an ever increasing thunder that finally made the ship quiver so that I realized the heft of the broadsides that were being touched off in that mighty cannonading.

And here, I do assure thee, had the weather been such that I could do so to advantage I would have altered course to edge away from these parts, but as we lay, there was nothing we could do but pray for a change that would allow us to move with speed to one side or the other of the battle that in a half moon about two leagues in length stretched athwart our bows. But here the wind if anything took off so that we were impelled more by the scend of the sea than by the tug of our canvas as we approached more near — ourselves in awed silence except for the creak of our spars and rattle of the reef points on our sails when we were becalmed in the troughs; the thunder of the guns coming up to us in waves, not continuous as thee'd expect.

For a while I began to hope that, what with the smoke and the desperate fierceness of the engagement, we in our little barque might drive by the southern horn of the battle unnoticed. It was not to be, however, for about 2.00 P.M. the smoke and gunfire grew spotty and we could see and be seen more clear, and I thought, I have surely brought my pigs to a pretty market if I get among those ships after they cease fighting. And then came a puff of stronger wind more from the west and we were suddenly in the midst and a part of sights and sounds and happenings beyond belief. The sea about us was peppered and pocked with wreckage; every swell as it hove up crested with riven spars, sails, boats, and great ships — some rolling, plunging hulks, some still under command of canvas and rudder, one on fire; and everywhere human bodies — some alive and many, many dreadfully dead.

Here concern for my own neck and the ship and cargo forsook me and I tell thee I was for a time beside myself with anger at man's cruelty and a great pity and desire to help the poor wretches adrift in the terrible disorder. I had our longboat hove out and directed our people who manned her to stand by close aboard us and pick up such as were alive as we might come upon. Also streamed overboard lines, ends of braces, and floats in hopes some might be used by those adrift. By now I had lost count of time and cannot tell thee what we did or how, but sudden out of the confusion our boat was alongside again and we had rigged a gin on larboard main yardarm and were hoisting poor half-drowned fellows — one a young woman mother naked — on deck like jigging mackerel.

In the midst of this a great double-banked barge with a lad in the stern sheets came shooting up on our starboard side and hailed in English, asking to see my manifest. I told him to come aboard and welcome and I would show him, for it was pleasant to hear an English-speaking voice and by his looks he might have been a boy from home. Jumping into our mizzen chains he directed his people to stand by for a hail, and climbing on deck came to attention and asked me if I was the captain of the vessel.

He was desperate quick in his talk and very anxious to know what our lading was. I made out he was a midshipman from H.B.M. frigate *Euryalus* — Captain Blackwood — and had been dispatched to board us and learn whether we had such cargo as could be useful to the British fleet. I explained, as we were going below, how we were consigned to Leghorn and that I judged I should be held accountable for all goods on board, but he brushed my talk aside and very polite but firm told me to give him my manifest. This done he checked it through, handed it back to me, and hurried on deck again.

Hailing his boat to come alongside he told off ten men and a petty officer to come aboard us — directed me to brace sharp up and, pointing out a great vessel to the north of us that was very much cut up and a wreck so far as spars, ordered me to lay my ship to windward of her and heave to when in that situation, saying his men would assist me to do so with all possible dispatch. Then off he went in

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his barge to rejoin, as I suppose, the *Euryalus* and report to his captain.

We had no choice that I could see but to obey this youngster's orders, as the hands that had come on board were armed with cutlasses and looked as if they knew how to use them. They were a good crew and gave us a hand to get our longboat on board and fast, coil down our gear towing over side, and swing the yards so that we could lay a course for the station indicated. The bo'sun, if that was his title, when I had a chance to talk to him told me that the English under Admiral Lord Nelson's command had well beaten the French and Spanish who had come out of Cadiz the day before and he thought had taken eighteen or twenty prizes and that the ship we were headed for was the *Royal Sovereign* with Admiral Collingwood, second in command, on board her.

It was getting toward late afternoon when we reached our station and I had a spell when I could look about. While everywhere seemed destruction and confusion at first, I assure thee I could see that the English were making well-ordered progress toward securing the prizes they had taken and saving all lives they could, now that their enemies had ceased to resist. Boats were passing in all directions and all English vessels were swarming with hands repairing damage — and all this work going forward in spite of the ever growing swell, the forerunner of a gale of wind.

The sun as he sank lower broke through the clouds for a time and lit up everything with a red glare. A ship well to leeward and some north of us blew up in a tower of flame and a noise like the trump of doom. I confess to thee I felt homesick then and prayed that I might come safe out of this clinch I'd fallen into, but before I could pity myself too much a half dozen boats came alongside and two officers boarded us and made themselves known. They first thanked me for saving such people as I had and transferred them to their flotilla. They then told me it was reported Lord Nelson had died of wounds received early in the engagement, and handed me a document ordering me — but very polite — to deliver all my deals, staves, parcels of oak timber, apples, tobacco, and certain of the flour lading, "to H. B. M.'s fleet, Admiral Collingwood in command, off Cape Trafalgar, Spain, this twenty-first day October, A.D. 1805."

I asked them how I was to get my pay for all this and was told I should retire to the cabin with one of them and arrive at a fair bargain while the other would supervise the discharge of the articles listed. There was no doubt they meant business and were in a hurry, and being powerless to resist I gave orders to our crew to open the hatches and to tally with the English as cargo was discharged into the boats. I found my man fair and reasonable and when we had struck a price on the items he explained that we should go on board the Admiral where the paymaster of the fleet would settle with me. I would tell thee these gentlemen's names but I was so bustled and disturbed in all these transactions that I have forgot them if, as I suspect, they told me.

When our business was over we went on deck to find the discharging of our holds proceeding like clockwork, and not long after that I found myself in the stern sheets of one of the British boats racing down alongside the great three-decker [*Royal Sovereign*] that lay plunging and wallowing in the swell. She was painted yellow in broad bands with black ports which gave her a checkered appearance, all smoked and scorched like a lamp chimney with untrimmed wick, and everywhere gouged and splintered and stove in. As she rolled away from us her new coppered bottom would heave out and I could see where she'd received shots below the water line and must be leaking very considerable. We had to jump for it to get onto her Jacob's ladder as both the boat and she lay so uneasy. We boarded her through a port on the deck above the orlop. Here indeed were the infernal regions. Gear of all sorts smashed and splintered, spills of blood underfoot, sour-smelling powder smoke drifting in layers, but mercifully for me all was dim and the crew in squads driving on their various work in a wonderfully ordered fashion. Every plank and timber in the ship was squawking and groaning, and over all I could hear pumps working full bore.

No time for looking about was given me as I was bustled through, over and around to a berth lit by candles in the stern where an officer and a crew of clerks were very busy with books and papers. Here after considerable formalities between my two officers and the paymaster I was identified and tallies presented with prices against the items. A clerk made up the total, which was submitted to me and if correct asked to receipt.

This done, another clerk counted out six canvas bags which I was told contained £500 each and I was handed still another bag with the odd amount counted into it in gold and silver to bring up the sum required. My conductors told off the squad of men they'd brought with them; my money bags were picked up, the paymaster shook my hand, and off we marched to board the boat again. As I went down the side I wondered how in all this confusion my pay would fare and I was not easy in my mind

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about it until I was back again on the deck of my own ship with all seven of the bags beside me.

One of my good friends (for by now I felt the two officers were friends) had not left the flagship with us but the other was still along and came on board the *Ann* in order that he might get my receipt for the safe delivery of the specie, all very regular and well ordered and showed what wonderful discipline and good feeling existed throughout this British fleet, and when I expressed my astonishment was told that there was not a man high or low in the thousands in the British navy but what would cheerfully lay down his life to please and oblige Lord Nelson who had just given his life to save them all from the clutches of "Boney."

With his receipt buttoned into the pocket of his tight uniform coat my friend thanked me in the name of the Admiral for my compliance with their requests; told me in his opinion a SW gale was brewing up, that our position was six leagues W by N of Cape Trafalgar, and shaking my hand and advising me to get off shore on the larboard tack jumped into his boat and was gone in the darkness which had now fallen.

I can tell thee I took that advice to get off shore as there was every sign of bad weather near-by. There was considerable wind from WSW by this time and the great difficulty at first was to keep the ship slowed down in the press of boats and wreckage so as to avoid collisions. By 10.00 P.M. I judged we had made good about five leagues to NW. I owe this to the Almighty who must have had a special eye to our safety. To get out of that battle field was up helm and down helm, wear and tack in a bad dream of hurry, and growing wind and a heavy sea with lights and boats and hails and gun and rocket signals all around.

We carried lights as ordered by the officers when we left the ship to board the Admiral. This arrangement of lanterns must have been a night signal of the British, for while we were hailed and cursed considerable by boats, we were not ordered to come to and finally worked clear of the whole raffle and could set more sail and begin to get the ship along on desired course. After midnight it blew a gale and from then until eight next morning we made some progress in a NNW direction under double-reefed topsails and fore topmast staysail. After this hour it blew so strong we hove her to under close-reefed topsails main spencer and storm jib.

This gale lasted four days, two of which we spent on larboard tack and two on starboard. The distress this weather must have brought to those battle-torn ships we had so lately seen filled me with a great pity for them and a thankfulness for our comparatively easy situation. Meantime I had opportunity to count my money and found it all in gold coin except for the odd silver to make up my full account. After this, considering the possibility of French privateers boarding us beyond the Straits, I hid all ship's treasure in a rudder trunk by removing and replacing cabin paneling. When this was done I would tell thee of a sudden I felt all abroad, my knees went slack and I had a great desire for hot tea, of which I drank many cups, but could not eat until after a long sleep. All hands had the same complaint but on the third day of the gale, with the sharpness of what we'd seen worn off by repose, all our people had recovered to their normal health.

On 10/27 we passed through the Straits with a strong breeze at SW and rain squalls which allowed us to lay our course for this port.

3

At this point Aunt Lee ceased reading and a healing silence followed. Gradually I became conscious of the gentle hissing of a green log on the fire and the steady ticking of the clock. These sounds seemed to ease the aching tension that had seized me while Captain Snow and the *Ann Alexander* rolled and pitched through the sulphurous hours of the other October afternoon so long ago. But it was not until Aunt Lee had left the room, to return presently with the blue jar, and I had a melger slowly dissolving on my tongue, that I came fully awake to the present and the familiar surroundings, while the vividness of suffering bodies "jigged" from great heaving seas faded to less sanguine shades and outline.

Years later — in fact not so long ago — I stood staring up at the stiff effigy of Lord Nelson surveying London from the top of his lofty column — when suddenly, before my astonished eyes, the now almost forgotten blue jar slowly resolved itself from the soft gray sky until, bulky and clear cut, there it stood aloft, for me the true symbol of Trafalgar.

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ON BEING A GERMAN-AMERICAN

by INGEBORG KAYKO

1

REMORSE for something one has done is always a jolt to one's personality. Necessary as the emotion may be, we resent it: we do not relish having wedges driven into our selves. Yet there is a difference not only of degree, but of kind, between remorse for a thing done and remorse for what one happens to be. Only the latter is a dangerous acid, corroding one's personality.

Eleven years ago I left Germany. I became an American citizen, and I believe I do more than lip service to the spirit of this country, for my decision to stay here came only after I had fallen in love with it, as Faust loved his vision of a better land. Yet every voice raised in the daily papers, or by living people, against the nation from which I came goes like a knife into the center of me.

There are those who draw a line between the German people and the Nazis, but their number is decreasing, perhaps under the pressure of public opinion, perhaps because of a change in their insight. What distinguishes a German from a Nazi, apart from the label of party membership? The few overt dissenters, lodged in concentration camps, are not to be judged guilty; the leaders and the instigators of infamy and cruelty can also be singled out. But what of the majority of people who have dumbly accepted Nazi authority because they have never learned anything except to obey? What of those who in their minds adhere to the doctrine of racial superiority, and of their title to the riches of the earth, who yet have never had an opportunity to show personal inclemency to a Jew or a non-German? More than half the people must be in this group. I might have become one of them. The trend of opinion in this country has begun to find them guilty, too: non-resistance to evil is also evil.

Kind people often say to me: Why do you worry? You are not responsible for what your (*sic*) people are doing now. You are an American.

To some naturalized citizens, this may be sufficient, but it is not to me. Legally and politically, I have unequivocally ceased to be a German. My intellectual inventory is various, with the German heritage undoubtedly looming large; if I could expand it beyond the given capacity, I should like it to resemble that of Thomas Mann, and I believe he is considered to be more cosmopolitan than Germanic. Is he therefore, intellectually, an American? Am I?

The state of being an American is a unique thing in history. One is a Frenchman, a Norwegian, an Italian, for the reason of having been born in a particular country where one's ancestors, as far as one knows, have "always" lived. Immigration is negligible, and those movements of populations that took place a millennium or more ago are of interest only to historians and anthropologists.

But it is of interest to many Americans to know where their ancestors came from, even several generations ago; it is a vital question when one is a naturalized citizen, an American by act of law or, if you like, by an act of faith. There is the thing Louis Adamic has called the "old-country complex," alive even among those who are to all intents and purposes loyal citizens. And there is the spiritual homelessness of many of the literate, who continue to recognize their own world, let us say, in Tolstoy or in de Maupassant, but to whom Hawthorne or Thomas Wolfe has nothing directly to say.

Precisely, when and how does one cease to be a Swede, an Italian, a German? Is it enough to ac-

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MRS. INGEBORG (VON MÜLLER) KAYKO was born in Mecklenburg, Germany, thirty years ago. She first came to the United States in 1931 as an exchange student, took her A.B. at Bates, did graduate work at Cornell, and in 1933 married Wilson Harold Kayko, now a first lieutenant in the Air Corps. Mrs. Kayko has been in print both as translator and as author of fiction and poetry. She won the second Fiction Award in the Avery Hopwood Contest in 1941; but even so, she says: "I still don't know nearly as much English as I wish I knew. One who has not tried it has no idea how tough it is to write in a foreign language, especially poetry — one gropes for the personal word and only finds the next best."

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quire citizenship and to enter politically and socially, as well as one can, into the American way of life? If one carries endeavor further, studying American history, going in quest of the peculiar essence that can be felt, but not easily defined, as the specifically American in the several arts, does one thereby confer the new status upon oneself more deservedly, more rightfully?

One may do other things. One can outlive homesickness until it recurs only in mild attacks and after long intervals; I have not yet met the naturalized citizen who was quite without it. One can alight upon a spot of earth as resident or owner, or as spiritual possessor by virtue of selective affinity; such an experience came to me in Southern Florida when I knew, in the midst of a drive across the state: Here is where I have always belonged. But does one cease to be what one has been before, in a sense deeper than the legal and political?

I for one do not believe one does. It would take an act of God to cancel the sum of all my yesterdays; and if that fantastic thing could come to pass, perennial amnesia wiping out the first eighteen years of my life, and also the subsequent years of gradual weaning away, I should have no self left to live with.

The self with which I am living now feels it is American, and yet it feels responsible for whatever atrocities are committed by the Germans in Norway, in France, in Greece.

2

One who has not experienced it can scarcely imagine what it means to feel united by an unbreakable bond with a race which intelligent spokesmen of the civilized world censure, to put it mildly. I am not speaking of those who advocate wholesale extinction of the German people: I have in mind people of breeding and education, among them lovers of that German culture which is now a thing of the past, who ask themselves and the world, in deep concern, whether the Germans are curable, how the world can be protected against another onslaught of German militarism, how the obvious criminal strain in the nation as a whole, not in its ill-chosen leaders only, can be held in check or eradicated.

Not long ago Sigrid Undset published an article in which she reinterpreted almost two thousand years of history to the effect that the Germans have always been robbers and exploiters, grasping the fruits of other nations' labors. Even if I ascribe half of the import of that essay to her grief over the torture her homeland has undergone of late, a disturbingly significant half remains.

During the perusal of such publications there arise in me a shame and a despair the nature of which I cannot name; I only know they are destroying the core of my being. I have found myself wishing I had not been born a German, and I have retracted that wish as an act of impiety toward my father and mother. There are times when I cannot read German books; it does no good to tell myself the authors died long before Hitler was born. Is this merely part of that ugly inferiority complex, Germany's national obsession, particularly virulent after 1918? I do not believe so; in the pre-Hitler era, I never felt that being a German was either a handicap or an excuse for pride.

As if I were one of a family of criminals, perhaps no evildoer myself, yet enmeshed in the guilt of kin through a logic inaccessible to reason, I have felt myself adjudicated and condemned for every act of baseness and inhumanity committed by individual Nazis or groups of them. What except sheer luck prevented me from being persuaded, as my schoolmates whose background I shared were persuaded, that Nazism was the only hope for Germany? If one of them, instead of me, had had the good fortune to be exposed, early enough, to a more beneficial environment, should I not today be in his station, a criminal at whom the finger of the world is pointing? If there ever existed a possibility that I might become guilty toward humanity, as other Germans have become, then I am guilty now.

I can resolve to act and live as decently as I may, and to put aside all feeling of community with the nation that no longer is mine, but this avails nothing. I can reason away personal guilt, but the feeling of responsibility for what millions of Germans have done remains; and not merely for what they have done, for that might be calculable, but for what they are. And for this elusive and terrible responsibility there is no relief.

There remains the precarious hope that one day the Germans may experience a regeneration. We can impose military compulsion on them, we can police them for decades to come, but we cannot teach them democracy or any other system, we cannot show them how to live. Shall we put our trust in that other soul in the nation, never politically creative and now all but buried? It may be that it will assert itself once more and devise for the Germans a way of existence which will allow the rest of the world to look upon them without revulsion or pity, contempt or alarm.

But the results of such a renascence, if it is indeed possible, will not be apparent until generations hence, and during my lifetime I shall only share the guilt, without any hope of rehabilitating myself.

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SALUTE TO ADVENTURERS

by H. M. TOMLINSON

1

After scanning the headlines of my London paper, I try to read between the lines; as likely a way as there is for an approach to the truth in news of continuous war. Thus I often catch a note of anxiety in a simple message from its Washington correspondent. His duty is to report the latest, but he seems worried lest, meanwhile, I develop a dubious notion of America; or else should trust her too much — it is sometimes hard to tell which. He fears that while he informs me of progress towards victory, my sense of fellowship may have cause to wilt.

This anxiety is noticeable in correspondents resident on the west side of the Atlantic. They doubt our will and capacity to understand a scene easily mistakable for one like the British, yet not so. They keep hinting at the existence, where they are, of an historic prejudice, at times wildly generous in its suspicions, and of tastes and opinions to puzzle Pall Mall, and of literary proclivities undreamed of in a Paternoster Row that was; of a foreign scene, in fact, deceptive through its superficial likeness, and further confused by the requirements of the usual political intrigue, and of worse motives, better not described. Therefore make allowances. For aren't we all in peril? And in battle, how suspicion of the friend at one's back would boggle the sword!

It would. And suddenly I remember that a peril much worse would arise with victory, should mistrust end in frustrating good-will. Victory would not be Nike, but Medusa.

It was with such a thought that I heard, quite appropriately, the wailing note. The enemy was coming. I went out, to see what was. It was night; and this blackout of ours has to be groped into, to be believed. No moon and a low sky make a London suburb Plutonian. I seemed to have gone blind, and the silence was of the ultimate deep, which life has never reached, where day has never been. Then a searchlight shot up a bright beam to splash on a cloud. Others joined it. I was still alive, and could now see there was still a sky, for destroyers were suspected to be roving in it.

Indoors again, to await what might come, I did not select but picked up — modernists may laugh if they feel like it — a volume of Emerson's Journals, and retired into the 1850's. Strangely, I felt at ease in New England of those years. Nothing was there to upset my prejudices. It was home. No suspicion arose. Emerson could have been present talking easily across the hearth. He had a joke or two. He mentioned Carlyle as if he had just left that fellow round the corner. Is there a faculty in a man which indisputably marks his superiority? I think it is prescience. He made me jump once, when he suggested dirigible balloons, and a great war to come that, for a change, would be for ideas. He was as much a contemporary as this week's Washington correspondent. He did not, however, entertain a suspicion of the man to whom he was assessing affairs across the hearth and the years. I felt no isolation. He appeared to know me quite well. Where the two of us met, we had not to reckon time and space, so had no reason to fear this and that.

If understanding can be as easy and pleasant as laughter, unrestrained by geography and the gap of a century, at the same time — we had better confess it — suspicion and prejudice, the outcome of ignorance, have the same advantage. They are as perennial as green fly. We have to bear in mind that hate and bigotry are coeval with the pyramids. I suppose there is little we can do about it.

Nor are they local. They ought not to surprise us

A master essayist whose prose is a bridge leading from victorious England to that country which has been tempered in the caldron of today, H. M. Tomlinson salutes those young adventurers, American and British, who must depend upon each other as they set sail for the New World.

The Sea and the Jungle is Mr. Tomlinson's best-known book, but anyone who wants to start reading him should ask for his memorable volume, *Old Junk*.

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anywhere, not in the American Boston or the English Cambridge more than in Sokoto. Men everywhere are affected by the peculiar advantages of birth and customary association. None of us is greatly helped by a bias of education which ignores or undervalues things and forces that are beyond the village. Another difficulty is that though false values are worse than black ignorance, yet they can assume dogmatic authority, as Galileo discovered.

2

Still, is not a process of renewed education, surprising in the gladness of initiates, beginning to spread light throughout the world? One reads of coolies in Chungking who drop their loads to spell out, on a hoarding, news of New York and London. Danger overcomes prejudice quite easily, and will increase a desire for better knowledge into a state of anxiety. I have found myself on a long railway journey this winter exchanging news with an American soldier from the Middle West — he had never been overseas before, and New York was strange to him — as though our tokens for values had similar imprints. What he did dislike was the English climate, if we had one. I could see he was no foreigner to a woman opposite, whose husband was missing at Dunkirk, for when she explained to us why she believed her man was alive, after over two years' silence, the American gently encouraged her hope, which was more than I could do.

And a friend of mine, navigating officer in a ship of the convoy which took American troops to North Africa, was delighted to find young foreign soldiers come crowding to the forecastle at night to get lessons on the stars, and how to use them for bearings. He remarked that he began on his guard with them, and they with him. Starlight united them. He told me he laughed when the landings began. The Americans seemed eager to be away to a party; but they were off an African beach.

I wonder how many Americans knew of Guadalcanal, Macassar, and Akyab when the alarm came! Perhaps as many as there were English who had no need to consult an atlas. It is probable — despite the suspicion of their leaven of imperialism — that most members of the British Parliament would succeed not really brilliantly in a test of their knowledge of the history, geography, and communications of British Dominions and Colonies. When Malaya came into the news, Penang and Pahang would have sounded rather alike to a proportion of the Empire's legislators. Some of these heartily dislike the word "empire" for its ancient and forbidding smell. Other members, to the eyes of youthful and ribald critics, seem to be but Victorian monuments dedicated to the memory of Clive, "the boy who won India for England."

Obsolete monuments we may disregard except as warnings of what critics in a time not come may think of us; but, since Clive is named, a little of the history of eighteenth-century India, to discover the kind of difficulty with which Clive had to deal, would be helpful. So would be the admission that Robert Clive, whatever we may think of imperialism, personified the very qualities which have made America great. While considering what we had better do after the war is won, it would be useful to have the past in just perspective; otherwise it will be difficult to discover where we start from.

I fear it is not generally remembered, even at Westminster, when Penang and Singapore are mentioned, what kind of men were Francis Light and Stamford Raffles, officers of the forgotten East India Company. Raffles, who founded Singapore on a few fishers' huts, went to Java to protect and govern it when Napoleon occupied the Netherlands, and he established a tolerable rule which the Hollanders have developed. Imperialism may have what import a critic chooses for it — and should he desire it, I think I could supply him with arguments to arraign it; but that would still leave Raffles a beneficent and enlightened figure in an anarchic world, a man who gained nothing by his selfless energy and foresight — nothing whatever, except the usual neglect and grief. In truth, the company of explorers, navigators, missionaries, and administrators, who have gone from my homeland, under various impulses, to discover, settle, establish law, and rule, have had among them not a few of the finest minds in Christendom. The Pilgrim Fathers were of that host of pioneers.

While dismissing ideas repugnant to us, we should not dismiss facts, though they seem opposed to an idea we prefer to entertain. A certain amount of tolerance is essential. Mistrust can end in bigotry. Consider the regard for truth of a Nazi judge trying a Jew! The trouble is, though we would search out the truth in a matter, persuasion comes only through knowledge gained by an expenditure of patient candor, whereas to damn offhand saves time and requires no thought.

The spirit of man, our special care in this war for ideas, is, as Wordsworth regretted, a pure flame but early in life. Things so soon happen to the tender child. There is his home, the mythology of his neighborhood, and the good or ill luck attending his labors, all going to his education. He is too intricate a creature for us to compel into wisdom,

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though we had it to offer, as though he were a horse simply obstinate over our pail of pure and kindly refreshment.

3

We could begin on the rights, prejudices, and privileges each of our two great countries possesses by declining to examine too strictly their respective frontiers. Where, after all, does America end? Where England? Suppose I wish to claim Roosevelt to be also my President in some important particulars? If in London we should certainly look twice at gifts some foreigners may offer, at the same time Wendell Willkie is nearer the heart of many of us than not a few of our own earnest exponents of what is and what should be. He and Roosevelt are representative Americans, but they also represent values that are acceptable anywhere on earth. Does equity vary? To whom do religion, poetry, and music belong? If they possess us, they are ours. What is a foreigner? It depends on what the man is. I could name a Chinese or two more like home to me than patches of the local directory. I suspect I should be as well understood in Chungking as in some circles in London.

There is nothing esoteric in this. It is not peculiar, like those passwords, or catchwords, which sadly exclude us from certain precious centers of intellectual interest. This sense of fellowship is usually in the cinemas, where war workers go for entertainment. Russian pictures bring instant applause, sincere and formidable. The records of the Chinese confirm kinship. The cause which has brought the United States, China, Russia, and Great Britain together, to most ordinary men and women has the urge of religion, and is limitless in its scope. Neither the person nor the state is exempt. Its inherency is indefinable; generous aspiration always leaves the question of personal safety to the last. This quickening of charity for one's neighbors has been enlarged into human life, which discovers itself to be one body; and no narrow interests can stem its power, though they will try. Some of our leaders know this; others do not, though they will learn.

Nor is it new in history, though the signs of it have received less sympathetic attention from historians than other human wonders; but all the founders of the world's religions were aware of this attribute latent in the spirit of man. It abides in stillness till it hears the word it knows. Once, in Paris — how many Americans are unaware of this? — Woodrow Wilson could have invoked this power, at least in Europe.

It became clear to the innumerable unimportant, as they caught rumors of what the peacemakers at the council table were doing, that the war was lost to them; that they were to be left in the past. Dismay was universal in the mean streets and byways of a continent. The nobodies waited expectant for a word of hope, which did not come. It was their trusted politicians they heard speaking, and hope was not in the official agenda. For a brief hour, as it were, — not for much longer did the opportunity last, — if Woodrow Wilson had made the magnanimous gesture at that conference, had he addressed himself beyond the restrictive chamber to the unseen multitude, with the call for which it waited, Europe would have risen; but he was unaware. Then apathy and the shadow fell over all. We are involved in the consequences.

4

That cannot happen again? It can, and it will, unless makers of mischief find their business unsafe and unprofitable. They may find it so. It happens that this time the nobodies are not only expectant, but reliable bodies of them everywhere are resolved. For this time the word has been spoken, and there is a common will to let the dead past bury its errors. Attempts to re-establish those ways of national life which led to this catastrophe may, we hope, find ignorance not so gainful as formerly.

As there is no return, except to the ruins and the bones, had we not better go forward together? It is the only rational act. It is therefore a grave matter that misgiving over the honesty of friends, unlike that doubt felt by a naval officer for the American lads in a transport, has not yet been cleared in the light of the everlasting stars. Then is the Christian faith worthless in foreign relations? It has never been tried, of course, but some way must be found to overcome those fears which always exist between men when they find themselves joined by chance in an adventurous quest — a quest desperate with perils, and to an end unknown. It is open country ahead of us now; and if comrades fail each other there, then they may abandon hope. I do not wish to contemplate an earth on which reason and good-will have perished.

We know there has been a common nervousness over recent radio atmospherics caused, among other things, by a suspicion of imperialism and its subtle aims. That is all to the good. Let the air over the Atlantic crackle! I feel free to touch this matter because, in the long ago, I was called, with many others, pro-Boer. I am still that. It can be fairly

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claimed that England is the world's traditional anvil on which political theory is hammered out; and the sparks fly. Ask Jan Smuts, of South Africa. He is a philosopher, and one of the most enlightened of living statesmen, and he knows, for there was a year when he was an implacable enemy of my country. Yet we had a liberal and courageous Prime Minister a few years after the Boer War, Campbell-Bannerman — let his memory be honored — and Smuts was brought over to us. When I am challenged about my imperial bent I waste no time. I point to Smuts, and leave it to him. Whom he cannot convince there is no convincing.

And another thing. Could an American Colonist have pleaded with more fervor for his freedom to choose than did Lord Chatham on his behalf at Westminster? That historic fact is in the English tradition; the same tradition which put my people with their backs to the wall, resolved to have it out there or perish, when Hitler was dominant over Europe. A new political dispensation, monstrous to the British, was threatened, and they preferred to be dead rather than accept it.

For though British legislators may know far less than one would have expected of the geography, communications, and history of their dependent Colonies and independent Dominions, about political theory the British in general have always been as various, lively, and exploring as those original Athenians who were very curious about the how and why of things. The historic sense, without much particular knowledge, was always exciting in these little islands. At any time, when form is being given to government, trouble here may be expected. Anachronisms, however attractive, are invariably seen through and vehemently challenged. Even our kings have had sad cause to know that. The culture in which my folk work and brood has been in secure, continuous life for so long that its inheritors trust to its general trend, and do not concern themselves with particulars till time and chance present fruition.

5

Yet I admit we ought not to expect other people, among them the people of India, to be aware of this. Nor can it be denied that to many of us India is a fairy tale told by Kipling. But who knows enough of India to be confident? India, unlike China, has not a fairly homogeneous culture. It is richer in its variety than any other area of earth that could be named. The stage in its evolution reached since Clive's victory at Plassey is not to be discovered in a speech or a leading article, however eloquent. That subcontinent of many languages and religions, with its incoherent story going back near to Genesis, is a problem of government not to be solved emotionally, and in a grand rush. Are not four hundred millions of people concerned? And besides princes, politicians, mahatmas and gurus, wealthy merchants and manufacturers, landowners, and money-lenders, there are peasants, factory workers, and a class in its hierarchy called "untouchables."

India must be free! Very surely. And the Sudras? Will they be free too, as free as the upper castes? When India is enabled to make its own political decisions, and that will soon come about, — there is no other meaning to all the fuss, — will the peasant get enough to eat? Some of the native states are still round about the fifteenth century; and even so, an Indian may think what he likes though hungry, and worship what suits him. It seems to me that while poor men anywhere are unsure of sufficient millet, rice, or bread, there is a deal of cant in this talk of political freedom. I should guess for the Indian ryot it will not mean a damned thing. I should say for the Bombay factory hand it will do nothing to reduce overcrowding and its incidental diseases and death rate.

We forget that never anywhere has there existed a right democracy. It is a form of government still in the experimental stages, and of interest mainly in the Anglo-Saxon communities. We forget this, though the shocking spectacle of democratic and republican France ought to be warning enough to scare the most noble patriot from pursuing his ambition till it end gloriously in what he wants, or in the dismay of his people.

Gandhi knows more of India than it is possible for us to learn, and, I think, of other important matters; but, concerning this question of foreign aggression and conquest, when he divined that all he had to do was to persuade the Japanese to drop the war, and leave China, how did that flash from his insight strike you? And why should he wait for the Japanese to invade India, before dissuading them from continuing destruction, loot, rape, and murder in China? Couldn't he have saved China before this, if aware of the right method? It seems such a pity to wait. While reflecting on these mysteries of constructive thought, let us recall that most of India's many millions are poor men, peasants and workers, who do not know much, not even why it is advantageous for other men, white or brown, to control their lowly way of life.

There it is; and yet the very magnitude and complexity of a problem will drive us to dismiss it in impatience. To get better knowledge means time and patience. We prefer pious incantations. Never-

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theless, the British citizen is aware that India is ripe for change. The British Empire was never static. We have indeed grown shy of the word "empire" of late years, and the obstinate use of it today by a politician arouses alert concern. We prefer not only to say "commonwealth," but to realize, as well as we can, its implications. We are on the way, but have some distance to go.

India is mentioned, not in apology for white rule in Asia, nothing like it, but so that a notable exhibit may be seen of what will be there to do, when a chance comes to compose the complaints of peace. The Russians also are in Asia; and beyond India are Burma, Malaya, Indo-China, and Indonesia. It would take the bulk of the Atlantic to accommodate the East Indian Archipelago, where the Dutch used to rule. Several of those islands, Borneo, Sumatra, and New Guinea, are immense. Java has the area of Eire, with Javanese, Arabs, and Chinese among its peoples, and Celebes is somewhat larger than Java; and the smaller isles are like the stars in multitude. Malaya itself is not a simple piece. It contains negroid nomadic dwarfs in its mountain jungle, Malays, various Indians, and a great number of Chinese.

Are we to leave that continental region to govern itself? We dare not, if peace and plenty are desired. We might as well leave the Japanese in possession. Chaos would be a mild name for the outcome of an experiment there in self-government. Self-government needs aptitude, and education, and a long patience with disappointments. As the Americans and the British themselves are but in the early process of giving form and life to the principles of democracy, it would be wrong to leave the many peoples of that spacious region, resigned to fate when under the agelong tyrannies of native chiefs, to the designs of the kind of energetic men who would certainly shape our own destinies, if we were ignorant and indolent enough to allow them that freedom.

We hardly know yet to what this war commits us; we are only beginning to surmise it. There is — or there was — the trifling item of the British occupation of Hong Kong. We had been there a century when the Japanese took it over. Doubtless we brought order, good works, and profit to the place, but our original lien, to my mind, won't bear looking at. It is possible to suppose, however, that the Republic of China, when guns cease to have an immediate function, may desire that Hong Kong should be, for a spell at least, a haven for British and American ships. The Chinese may not wish their allies — we will call ourselves now the friends of the Chinese — to leave their coasts on the day that guns may be neglected. There will be much to do.

6

The work before us when destruction ends and creation begins will daunt anyone who would find ease and comfort in a return to his accustomed occasions. Anyhow, he will get no comfort from those occasions; they will have suffered a change. The morning when the storm is past will not seem so gloriously bright. Its prospect will bring out of their usual lurking holes every imaginable fear: the dread of change felt by the timid; the fear of the men of great possessions, of the place and fortune hunters, of those to whom profit is above service, of those with minds devoutly set, of all to whom ideas are never right when new. We must expect, in fact, an attempt to stampede us in dread back to what we knew, for safety; but what we knew will have gone, quite gone.

There will be no safety but in the acceptance of danger. It is useless to bargain with life; one must take it as it is, to do the best with it. But I believe that, dark as the morning after the storm will be, yet the youthful in mind will be aware that "only that day dawns to which we are awake." They will be awake, knowing it is day, and will be ready to share with strangers the fullness of life in a new age. Their thoughts will expand to the occasion, and be out of bounds. National frontiers to them will have lost the old meanings. They will strive to release human relations from constricting bonds, to free the bounty of earth for the use of all. The world will be ready again for adventurers. Its seas and lands are all discovered and explored, but the best use to make of them is still unknown. Pioneers have to learn how far the spirit of man can travel towards making a garden of his place. I do not see why Christians should fear an attempt to establish the Kingdom of God.

Man cannot live by bread alone, we know, and his condition remains unimproved by luxuries; but he cannot live without it. And bread has always been chancy for too great a number of people. An uncertainty about tomorrow's loaf will distract a man's attention from the truth that he is spirit as well as body. Is there much freedom for the spirit when the body's only liberty is to get through to tomorrow, if desperation can find a way? We don't know what dimensions of the soul are still unknown to us, undivulged in unemployment statistics, lost in the slag heaps of our activities.

When respectworthy democrats are proud of their

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country's institutions, and wish others to share these benefits, it is only political freedom they are thinking of. The benefit of individual liberty includes the right to starve. Political and religious freedom are not enough. Freedom to fight for the means to eat and to breathe? Why, when harvests are destroyed so that prices may be maintained, because prices are more sacred than homes, the scramble of the lord of creation for his food is enough to make the lower animals laugh. It looks then as if man were more like the fool of creation.

7

When this war began, about two millions of my countrymen were unemployed. I have been told that America also had a few. I don't know how political economy explains or excuses this waste of power and wealth, and I don't want to hear. It is wrong, that is all. It is wrong. It hurts the mind merely to be aware of such a fact; and to look into the eyes of a child condemned to undernourishment, to go hungry and withheld from joy, is to know that civilization is a mistaken term, whatever the late architecture of its institutions. Let us cease to lie to each other about hunger and the restriction of life in a disguising scientific jargon. That is what we have been doing, and libraries are stacked with the clever evasions of the scholarly. But hunger is hunger, dirt is dirt, ignorance is savagery, and hopelessness is death.

As to the future political administration of those lands at present given to war and anarchy, unless Americans agree to keep their minds clear and their coats off for the demands of peace as they are doing for war, anarchy, more or less, will abide, there and elsewhere. We need be in no doubt about that. You might as well, after great risk and labor, get a drowning man ashore and then leave him unconscious to perish on the beach. And reviving him and setting him on his feet will not be enough, this time. We are bound, by the look of it, to enlarge the family, though he be an Indian, a Chinese, or an African.

Personally, I like the look of it. I wish I were young again. The Renaissance from the Middle Ages was nothing to this uprising of youth in the Industrial Era — an era which had seemed dead, though full of smoke and noise. It cheered me recently to hear an American officer talking of this as though he had seen light, light new to him, and he were resolved to use it. He had no doubt about the English; he plainly said he hoped we should be with him; as for us, we have kept for years a modest and likable little statue of George Washington overlooking the heart of the capital against which he rebelled. I trust at least we recognize a gentleman when we see one.

Long words and big have been made of the needs of the world after the war, and they will be used to scare the timid innocent, like candles in pumpkins. International Political Control! That is, common sense in so ordering our affairs that such a disaster as this will not again burst open our isolation with bombs. And Economic Coöperation! The wonder is, in an age of machines which made more than we could dispose of, that we had to wait for universal bloodshed before discovering there were myriads of people who were in need. It never occurred to us that bayonets always go with trade barriers; there is no other way to keep those barriers shut.

And who benefited? Not the producers, not the consumers; not, that is to say, most of us. That lesson for us is obvious in Hitler's own avowed intent, which we mean to thwart. His sole aim was economic control of the world. That was what he was after from the start. His assumption of political control, with secret police and agents to keep it, was but a means to that end; he knew that political power without control of earth's riches is meaningless. His tanks and war planes issue in logic, and there they are yet.

They will be removed from daylight presently, and the way open again. It will not remain open for long. Let us carefully note the significant instance of Admiral Darlan. Will it help if many of our avowed enemies come over in victory to help us? Hadn't we better know beforehand where we want to go? We might, while in a state of elation, be hurried off in the wrong direction after all. It is certain the right way will not be open for long, after the guns cease. It was shut to us last time before the soldiers had buried their dead. If this war does not liberate man's spirit to the greatest adventure in exploration of his existence, then already it is lost. It is no good talking. If the war does not bring us to fellowship in the cause of all mankind, then it is lost, and we are wasting life and treasure. We have never had that fellowship, though for two thousand years there has been a promise of it. In the light of what we have learned in agony, shall we waste the chance, since destiny, or Providence, offers it for our choice?

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"Carpe Diem"

By LESLIE PRINCE THOMPSON

Of all the fish that swim the watery mead
Not one in cunning can the Carp exceed.

DATE: *June* 20, 1939.
PLACE: Medfield Meadows, Charles River. Water low and reasonably clear.
WEATHER: Cloudy. Warm. Clearing after rain in the morning, and the sun showing.
FISH: One Carp. Weight 18 lb. 1 oz.
BAIT: Corn niblets on a Number 5 hook.
ROD: 10½-foot spinning rod.
REEL: *American Multiplier* holding 100 yards 15-pound test silk line.

RECORD OF THE DAY

My favorite carp-swim, near the railroad bridge beyond Dover, has been discovered and now looks like a buffalo wallow; many forked sticks line the bank. I must find a *quiet* place.

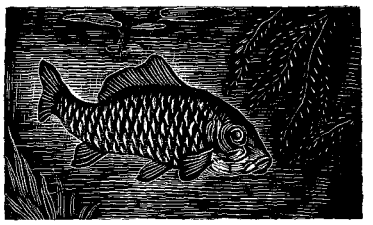
The map leads me to a broken-down bridge on a narrow country road several miles upriver. Arriving at Medfield Meadows at 4.00 P. M. and standing on the bridge I study the water; below is a fair current and a number of dace are dimpling the surface — I cannot see far upriver because of a sharp bend and a screen of trees and bushes.

As I am standing there looking and studying, I hear quiet voices beyond the trees — an old and husky voice, and a young one. Then a tremendous splash. The husky voice remarks, "That must be one of the big carp I've been telling you about."

I assemble my gear carefully: campstool, green-topped rod rest, long-shafted gaff, stewed corn — all complete. Crossing the broken bridge and going beyond the trees, I discover two honest anglers fishing for horn-pout. The older man, in white overalls, is not only an honest angler but an honest painter — house, not portrait. "Yes, that must have been a big carp that splashed — all of fifteen pounds."

Seated on the campstool (I've given up the old striped one and changed to one with a brown seat and green woodwork, which harmonizes rather better with the hickory-shafted, green-topped rod rest and the bethabarra-butted and split-bamboo-tipped rod), I fill the long-handled spoon with juicy corn from the special corn-jar, and with a flip and carry-through stroke shower niblets on the surface of the water. They sink to the bottom. Five or six minutes, and the baited hook, the drilled bullet, and the sliding float follow.

The hours roll by, punctuated from time to time by a pout taken by the pair eighty yards upstream.



At 7.30 P. M. the float trembles, a run, and the hook is in a six-inch "shiner." I admire his brassy sides and red fins and return him to the river.

At 8.00 P. M. the float trembles again, stops, trembles once more, and then moves away six feet, ten feet, fifteen feet, and the hook is in something solid which fortunately does *not* bolt downstream as is the custom of the *Cyprinus carpio*. Possibly the round pool in which the very slow current circles about in an eddy four feet below me accounts for this obliging behavior of the big fish. Both bethabarra and bamboo are getting good exercise, but finally the fish sails slowly near the surface, under the bank, and the point of the gaff is under her, just behind the gills. The afternoon has been hot, and I have removed my short rubber carp boots; my stockinged feet give me a good toe-hold.

She is on the grass, and my friends from upriver move down to have a look. During the play they have remained perfectly stationary — never a shout, never a word of direction, never a helpful suggestion; in short, they are fishermen.

Old and husky voice says, "Something should be done about this." I agree but remind him that my car is quite a distance down the road and across the

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Artist and fisherman extraordinary, and a native of Medford, Massachusetts, LESLIE PRINCE THOMPSON obligingly takes us with him in quest of a big one that did not get away.

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"THANK YOU, MISTER DOCTOR"

Two weeks ago she went in a broken, pitiful little form . . . and your heart was desperate and dreadful.

Today she smiles—a bit wanly, perhaps—and walks—a little wobbly, to be sure—but she *can* smile and she *can* walk . . . and she's still safely yours!

You hadn't thought much about your Hospital before. You knew where it was . . . you made it a point to find out, in case of hasty need. You visited a friend or acquaintance there, occasionally and hurriedly. But you hadn't *thought* about it.

An emergency made you do that. Now . . . are you going to forget? Are you going to let the demands of daily routine push your grateful appreciation into the limbo of oblivion? Or . . . are you going to remember—in the midst of such other urgent and important demands as War Savings Bonds, the USO, the Red Cross—that your voluntary hospital operates without profit and, to be modernly equipped and ready when you and yours need it, depends upon the cooperation and support of civic-minded men and women. There is a place in the plans of your Hospital Administrator for *your* help.

This advertisement is a contribution toward the urgent, inspiring ministry of the Hospitals of America from

AMERICAN HOSPITAL SUPPLY CORPORATION, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Harry L. Drake, *Chairman of the Board* Foster G. McGaw, *President*

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bridge. He walks to his basket, and after a few words of apology concerning glasses, we do something about it. It is getting dark, but before we leave, my host, glancing at the gaff, says, "You expected to get one," and I say, "Yes, I did."

It is pretty late when I get home. Margaret is asleep, but Jack is in the bathtub, and his right arm looks strong. On the bathroom scales The Carp goes exactly 18 pounds 1 ounce. A hen fish in fine condition — not a scale missing — heavy with roe.

ST. BOTOLPH CLUB, *June* 22, 1939

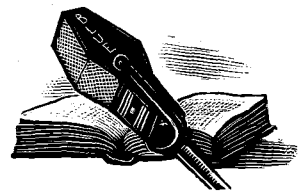
The flesh is firm and sweet — not a trace of "pondy" flavor. The temperamental chef in the kitchen insists on serving it with his own sauce. Well — there are two schools of thought: he likes his, I like mine. Mine is Dr. T.'s receipt in *The Compleat Angler*, John Major's Edition, 1824. The enormous roe, like a sheet of golden corn-bread, is delicious, however, either as an hors d'oeuvre or with the fish, and Monsieur C., fellow member of the Hook and Slice Club, mighty driver of golf balls and wine expert, produces the proper Bordeaux wine.

Hearty congratulations of the small fishing fraternity, and the usual hostile and antagonistic attitude of the dull common herd. Yes, they have seen them at Fontainebleau, have fed them bread, and they have warts on their noses (I mean the carp). A friend in New York only the other day sent them a forty-pound salmon from the Cascapedia. Nevertheless, each one gobbles three helpings of Carp à la Walton, while they are talking about themselves, Czechoslovakia, and Franklin Roosevelt.

Spring Song

By KEITH THOMAS

WHEN spring to earth has come beyond a doubt,
all prodigal with sun,
the buds unbutton and the hills puff out,
while reckless rivers run,
and robins, baggageless, make haste to north,
their laundry quickly done —
All nature hurries gladly up and forth,
and men arise to greet
the spring, the poets galloping in van
on their frost-bitten feet.



Short Wave from England

By "THE LISTENER"

AMONG the more melancholy moments of the British Broadcasting Company's short wave to "North America" are the occasionally wry interviews of those hands-across-the-sea programs in which American soldiers who have been pent up for some weeks or months in a "typical English village" are invited to tell the folks back home all about it.

When pressed for details of battle experiences, the American yields perfect interview material, but he has never been one to articulate his love of foreign parts as such. As long as the questioner sticks to military matters, all goes well. The hitch comes when he finds a soldier who has no front-line story to tell; whereupon he embarks on the thoroughly risky theme, "How do you like it over here?"

It is strictly an uphill pull. The interviewers live in a state of constant frustration. Nothing ever comes off quite as they would wish to have it. Yet it remains to the credit of the BBC's fanatical honesty that the interviewers continue the hopeless struggle, that they return each week with hopeful questions to the Sergeant from Montana or the Lieutenant from Dallas. There is never a question planted or a rigged reply, for surely no one would ever plant or rig anything in the vein of these exchanges.

The proceedings always start amiably enough, and the interviewer is on firm enough ground as he opens up. He has with him several members of a supply unit, and although these American boys have not yet had their crack at the Jerries, they will have much to report, he feels certain, of their experiences in the "typical English village" where they are stationed. He wastes no words, no time in idle enthusiasm of his own, however, for he is eager to share with us the cordial affirmations of our fighting men.

Sergeants, corporals, and sundry are produced.

Our pseudonym conceals, this month, an inveterate addict of the short wave. He has assigned fictitious names to the soldiers mentioned in his findings, but otherwise the facts are substantially as he gives them.

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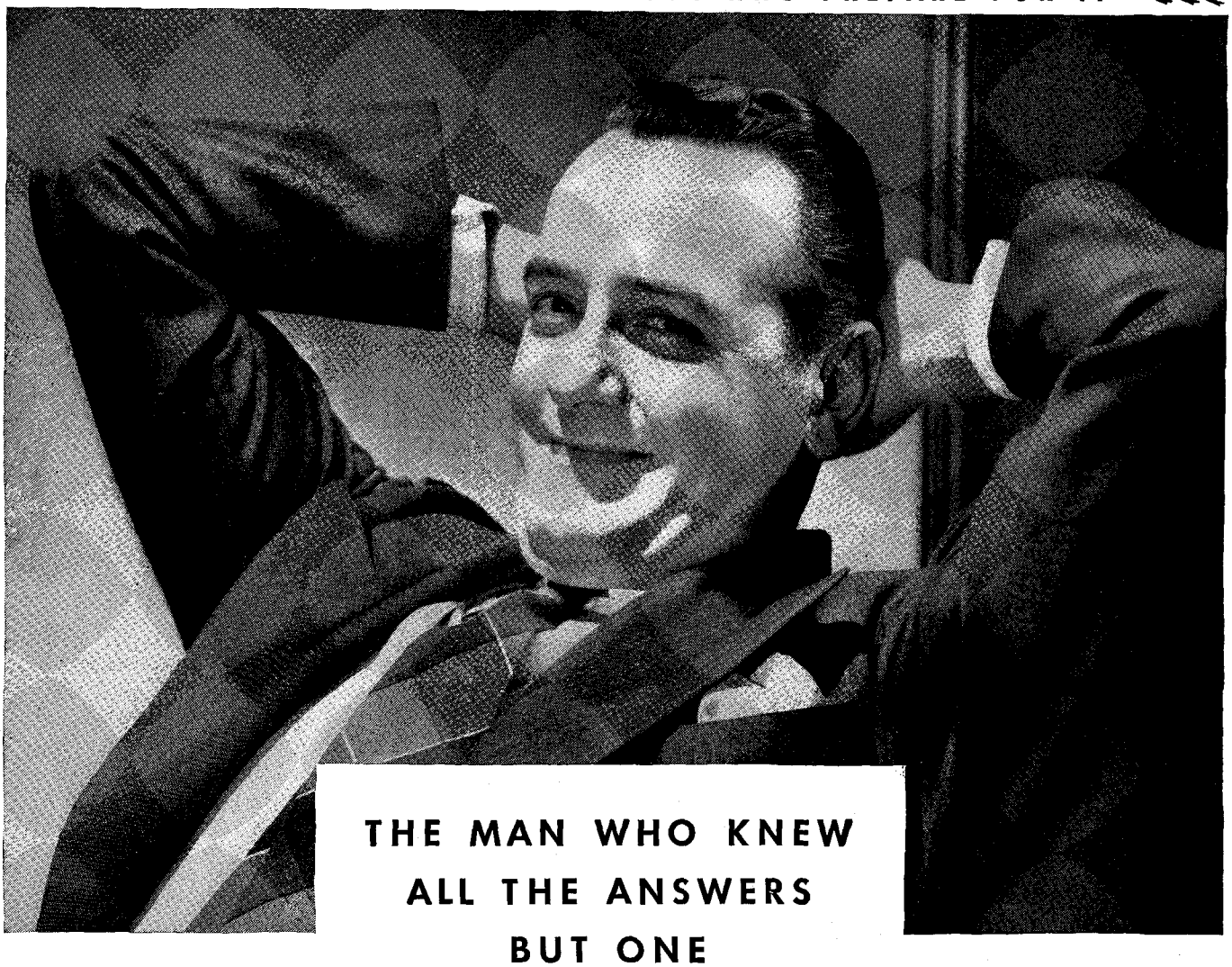
>>> THE FUTURE BELONGS TO THOSE WHO PREPARE FOR IT <<<



THE MAN WHO KNEW ALL THE ANSWERS BUT ONE

INSURANCE agents found Doug Lounds easy to see, but not so easy to convince. "Putting them through their paces," Doug called it.

Somewhere in the back of his mind, Doug really intended to buy life insurance—some day. His Prudential man's arguments did make awfully good sense. But Doug kept putting it off.

Then one night Doug's wife threw a surprise party for his birthday. And suddenly, in the friendly joshing about his age, Doug saw the years piling up on him. Of course he felt fine, but . . . maybe now would be a good time to do something about life insurance.

So the next time Doug's Prudential man brought up the life insurance plan they had talked over for the Lounds family, fully expecting to get a kidding, he got a client instead. Doug said okay, signed the application, and dropped in to take his physical examination right away.

At that point, the unexpectedness of life showed up. Doug Lounds said "yes" —but the doctor said "no" . . . and the application was turned down. Poor Doug had to admit he didn't know the answer to that one.

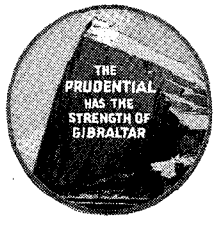
So Doug Lounds now has to build his family's future the hard way and is firmly convinced that the Prudential phrase, "The future belongs to those who prepare for it," should have an important word added at the end—"today."

The Best Time to Begin Planning for Tomorrow Is Today

Ever since 1875 it has been the privilege of The Prudential to help people make their family's future more secure.

Through Prudential life insurance, more than eight million farsighted families are today making sure that part of the world of tomorrow will belong to them.

Wouldn't it be a good idea to ask The Prudential to help you do the same for your family . . . today?



The PRUDENTIAL
INSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA
HOME OFFICE: NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

AS A SERVICE to the government and to you, Prudential representatives sell War Savings Stamps. For victory—buy some today!

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"And now, Corporal," begins the interviewer, "tell us your name and where you come from."

"Corporal George Foster, Shreveport, Louisiana."

"*Well*," says the interviewer, "Louisiana, eh? That's fine." No one could mistake the depth of his satisfaction. This one, he seems to feel, is going to pay off. "That's fine," he repeats. "We're always glad to hear from a Louisiana boy. And now tell us, Corporal . . ."

That, as the British say, tears it. The interviewer does not know it but he is licked. "Tell us, Corporal," he goes on, "how do you like it over here?"

"How do you mean?" responds the Corporal. "Why, all right — I guess."

The interviewer makes a new beginning. His own question was not quite explicit, he seems to feel. That one did not count. "What I mean, Corporal," he resumes hastily, "is how do you find living in England? Have you anything you would like to tell us about your experiences here?"

A long pause. Finally Corporal Foster: "I can't say much for the weather over here."

The announcer laughs heartily. "Ha, ha, ha — that's fine, that's fine, Corporal Foster. It was mighty good of you to come up here and tell us about how you are getting along. Good-bye and good luck to you. And now we have here a Sergeant — at least he is wearing the Sergeant's chevrons — ha, ha, ha — and won't you tell us your name, Sergeant, and where you come from?"

A new voice is heard. "Technical Sergeant Howard Hicks, Jackson, Mississippi."

The interviewer tries a fresh gambit. "That's fine, that's fine," he begins. "How long have you been over here, Sergeant?"

"Fourteen months," replies the Sergeant tersely.

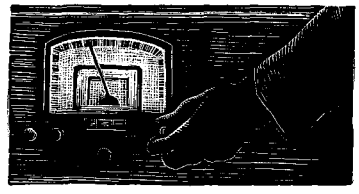
"*Well*" — and the interviewer is back in a spirit of complete assurance. "Well, in your fourteen months over here you must have seen a good deal of the British people and their way of doing things. And how does it all strike you, Sergeant?"

Sergeant Hicks appears to weigh his reply. He is neither an ingrate nor an isolationist, but he does feel that some measure of truth is called for. The listener senses the expectancy of the interviewer; the lapse of a few seconds seems painfully long. Eventually, the Sergeant has thought the thing through and he comes up with a masterpiece: —

"The British haven't given us any trouble," he reports.

This is the last statement in the world that the interviewer could possibly have expected. It sends him reeling for an instant. "Ha, ha, ha, ha — that's very good indeed — ha, ha, ha, ha. And I know that you will have a good many interesting things to tell your friends back in Mississippi when you get back, and I want to thank you, Sergeant, for having come up here this morning to take part in this broadcast. *Thank you* again, and I hope we'll have the pleasure of hearing from you the next time you are in London."

The interviewer may have decided by this time to break in some of his own material rather than leave the entire burden to the next newcomer, and so he plunges briskly into the subject of post-war considerations. He realizes, he says, that the Americans are doing great things on the fighting fronts and that their presence in England has been a rewarding experience for both nationalities. They must have seen, as he himself has been interested to note, that the British people are determined to have a better kind of world after the war. For that matter, the war is not going to last forever. These problems may be nearer at hand than we suppose. They call for individual planning and thought.



Having thus laid a rich foundation for what is plainly going to be a $64 question, the interviewer turns to a Lieutenant, who has identified himself as Henry Webber of Marshalltown, Iowa, and demands: —

"In the light of all this, Lieutenant, what are your plans for after the war?"

The question seems to stun the Lieutenant. "What are *my* plans?" he repeats.

"Yes, what about your own plans?" There is just a hint of persuasion, or perhaps it is simply incurable optimism, in the interviewer's voice. "Tell us about them — go ahead."

The Lieutenant finds it monstrous that he has delayed or seemed to muff a question to which only one answer could possibly be given. "Boy!" he shouts. "Boy! I'm goin' HOME."

Although he must realize by this time that he is carrying on a rear-guard action against impossible odds, the interviewer is game to the last syllable. It will cheer us all, he declares, to realize that men like Lieutenant Webber, Sergeant Hicks, and Corporal Foster are giving such thought to the shape of things to come. "*Thank you, Lieutenant.*"

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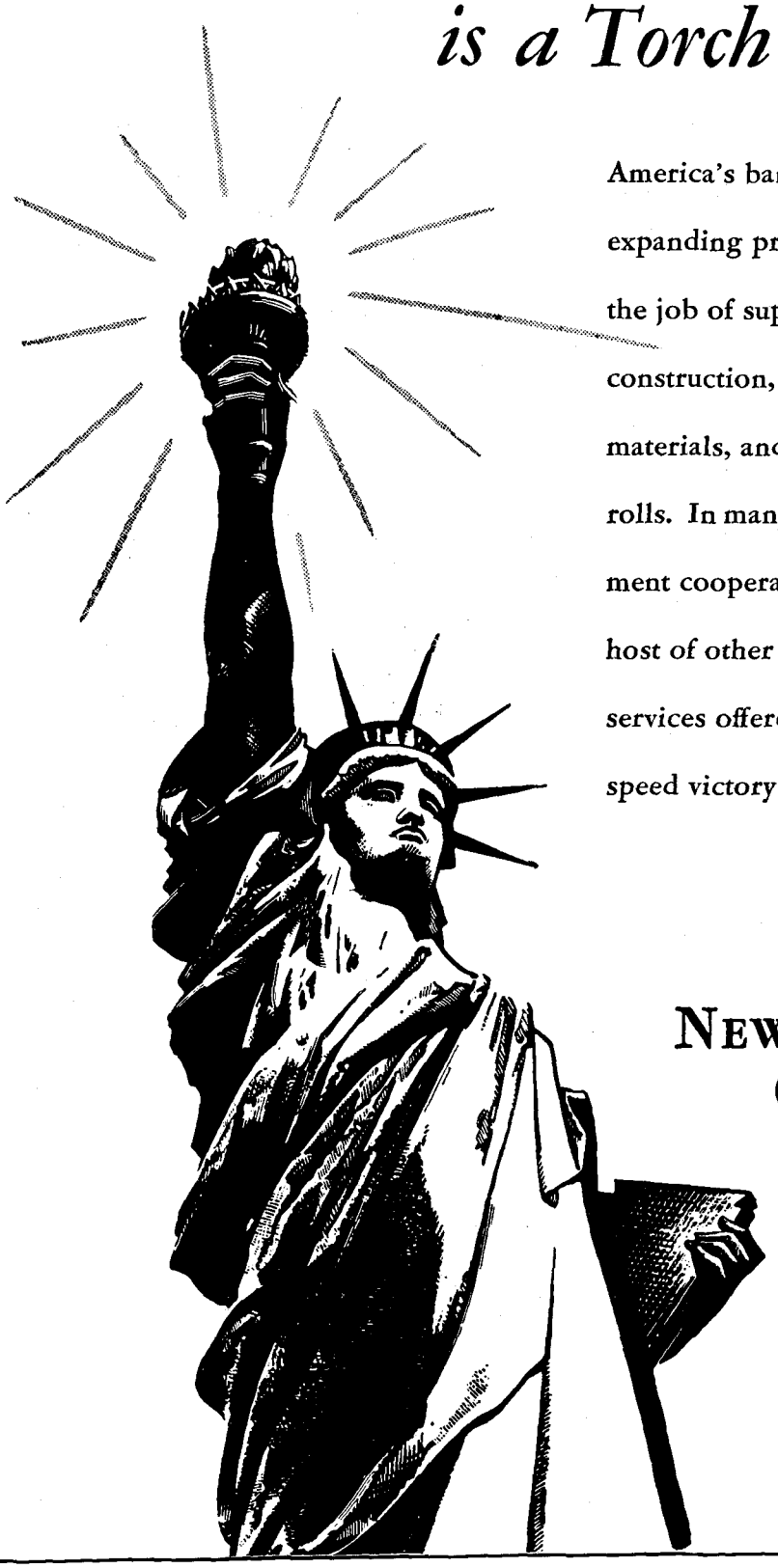
Credit in Wartime is a Torch for Victory



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The Trouble I've Had *or* Victory in the Garden

By C. RAYMOND EVERITT

THE trouble with garden books is that you can't stop reading them. The trouble with gardens is when you stop weeding them. While everyone knows that a vegetable garden is a jealous mistress, garden lovers realize that it becomes an ogress when the fruits come in. The earth will wait for no man when the crops mature. Our family blush *en masse* when we think of those first tender beans for which we waited so long. They shrewdly concealed themselves under the green leaves until they were too tough to be taken lightly.

The game of hide-and-seek developed in four years to the place where we detected desiccated tomatoes every time we turned away to wipe off the sweat. The garden won the game eventually because we had to go indoors and start canning. No meals, no laundry, no time for our neighbors — just processing, and no time to read the canning books to see whether to use cold pack or the so-called fun of our grandmothers. Take it easy on books and gardens; don't get drugged by books or outwitted by vegetables.

Let us approach the garden book gently. While most things can be found in many garden books, it seems impossible to find all the simple things in one book. Most authors try to catch all comers — the beginning gardener, the one with a little experience, and the one with a good deal of experience. The prayer for simplification is rarely answered.

Let's assume you have a small piece of land that can be used for vegetables. Don't get worried, you can grow some. For books, *one* simple garden encyclopedia or comprehensive garden book plus *one* modest-priced vegetable garden book will do the trick. Recommended: —

America's Garden Book, by Louise and James Bush Brown (Scribner, $3.50)

The Garden Dictionary, edited by Norman Taylor (Houghton Mifflin, $7.50)

The New Garden Encyclopedia, edited by E. L. D. Seymour (Wise, $1.98)

The Vegetable Garden, by Edward Irving Farrington (Ralph T. Hale, $1.25)

Grow Your Own Vegetables, by Paul W. Dempsey (Houghton Mifflin, $2.50)

How to Grow Food for Your Family, by Samuel R. Ogden (A. S. Barnes, $2.00)

Home Vegetable Gardening, by Charles Hebron Nissley (Rutgers University Press, $1.50; also Pocket Book Edition, $.25)

Next should come two seed catalogues. Take these various items in the spring, mix with a little beer to relieve the confusion.

If you neglect the introduction to each book, which is usually devoted to selling you the idea of a garden, if you pay no attention to bugs and beetles and worms, and forget types of fertilizer and whether it is lime or potash (or Perlmutter), life will be simpler.

2

Turn over the soil on your land as early as possible (it really should be done in the fall). The experts say 1000 square feet for each person, but don't take them seriously unless you have the labor to deal with so much land. Can you get cow manure? If so, this is ideal. Otherwise ask your seed store for a general fertilizer. This year a general fertilizer, 3-8-7, will be available. If you start too soon to try to differentiate between the fertilizer which is good for root vegetables and the one which is good for leafy vegetables, life will become as sour as your soil probably is. If there is time for a soil test and it is convenient, fine. The vegetable garden should be a little acid.

Start by reading on how to plant a bean, if you

Vice-President and Editor-in-Chief of Little, Brown and Company, C. RAYMOND EVERITT is in his off hours a farmer who never misses an opportunity of making his land in Ipswich, Massachusetts, yield.

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like beans, and then perhaps a few words on radishes and lettuce, carrots, corn, beets. Pick the seed catalogues' major recommendations, particularly where the word "hardy" comes in. Add any other easy-growing vegetables that you like and then make a simple plan on paper as to how the garden might be planted. You will probably want to keep clear of melons, celery, and tomato seed. Instead, look forward to buying a few tomato plants and onion sets (yellow onions keep better). Pretty soon, although you are still in your armchair, you will have a fair idea of what you can do.

At this point your wife may stop at the bookstore again for another inspiration. I suggest dodging pretty colored picture books, where you pay for color instead of information, unless they are for your children's cut-outs collection. Such a

book is *Vegetable Gardening in Color*, by Daniel J. Foley (Macmillan, $2.50).

Watch out for the Helen Hokinson approach with lush prose concealing a garden club speaker with clean fingernails whose "aim is to offer an absolute maximum of information" and who "wants beauty in the vegetable garden" (quotation from *Wake Up and Garden*, by Ruth Cross, Prentice-Hall, $2.95). But you might want to pick up a volume full of exact drawings, examining some of the drawings first to see if you can understand them. (Best one: *The Food Garden*, by Laurence and Edna Blair, Macmillan, $2.00). Or you could add that other general vegetable book which many think is tops: *A Manual of Home Vegetable Gardening*, by Francis C. Coulter (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50).

Someone will soon tell you of those fascinating government or state agricultural pamphlets. They are 99 per cent for professionals, and even though they are cheap, they had better be postponed until your garden grows up.

3

Now with seeds in the closet — and very few are needed (see instructions in the catalogues on number of ounces to so many feet) — and some fertilizer available, a hoe (both a regular one and a scuffle hoe), a spade, a rake, a trowel, you are ready for that spring day to come. If the soil crumbles nicely in the hand, go to it. Extra time to make the ground level not only makes planting easier but will distribute the rain evenly and avoid quick evaporation.

With any but the smallest garden a wheel hoe is essential. The bigger the wheel, the easier it is to push. When you are ready for planting the little seeds which have so much power in them, be sure they are planted thinly in absolutely straight lines — use a line and stake. This will save endless time. Label carefully. And if you are going to use a wheel hoe, measure exactly with the prongs two or three inches off each side, so that they miss the vegetables and throw a little dirt up on the plant stems, thus covering the beginning weeds and saving hand-weeding. Plan to cultivate all the garden every week, not too deeply, but just to destroy that first green cover of weeds that will be six inches high in another week. Seeds go in the ground about three to four times the depth of their diameter. Be sure they are well pressed down.

Now is the time to think of those guests who come for the day or the week-end as the weather improves. The first visit is when the weeds cannot be distinguished from the vegetables. Recommendation: offer one beer for two hours of work. Later, when you can see the vegetables, you might raise the price, get a little more work out of guests, and lose fewer vegetables.

At last you see those dainty rows of green things with the weeds out and life growing. Destroy life. Thin cruelly. Eat what you can of those taken out, but thin anyway, trying to transplant the kinds of vegetables, such as cabbage, which your books say

you can. Don't be afraid of the little plants, for they are quite hardy if you keep some soil on the roots. Don't transplant in the hot sun. Press the soil firmly around them in their new home and pour on water.

What to do with the weeds? Pile them in a corner somewhere until you have time later to organize your compost heap, but don't torture the weed by burning it, as one author suggests.

The garden books fail to mention the value of putting chicken manure under the corn, which is likely to bring it thigh high by July 4 instead of knee

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high. A very small amount accomplishes wonders, just as in the old days the Indian put a dead fish under his corn hill. And why won't the books tell you that if you could get a little pig manure to put under your vines — tomato, squash, cucumbers — you would save any amount of growing time?

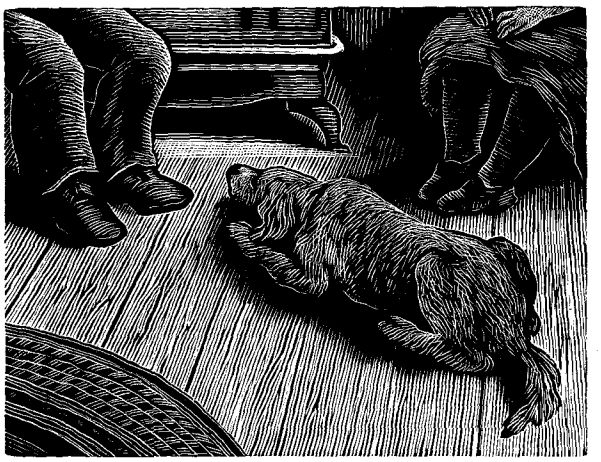
And now, as you eat the first radishes, small lettuce plants, and early onions, is the time to replant the empty rows, not with the same thing in the same place, but with beets, perhaps, where the onions were, beans where the radishes were. Hoe and thin the corn about now. Don't touch the bean leaves when they are wet.

4

The barbarians in the form of bugs and diseases begin to attack. Since it would take years to know all about the various forms of barbarians, the easiest thing is to get an allover dust spray from your seed man and put it on when the plants are wet. You can save about everything. If you don't like the looks of any of the big bugs, you might pick them off and pickle them in kerosene. For entertainment read *Insect Invaders*, by Anthony Standen (Houghton Mifflin, $3.50). And if you will stroll through your garden every day, it will get used to you. You will begin to spot the things that are going wrong, particularly if you have now reread the sections in the garden books that have to do only with the vegetables you have planted. Most summers the garden tries to dry up. Cultivation, level land, humus delay this, but if you have to water, do it thoroughly — don't just sprinkle.

One useful tip as to eating your winter vegetables: unless you have a good year's supply for your family of all the vegetables, keep most of your supply of winter vegetables unused as long as you can buy fresh vegetables cheaply.

Many amateurs get fun by not completing every job, but by varying tasks. For example, cultivate four rows, hand-weed one, replant a row, and then go back to cultivating. Those in the know highly recommend a loaf and a cigarette every hour or so; and as the sweat pours off, one can say "Look what I done!"



The Dog That Looked Like Blinker

By BEN HUR LAMPMAN

HIM and her wasn't on speaking terms that time, neither, on account of they had been a-jowering and a-jawing at one another after supper. He taken a hand at drying the dishes, whilst she washed them, like always — but nary a word between them. A man disremembers what them two had been fussing about — they was at it the whole eternal time — but anyways it was just after their old dog, Blinker, took mighty sick and crawled under the house, and didn't budge till the old man drug him out with the rake. Him and her taken the old dog, gray as a badger and cold as a stone, and they buried him back of the hen house under the honeysuckle — both of them crying — and they sang a hymn there together.

But whatever 'twas got them edgeways again, there the two old fools was, him on one side of the kitchen, his chair tilted, sitting smoking; her at the table on t'other side, clicking her knitting needles. Like I told you before, she always knit his socks for him. And every once in a while she would sniff, kind of, and then the old man he would snort like and bite hard at his pipestem. The old clock with the flowers on the glass kept swinging and ticking, and now and then bonging, and it was getting on toward their bedtime. Him and her was like that many the evening.

Born in Wisconsin and raised as a small-town boy in North Dakota, BEN HUR LAMPMAN got his first smell of ink and most of his education around his father's print shop. At fifteen he was "on his own," working in Canada and the Western wheat country. He joined the staff of the *Oregonian* in 1916, and to its editorial page he has contributed ever since his distinctive and well-flavored Americana. This particular story is reprinted from his book, *At the End of the Car Line* (Binfords & Mort, Publishers).

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The entire trouble, as a body could see, was that him and her was alone together too much, the way it sometimes is with folks in a farmhouse — the children growed up, and everything. They taken to getting mad at one another, the fact is because it was more companionable.

She kept a mighty cozy kitchen, his old woman did, with never no ashes in front of the stove, and with the lamp chimney always polished, and a red cloth on the table, and a geranium alongside the south window. The neighbors used to say you could eat a meal offen her kitchen floor, she kept it that scrubbed. The old man was equal to it, likewise, on account of he always kept the woodbox filled and heaping.

Well, like I say, there him and her was a-sitting, and never expecting to say another word before sunup, when both of them heard something scratch at the door like, and both of them stiffened to hearken. First it scratched, then it whined, and he was a-looking across the kitchen at her, and she was a-looking at him — pop-eyed they was looking.

"Be you deef!" his old woman snapped. "Stop gawking and let Blinker in!" Then she stared at him more pop-eyed than ever, and he let his pipe drop from his mouth. For both of them two thought that it was Blinker asking in, yet they knowed it couldn't never be the old dog, and him back of the hen house under the honeysuckle. "God's sake, old woman!" he says, and got up and opened the door.

Of course the dog that come in, with burrs in his tail, and limping and gant — come sidling in with a glance first at her, then at him — wasn't Blinker. But that there dog, if he got a mite more of meat on his ribs, would favor Blinker considerable. That dog looked enough like old Blinker to been one of Blinker's own get — but him and her never set eyes on the critter before. Well, the old woman she fed him in the yellow bowl that had been Blinker's, and the old man stepped into the shed and fetched the old overcoat that had been Blinker's bed, and spread it back of the stove. But blessed if the dog would lie down there. No, sir, he slumped down between them, in the middle of the floor, his chin in his paws — and him and her wasn't speaking any more.

Only sound there was then was the clock and the fire, and a body would have thought the dog would be sleepy, for the weather was nippy outside. But he never closed an eye. He just laid there on the floor watching first one and then t'other of them. He would lift one of them brown crescents over his eye, the same marks that Blinker had, and roll his eyes at her and grin; and then after a spell, he would lift t'other one, and roll his eyes toward the old man, and grin some more. And he'd give three thumps with his tail. The old woman, she smashed her knitting down on the table, so hard the lamp jiggled, and she got up and opened the door.

"Get along out with you!" she says. "I can't abide being stared at!" The old dog quit smiling, and he begged hard with his eyes, but he put his tail 'twixt his legs and he crept out. She clicked her false teeth and sat down to her knitting. But it wasn't no time at all before he scratched at the door again, and whined. "Hell's fire!" the old man snorted, and got up and let the dog in a second time. She never said nothing — she just clicked her teeth at him and went on a-knitting.

And that dod-gasted dog, blamed if he didn't flop down in the middle of the kitchen, like before, and start lifting them crescents, and rolling his eyes,

first at him, then at her, and laughing and thumping his tail, all over again. What he was trying to say to them, naturally, wasn't only that he was glad to be indoors. He was trying to ask them why they was mad at one another. He was sort of suggesting to them that they had a nice warm kitchen, and things to eat, and they had him, of course, and they had one another — and why on earth was they mad? But except for the clock, and the fire, and his tail, you could have stirred the stillness like porridge. That there dog must have thought them two never would understand him. So of a sudden he got to his feet, his eyes rolling and laughing, and them brown crescents twitching — he got to his feet though it might mean she'd put him outside again — and he barked and he barked, just like Blinker used to.

Him and her knowed it, all right — they knowed all the time what he meant. They looked across the kitchen and grinned, and then they bust out a-laughing. And the dog was barking and they was a-laughing till there was tears in their eyes — and her calling him an old fool and him calling her another. Well, they taken to talking about what they would plant come spring — but the dog yawned and went back of the stove to the old coat. The clock whirred and struck nine before ever they shut off the stove, and taken the lamp and went into their bedroom, him and her.

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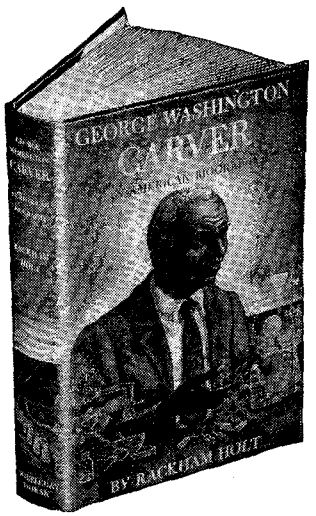
Stimulating Books for Spring

A great American biography . . . a new novel by Kate O'Brien, the author of The Land of Spices . . . the first novel of hospital life in London



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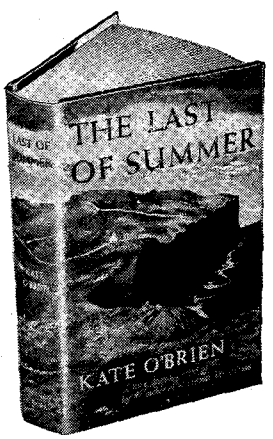
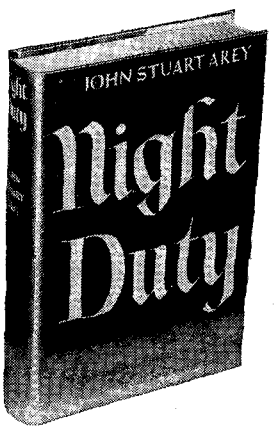


Can you remember way back to 1939 when people took vacation trips in Ireland? . . . it was in 1939 that Angèle Maury of the Comédie Français stopped off at Drumanich in search of her father's youth . . . and suddenly she found the half of her that was Maury, and hence sensible to a degree, overruled by the half of her that was Kernahan and as wild and romantic as all the Kernahans. Angèle would never forget the summer of 1939, the smell of myrtle and the hot Irish sun . . . nor will you, if you read *Kate O'Brien's* **THE LAST OF SUMMER** ($2.50). If you read her last novel *The Land of Spices* you will probably recall the same enchantment. *Published April 23rd.*

MRS. GWYNETH EVANS lay quietly in her bed thinking calmly of what was going to happen that night to the hospital. "Seven killed," she said, half aloud. She had dreamed all about it. You will meet Mrs. Evans and her premonitions of disaster in the opening pages of *John Stuart Arey's* **NIGHT DUTY** ($2.50). You will also meet doctors, nurses, medical students and patients in one of London's great hospitals. And you will be with them for twenty-four hours—long enough to understand what makes them tick, long enough to see what happens to them in an air raid, long enough to realize many of their emotions, hopes and fears. *Night Duty* has a serenity that you will find surprising, for it is the first important novel of hospital life to come out of wartime London.



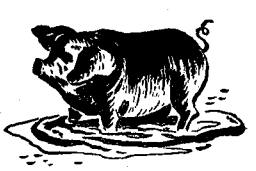
Published April 23rd.

* * *

Don't miss **THE GREEK READER** ($5.00), *by A. L. Whall* — a comprehensive, modern anthology of the finest Greek poetry and prose which have so enriched our Western culture.

* * *

H. C. *Bailey* writes a new war-time mystery — **MR. FORTUNE FINDS A PIG** ($2.00) whose background is reminiscent of a Hitchcock movie. The Crime Club Selection for April, its sinister plot opens with a typhus outbreak among child evacués in Wales. Seeking to trace the epidemic's origin, the Military Intelligence calls in Reggie Fortune. Reggie suspects that a pig is involved. But before he solves the mystery, he reckons with a much bigger "pig" than he had anticipated.



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INDIGO

A Novel of India

by CHRISTINE WESTON

SYNOPSIS: This is a novel of life in an Indian garrison town, Amritpore. The story centers in the household of Madame de St. Remy, a French widow who owns and operates an indigo factory. She despises the English colony, which is dominated by an eccentric old lady, Mrs. Lyttleton. There is violent jealousy between the two women, which is fanned by their affection for the dark-haired Jacques de St. Remy, Madame's fourteen-year-old son. Jacques has a friend of his own age, Hardyal, a sensitive young Hindu. Madame de St. Remy resents Hardyal, as she resents all outside claims upon her son. But the friendship persists. When Hardyal is sent to school in England by his father, Ganpat Rai, Jacques in his loneliness turns to the comfort of Mrs. Lyttleton. Thereupon his mother ships him off to school in the Indian uplands.

9

IT WAS still two weeks before the break of the southwest monsoon, and the earth lay breathless. A taut membrane of heat seared the fields around Amritpore and dried up the brown trickles of water which fed them. Buffalo carts and bullocks creaked between acres of indigo, lugging the freshly cut stock to the tanks where air and water would turn it into a primary orange and ultimate blue.

On the headwork of his canal, above the locks, at a point where the river eddied past a high masonry escarpment, the Civil Engineer of Amritpore, Mr. Wall, was fishing for crocodiles. He had invented this original sport in the deep boredom of the season. A coolie crouched above the locks and dangled a dead pi-dog at the end of a rope. The dog hung hideous and enticing just above the brown water, while Mr. Wall sat on a campstool with his rifle across his knees, waiting a glimpse of the blunt snout and hooded eyes of his quarry. Mr. Wall's cotton suit was dark with sweat; he felt thin and brittle from weeks of intense heat.

Father Sebastien, Madame de St. Remy's confessor, sat near Mr. Wall, smoking and taking an occasional sip from a bottle of lemonade which stood in a bucket beside him. A little distance away under the acacias Wall's tonga waited, his syce stretched on the ground beside the unharnessed ponies.

Wall stared at the glittering line of the canal which his labor had traced across the plain. Well, there it stood — for whatever it might be worth. There were moments when he felt well pleased with it, but this was not one of them. With the approach of hot weather, just before a break in the rains, his nervous system suffered a reverberation of all the disappointments, dreams, hopes, despairs, and resignations which had piled up during the year. Now, loathing possessed him — loathing for the climate, loathing for the spiritless people who crept upon the graceless land, loathing for his work. He hated India. He hated exile.

Father Sebastien tilted his pith hat and mopped his rosy forehead with a large silk handkerchief. He had been silent for some time, musing on the Last Sacrament he had recently administered at a village whose protecting grove of mangoes he could see from here. The recipient was young, a widow, and a recreant Christian. But from terror of the new God, her family had sent for Father Sebastien. The priest knew perfectly what would happen as soon as his back was turned — they would

---

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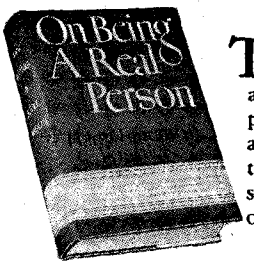

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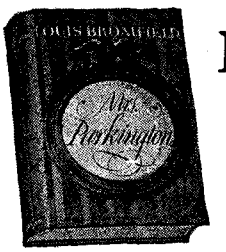

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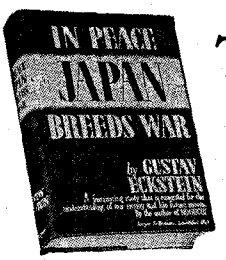

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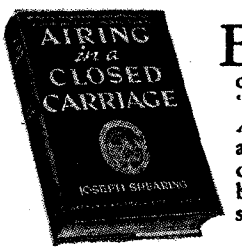

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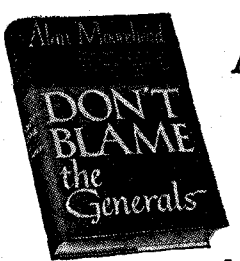

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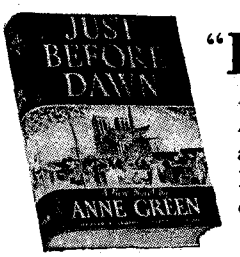

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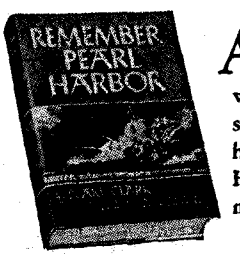

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carry her down to the river and complete the rites after their old fashion, and tie bits of rag to poles stuck in the sand, thus leaving nothing undone to placate her pathetic wraith.

Father Sebastien sighed and hitched his camp-stool closer to the edge of the headwork. He admonished the coolie: "Raise the animal somewhat — do not let it sink out of sight."

Wall revived. "Flop it about, idiot!"

The coolie gave the bait a couple of enticing wiggles.

"There were three of the brutes last week," said Wall. "But they've probably become wary."

"Would you like some lemonade?"

He poured the liquid into a cup and gave it to the Engineer, noticing, without appearing to, a faint tremor of the other's extended hand.

The coolie gave an exclamation and all three craned forward, Wall raising the big double-barreled Greener. Something moved in the water, slid up against the masonry headwork, rolled over and bared its devastated human face. A charred arm saluted them from the current, then sank.

"No mugger this time," sighed the priest, relaxing.

"Neither *Crocodilus palustris* nor *Gavialis gangeticus*," replied Wall, with a disgusted laugh. "Merely *Homo sapiens* somewhat the worse for wear. One of your flock, perhaps?"

"We bury ours."

"In consecrated ground, of course."

"Of course."

"Do the jackals respect it?"

"We employ watchmen."

Both smiled, pleased with their grisly little exchange, and Wall rose.

"God, if only the rains would break!"

"But the malaria," murmured Father Sebastien. He stood, impressive in his white summer robes, and stared at the river. "I cannot persuade the children to swallow quinine. They don't like the bitter taste."

"Perhaps they find that death tastes sweeter," suggested Wall. He had little sympathy with the priest's calling, but they respected each other and got on well together.

The syce had waked up and harnessed the tonga ponies, and now the coolie hauled in his ugly bait and cut it free. It fell, disappeared, rose a little distance away, then vanished in a vicious swirl that was not resurrection. Wall fingered his rifle. "Damn! I knew the brute was somewhere. Well, we'll get him next time."

They slid down the embankment to the waiting tonga, followed by the coolie carrying their camp-stools and the rope. Wall took the reins and the priest sat beside him, while the servants sat behind. They started down the road in the late glittering sunshine and passed Madame de St. Remy's creaking bullock carts laden with indigo. Madame's foreman, Mr. Boodrie, driving a brand-new dogcart, passed them at a smart pace and they had a glimpse of his shoddy tussah suit and his face like a melting chocolate drop.

Wall slowed up to allow the dust to settle. "Swine! I can't stand half-castes."

Father Sebastien, realizing that there were many things and many people Wall could not stand, observed mildly: "He is a faithful and intelligent servant to Madame de St. Remy."

"Pooh! He's a thief to start with."

"One must have patience."

"I know that family. Boodrie's father does subcontracting and he made a nice thing out of the government's bid for mortar when we started the canal. I'd like to shoot him."

"Why?"

"Just for fun."

"Come to my house and have a drink. Stay for dinner. I am alone, I should like it."

"Sorry, Father, but I have to get home. I go into camp tomorrow, for a week."

"Camp, in this weather?"

"I have no choice."

The priest nodded. "Yes, we have little choice. We must sacrifice, suffer, endure, forgive." He sounded contemplative rather than persuasive.

Wall grinned. "I belong to the opposition shop, if to any. Yet there are times when I wish I shared your charity. All you fanatics possess an endurance which the rest of us lack."

"Well, you dig the canals and leave the rest to us fanatics."

One of the ponies pecked a little, and Wall lashed it with his whip. They tore along for a few minutes, then he muttered in a choking voice: "This bloody country!"

The priest remained silent. Presently the verdure of the little civil station opened before them — carefully plotted gardens and the green of trees, a scent of flowering hedges and watered grass. They drove past Madame de St. Remy's indigo factory and saw her carriage waiting inside the gates.

Wall asked abruptly, "What news of Jacques?"

"I understand he is making a successful adjustment to school."

"I miss him, and Hardyal too," Wall said.

"You should marry," said the priest kindly.

"Marry? I?" He laughed. "Leave my wife and

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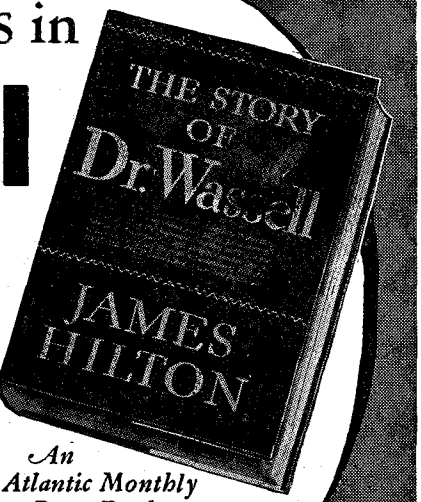

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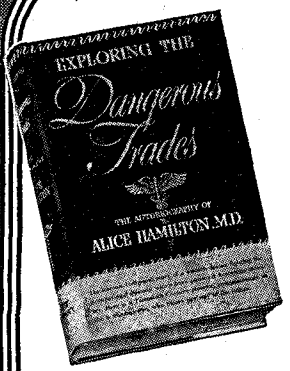

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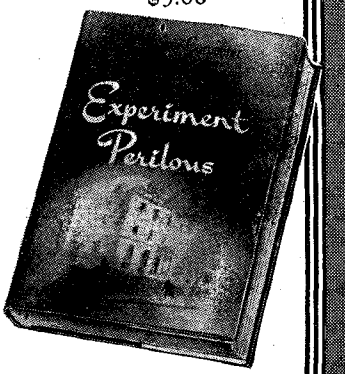

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children in England or in the Hills, or force them to swelter down here with me?"

"There would be some happiness. It might be worth that much, to them as well as to you."

Wall shook his head. "No, thanks. I'll wait until I retire — if I don't pop off with dysentery or something before then."

He suffered from a curious onset of emotion, and speech did not ease it. Presently they were at Father Sebastien's little house in the church compound, where a water carrier was sprinkling the ground before the dusty oleanders. Father Sebastien got out and stood for a moment looking at the Englishman. "I enjoyed our expedition. If you should want me at any time, I will come."

Wall smiled dimly. "Thanks. But I'm all right, you know."

He wheeled out of the compound.

10

While Madame de St. Remy moved among her scorching fields and Father Sebastien and Mr. Wall angled for crocodiles off the canal locks, Jacques sat behind his new desk in the fourth standard classroom of St. Matthew's School and waited in bored longing for the dinner bell. He listened to his neighbor, His Highness the Raja of Jhori, read aloud from a history of the Plantagenet kings.

His Highness was a day scholar, fourteen years old, undersized, black, and precocious. He usually managed to bribe a classmate to do his lessons for him, but it was impossible to evade the oral test which was his especial misery and torment. He knew that if he stammered or lost the thread of a passage he was done for — he'd have to go back to the beginning and tear through it like a train through a tunnel.

There were about two hundred boys at St. Matthew's, which accepted other religious denominations and which prepared its students for the Cambridge entrance examinations. The school was run by a Catholic order of Irish Brothers, and from a distance Jacques rather admired this group of able, apple-cheeked men who looked like sportsmen and who joked and laughed a great deal among themselves, and who managed somehow to beat a semblance of scholarship into the amorphous mass in their care.

Perhaps it was inevitable that Jacques should find something inimical in the heterogeneous collection of boys — white, native, and Eurasian — who were his schoolmates. On the day of his arrival they had ducked him in the great drinking cistern, and that night they had locked him up in one of the lavatories at the end of a long, covered passage beyond the junior dormitory.

Jacques had not been entirely unprepared for what might lie in store for him at his first boarding school; he had listened while Mr. Wall instructed Hardyal in the peculiarities of public-school behavior, and Father Sebastien himself had dropped a few valuable hints. Nevertheless Jacques was secretly profoundly shocked. For hours, whenever he found himself alone, he pondered this first inexplicable affront to his dignity. He had lived among adult human beings, and hitherto friendship, as Madame de St. Remy had pointed out to Father Sebastien, had come to him all too easily.

When, later, the boys approached Jacques with overtures of reconciliation, he had nothing to say to them, and they went away disgruntled. "Beast!" "Snob!" "Stinkpot!"

But if Jacques was not prepared to like, he was more than prepared to hate, and it was not long before he found an object in his class-master, Brother Doyle. This man was quite unlike the other Brothers — lean and sallow where they were ruddy and strong, his features negroid, his eyes like stones, his manner blisteringly sarcastic. Between Brother Doyle and Jacques there sprang up an antipathy which, as weeks passed, developed into undisguised antagonism — to the relish of the rest of the class.

It began three days after Jacques's arrival — two days after the ducking and the night spent in the W.C. It followed forty-eight hours of gnawing homesickness.

When the class assembled on the morning of the fourth day, Brother Doyle led the morning prayer, then stared down the rows of faces until his glance settled on Jacques, halfway down the middle aisle.

"You, there. Why are you in Macbeth's seat?"

"I was told to sit here, sir."

The Raja of Jhori raised an officious paw. "Pardon, sir! Would state that Macbeth is still absent due to reasons of health."

"What's your name?"

"Jacques de St. Remy, sir."

Brother Doyle smiled. "Sure and I beg your pardon! What does the *de* signify, if I may be so bold as to ask?"

"Sir?"

"Nobility, I take it?"

"Sir?"

Brother Doyle, who loathed them almost as much as they loathed him, smiled on the class, which ogled back, rapturously.

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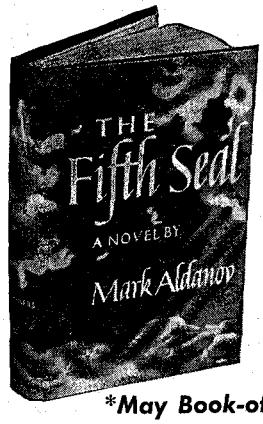

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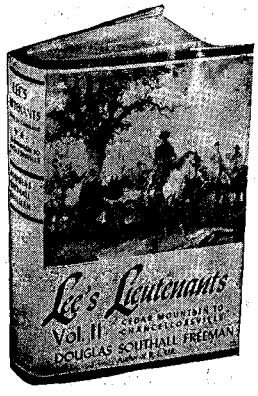

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"I see we have an idiot amongst us. He doesn't even know the meaning of his own name."

"But I do, sir!" said Jacques quickly, suddenly aware that he was being baited.

"Oh, ye do? *Then sit down!*" The command was roared with such ferocity that it swept his legs from under him and he collapsed into his seat. Deathly silence fell on the classroom as Brother Doyle's glance impaled Jacques. "Ye left the title at home, wherever it is ye come from. Remember that while ye're in my class."

After class Jacques locked himself in the lavatory of his own accord, and burst into tears. He stayed in the lavatory until the bell rang for dinner.

11

After a long silence a letter came to Jacques from England, from Hardyal, who was spending his midsummer holidays in Sussex.

". . . When the tide goes down you can hardly see it -- it lies like a piece of wet string under the sky, and the sands come to life with very small crabs and things. I now find that I swim quite well. We ride when I go to stay with Mr. Wall's sisters on the Downs. I wish you were here. In school some of the fellows call me 'Wog.' A Wog is a kind of black doll with button eyes and hair of wool. I do not think that I look like a Wog. I wish you were here."

The boy whose seat Jacques had usurped in Brother Doyle's class, John Macbeth, returned to school and Jacques was moved down the aisle. Like His Highness the Raja of Jhori and a few others, Macbeth was fortunate enough to be a day scholar. When Jacques looked him over, he encountered a pair of blue, incurious eyes, and Macbeth smiled very faintly, as though a fly had tickled his nose.

As suddenly as he had appeared Macbeth disappeared, and a note was brought by a magnificent mounted orderly from Colonel Macbeth, to state that his son was indisposed and would not attend class for two or three days. Funny, reflected Jacques — Macbeth didn't look in the least delicate.

"What's the matter with Macbeth?" Jacques demeaned himself to inquire of his neighbor, the Raja.

"Worms," returned His Highness, importantly.

"Fits," amended someone else. "He falls down and turns blue."

The situation between Brother Doyle and Jacques became steadily worse. Hanif, Jacques's servant at home, would have said that the man possessed the evil eye, and certainly there were moments when Jacques felt the sterile flame of that eye consume his will and paralyze his limbs. As for the rest of the class, this unequal struggle offered them a welcome relief from boredom.

Jacques's accent came in for special attention, for his English, though blameless, was tinged with French sibilance, and he had occasional difficulties with his *th*'s and his *k*'s — difficulties which multiplied under the strain of shyness and fear until he sank helplessly into the protective tenderness of his mother tongue.

Brother Doyle said, "This is not a French lesson, Remy. If ye want to show off your abilities as a linguist, save them for Brother Vincent. *He* may appreciate them."

Or it was: "Remy, have ye filled the inkpots this day? Ah, I forgot! The title — *de*. Naturally, ye can't be expected to remember inkpots!"

One day Jacques was goaded to white heat — a touch would shatter him. Perhaps Brother Doyle recognized the extent to which he had succeeded, for he played the dogged, silent little fish to a standstill — then prepared to let him go. Jacques had been summoned to the dais, and was in full view of the class. Brother Doyle smiled at him. "Very well — ye may go back to your seat now, Remy."

It was at that moment that Jacques lifted his head and gave his class-master a long, indescribable look. Brother Doyle flushed.

"Wait a minute. What was it ye were going to say, Remy?"

Jacques was silent, staring now, not at the man but past him.

"Did ye hear me, Remy?"

Silence grew in Jacques, it obsessed him.

"Remy!"

The windows sparkled in the mountain air and Jacques could see butterflies fluttering in the school gardens.

"Will ye answer me, Remy?"

The class craned forward.

Brother Doyle struck him a sudden, glancing blow. Reeling, Jacques caught the edge of the master's desk, and his fingers closed on a round glass inkpot which stood there. What happened then happened as inevitably as the arc of a reflex — his hand flew upward and the inkpot flew through the air, missing Brother Doyle and crashing against the blackboard.

Then Jacques fled -- down the aisle between the desks and out through the great doors and across the terrace. The terrace ended in a five-foot drop and he took it in his stride, flying through the air

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for an intoxicating second which ended in a bed of bracken that closed over his head. Through this he scuttled, twisting and winding, to the hill road below. He had no idea of where he was going or what he intended to do.

The path along which he was half running, half walking, dipped between rhododendrons to the road below, and sauntering along this road, carrying a butterfly net, was John Macbeth.

12

They came to an abrupt halt, eyeing each other closely. Jacques, on the verge of hysteria, felt his nerves giving way under the other's steady stare. But Macbeth had some genius for gauging situations; he shot a swift glance up and down the road, then approached Jacques. "Come along. I know a place where no one can find us."

Doubt evaporated in a second. They trotted up the path, Macbeth in the lead. The school was well out of sight and there was no sound save the voice of a hillman singing far down on the road.

Macbeth paused, smiled at Jacques over his shoulder, and plunged down the hillside into the low-growing ferns and bushes. They were among a gigantic outcropping of rocks where purple orchids clung to the moss blanket; and here, suddenly Macbeth vanished as though jaws had opened and swallowed him. His voice reached Jacques from a green dimness beside his feet: "Come along — jump!"

Jacques jumped, crashing through six feet of ferns to land beside Macbeth in a little dell of moss and gravel through which a tiny stream rustled on its way to the lake below. The ferns had closed upon their heads, and sun filtered down in splinters of light; there was heat, and a smell of mold and flowers.

Macbeth crouched beside the stream and drank, and Jacques beside him plunged his face into the water. They sat back on their heels, embarrassment engulfing both. Macbeth took the initiative: —

"I often come here. No one else knows about it."

"How did you find it?"

"By accident, one day, when I was chasing a moth."

Jacques glanced at the butterfly net propped against the wall of their hiding place. "I have a collection at home."

The ice was broken and they made themselves comfortable on the emerald moss. Macbeth removed his hat and took a butterfly from under the sweatband. "I just got it. I had to chase it almost a mile!"

Jacques examined the exquisite creature, and remembrance took him by the throat. His birthday — and Hanif taking a butterfly from his cap and laying it on the dressing table. His mother, Hardyal, Amritpore — the past! He felt lost and betrayed, and laying his head on his knees, he broke down in despairing sobs.

Macbeth stayed quiet. The paroxysm passed and Jacques drew a deep breath. He smiled waveringly at his new friend. "I thought you were ill."

"Oh, I was, but I'm all right now."

"Jhori said you had worms."

"Beast!"

"Laughlin said it was fits."

"Swine!"

In Jacques, a characteristic vitality asserted itself — the old magic which Mrs. Lyttleton, for one, would have recognized. "But what can it be, then? You're absent so often."

The tacit admission that his absence had been noticed — and regretted — thawed Macbeth. "If I tell you something, will you swear not to give me away?"

"Oh, I swear!"

"I hate Doyle. I simply can't stand his beastly face. So I just take cascara."

"Cascara?"

"It's quite harmless, but it makes you go to the bathroom like anything. At first my family kept sending for old Das, the assistant surgeon. He gave me things to stop it, and I had to go back to school. But now it doesn't bother them as it used to. And I'm very careful not to take too much at a time."

Jacques felt, breaking all through him, a reviving warmth which had seemed extinguished forever with Hardyal's disappearance.

"Cascara," he repeated. "Fancy!"

"If *you* were to try it, it'd give the whole show away."

"Oh no, I wouldn't try it, I promise. Besides —" The bleak look returned to his eyes.

Macbeth looked at him keenly. "What about you? Shouldn't you be at class?"

"I threw something at Doyle."

"*What?*"

"An inkpot."

"Heavens! Did you hit him?"

"I missed."

"Heavens!" Macbeth stared in wonder. "You did, actually? Then you'll probably be expelled."

Jacques was silent, his mind in sudden confusion. Somehow he had not thought of expulsion — he had not really thought of anything except a blind escape.

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He began to see, now, some of the angles of his predicament. "They can't very well expel me if I don't go back."

"That's true." Macbeth frowned in an ecstasy of concentration. "But I say, you could put the fear of God into old Doyle if you liked."

"Could I?"

"You could write him a letter — I'd post it for you — saying that you'd decided to commit suicide." His imagination on fire, Macbeth craned towards Jacques. "You could leave your shoes and your coat on the shore near the lake. Someone would be sure to find them. Just think what it would do to old Doyle!"

Jacques luxuriated in the thought for several seconds, then cold reason intervened. "What'd be the use? In the end they'd find out that I hadn't committed suicide."

"Yes, I suppose they would." Macbeth relinquished the idea with obvious reluctance. "Well, what are you going to do? You're in a proper fix, you know."

They relapsed into silence, and little by little the ominous and reasonable world intruded its logic upon them — its logic and its complication.

"I shall go back," Jacques said.

"What?"

"Yes, I shall go back."

He rose and scrambled up the side of the little dell and ran down the path towards the school. There was still some time before the class ended. Round the end of the buildings and across the graveled yard he ran, under the bored eyes of a few strolling Seniors.

Brother Doyle was standing beside the blackboard as a collective gasp went up from the room, though no one said anything. Jacques walked down the aisle to the dais and faced his classmaster. Doyle looked down at this bundle of flesh and breath, with its two hands and its two feet, its straight eyes and precarious mouth, its finite intelligence seeking coherence: "I came back to say — that I'm sorry. I don't like you. I never shall like you. But all the same, I came back."

The saving grace to which his vows and his black robes fully entitled him came to Brother Doyle's rescue — and to Jacques's.

The Brother laid his hand lightly on the boy's steamy forehead.

"Go to the infirmary and tell Nurse that I sent you. You're to stay there until tomorrow."

When Jacques had gone, as suddenly, almost, as he appeared, Brother Doyle addressed the stupefied class. "We shall hear no more about this incident, in class or out of it. Understand? It is finished. I think — that our young friend had just a touch of fever."

13

Madame de St. Remy wrote Jacques long letters, which spoke of the heat and of her work. The factory foreman, Mr. Boodrie, had come down with dysentery and she saw little or no prospect of escape to the hills until later — perhaps, this year, not at all. Father Sebastien had been ill, Mr. Wall sometimes dropped in to ask after him, and she had seen Ganpat Rai, who spoke of Hardyal. Hanif had boils, which made him irritable and sulky. Never mind — the summer would pass, and in early December Jacques would return to Amritpore.

Mrs. Lyttleton had not written, but Jacques did not expect that she would, for he remembered her declaring, once, that pen and ink were poor substitutes for flesh and blood. But Jacques was learning to draw the past close to him, to turn over the hoarded occasions, and to ask himself just what it was, now, that he wanted.

Did he really want to go back to Amritpore today — tomorrow — the day after? To find Hardyal gone, himself cut away from Mrs. Lyttleton and restrained to the bitter-sweet companionship of his mother and the towering surveillance of Father Sebastien? To go back — to June's white heat and a long-drawn existence inside the house, under a flagging punkah; an existence enlivened by reading for the hundredth time *The Count of Monte Cristo*, or rearranging his butterflies, or galloping alone cross-country in the early mornings?

The truth was, life at St. Matthew's, as far as Jacques was concerned, had taken a turn for the better. Save for an occasional gibe from Brother Doyle and infrequent scuffles with the heroes who had ducked him, Jacques was not troubled further. What was more — what was best — he had found a friend in Macbeth.

John Macbeth brought his new friend home one week-end shortly after the adventure of the flung inkpot, and presented him to his parents. Colonel Macbeth was an immensely tall, angular soldier with drooping mustaches and pale, clear eyes. He combined a passion for soldiering with a passion for gardening, and it was difficult for Jacques to picture this gentle giant slaying an enemy. The Colonel spent much time in unpacking and labeling tulips from Holland, and in offering exorbitant rewards to the Pahari who brought him rare orchids from their distant valleys.

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Mrs. Macbeth was tiny, with big eyes and delicate hair and numerous golden freckles. She was not like any other woman Jacques had ever known — so pretty, so fragile, so full of delicate fun. It was not to dawn on Jacques for a long time that this exquisite creature was almost entirely brainless, for no one cared — least of all those who loved her.

For Jacques, life at the Macbeths' was as far removed from the uncouthness of St. Matthew's as St. Matthew's was remote from the nostalgic charms of home. At the Macbeths' he discovered grace, gayety, an exciting, unobtrusive formalism. And from the very beginning he detected in it a resemblance to another character which he knew very well: to that mysterious assurance of an authority larger than men.

For the Macbeths, this authority was history — it was, pre-eminently, English history. For Madame de St. Remy it was French *esprit* and French *espoir*, inescapably merged with God. For Father Sebastien it was the Church in God — no more, certainly no less. What it may have been for Colonel Macbeth's dark soldiers in their passionately curled beards, their fringed turbans and gold-frogged *chapkans*, was not for them to say — not yet. History had not accumulated to the point where they — and young Jacques de St. Remy — were finally to stand and say it.

In the meantime there were great doings in the big house up there on the hill. There was much coming and going of the officers from the garrison, all magnificently laced and striped and fringed and frogged, some mild as milk, others fierce as wart hogs. Their glittering presence delighted Jacques, and there were times when he envied Macbeth his time spent among them.

14

One Sunday morning as Jacques climbed the hill towards the Macbeths' house he heard a koel whistling in the valley, and the guttural voices of Bhotiyals driving their borax-laden sheep towards the plains. He passed these cheerful Mongols on the road and they hailed him merrily in a language which he couldn't understand. Their eyes slanted upward at the corners, they wore their long hair braided with colored wool, and as they disappeared in clouds of dust he could hear them admonish their sheep with barking noises, like dogs.

He reached the hilltop and paused for a moment on the terrace before the house, where every window reflected light and the air tasted of flowers. The Macbeths' spaniels came wagging to meet him, and a big bearded orderly saluted jocosely as he ran up the verandah steps. The drawing room was cool and dusky and seemed deserted; then he saw a figure rise from a chair beside the piano, and an unknown voice greeted him.

"Are you Jacques?"

He did not answer at once, staring intently through the gloom, which lessened as he stared.

"You must be Jacques," said the voice calmly. "I am Bertie Wood."

He went towards her as she rose — a girl of fifteen, with a face in its contours more English than anything else but fashioned out of the alloy of generations: Saxon and Norman tempered by some perverse Mediterranean strain. Bertie's eyes were a light brown like the eyes of an orange cat, her skin but a few shades lighter, her hair a luxuriant black.

Shyness was no part of Bertie's accoutrement. She held out her hand and as Jacques took it she stared at him with critical thoroughness.

"You go to school with John, don't you? He has done nothing but talk about you since I arrived. But he didn't tell me that you were handsome."

Jacques dropped his hand, which fell lightly on the piano and struck an inadvertent note. "I — where are the others?"

"They'll turn up."

Bertie led him to the big window that gave on a view of the terrace and the colonel's rose-bed. She stared at the sparkling hills. "No one told me that India could be like this! Huge, beautiful — more beautiful than anything I have ever seen. All light, all green, all sky!"

Jacques listened to her clean accent, so different from the polyglot of St. Matthew's. She went on: "I'd like to live here for the rest of my life."

"So should I."

"It's a pity one can't, isn't it?"

"What do you mean?"

"Live here always. Eventually one has to go away again."

"Lots of people don't go away. They stay. They even die here."

Bertie was looking at him attentively. "You're a very serious sort of boy, aren't you? John didn't tell me that. But you know perfectly well that this isn't our own country. Someone was talking about it last night at dinner — Captain Ponsonby, I think. He said something about how essential it is for people to stick to their own culture."

Jacques frowned. "But what is one to do, if one *likes* it to live in a place that isn't one's own country? I don't think that I'd care to live all my life in France."

Bertie thought this over gravely. "I don't think

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that that was what Captain Ponsonby meant, really. He meant that if one stays here too long one loses one's sense of — of identity. That was the word. I don't quite know what he meant. Something about going native."

Jacques nodded slowly, and spoke as though to himself: "I wonder if Hardyal will go native in England, if he stays there long enough?"

"Who is Hardyal?"

Jacques explained.

"Do you mean to say you have a Hindu friend, really? A friend like John? If I'm here next year shall I meet him?"

Before Jacques could answer, Colonel Macbeth entered the room behind them. "Ah, so you've met!" He smiled from one face to the other. "Jacques, you don't know it yet, but you will before long: this is a most unusual young woman."

"I know. She can ride and shoot and sail a boat and stand on her head and talk four languages and see in the dark."

The Colonel turned to Bertie. "I see John has been laying the ground for you, my dear."

Bertie flung back her dark hair. "What a liar he is! Does he still take cascara when he wants to dodge school?"

The Colonel raised his fair brows. "So that was it! No wonder poor old Das never found out what caused the aches and pains."

"John wrote and told me all about it," Bertie explained callously. "He was frightfully pleased with himself. He also told me that he shot a leopard. Did he, Uncle Jack?"

"No, but there is a chance that he might, next week. I've just been talking with Lal Singh, who tells me one has killed several goats near a little village not far from here. Will you come with us — and you, Jacques?"

"Will we!" Bertie made a little pirouette. "I've never shot at anything bigger than grouse. What do we do — sit up in a tree, or stalk it on foot?"

Like her cousin John, Bertie Wood was an only child, but unlike him she was an orphan whose parents were drowned in a yachting accident on the Norfolk Broads when she was six years old. Bertie spent her childhood with alternate sets of relatives, under the personal care of Fräulein Eberhard — one of those devoted, deadly leeches known as a governess-companion. Then Fräulein Eberhard died and Bertie, exhilarated by freedom, found herself bored by all her English relatives. She thought yearningly of her favorite uncle, Colonel Macbeth, and of the happy times which she had spent with the Macbeths on their rare furloughs in England. Restive and unhappy, she wrote a supplicating letter to her uncle, and a month later she was on her way to India.

That journey from Southampton to Bombay was her first voyage, her first great adventure, and as the watery leagues slid under the ship's keel she felt the conscious growth of her own capacity for experience, for wonder, and for delight. England and India, India and England! The ocean was a transfusing element binding them together; or so Bertie felt when she saw the reflections of Bombay breaking on the shallows of the Arabian Sea.

At Benares Station an incident disturbed somewhat her enchantment with the journey. There she saw a tall and dapper Englishman throw a youngish Indian out of a first-class compartment and get into it himself with his wife, his luggage, and all his dogs. The performance — it was necessarily brief — was watched by an interested but passive audience of natives and Eurasians, and Bertie stared in wonder as the Indian picked up his scattered belongings and walked quietly away to a third-class compartment.

The memory of this scene continued to trouble her — she simply could not understand why the Indian, who looked young and strong and civilized, had not defended himself against the Englishman. She thought of the men she had known in England, and she knew that not one of them would have endured such treatment. In the first place, people did not behave like that Englishman unless they were drunk or mad.

When Bertie mentioned the episode to her uncle, he frowned.

"Don't run away with the idea that we are all like that. I've lived in India for twenty-five years and I've never raised my hand against a native."

Bertie's confusion increased. "But you have fought them! You fought them on the Frontier —"

He smiled down at her with his blue, gentle eyes. "My dear! There is a difference, you know. That was war."

15

The following week, Jacques arrived at the Macbeths' to find the household, as he expected, in a ferment of preparation for the hunting trip which the Colonel had promised them. Tents and baggage had already gone, and the party, it seemed, was waiting for Jacques before setting out on the twenty-mile ride to the camping ground. Bertie rushed to meet him. "Jacques! We were afraid you were not coming." She clutched his arm and he could feel the excitement running through her.

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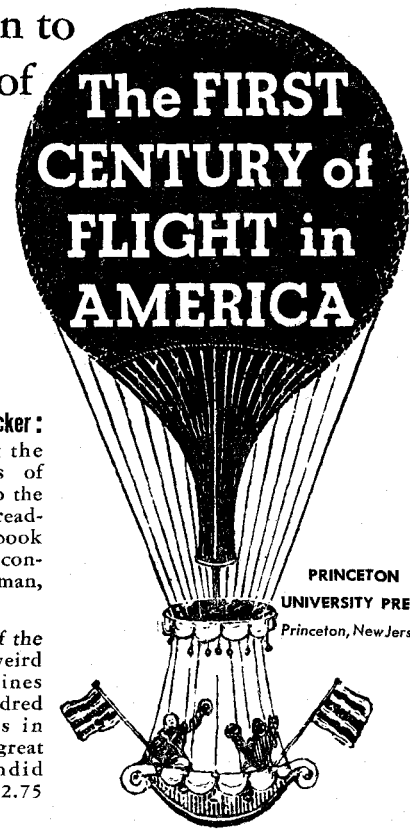

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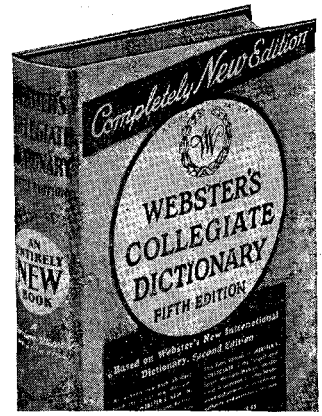

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Macbeth sauntered up. "We've got a gun for you. It's gone with the baggage. Father says I may use his."

Mrs. Macbeth appeared with the Colonel and Captain Ponsonby, the latter stroking his silky black mustache and looking about him with amused eyes. Mrs. Macbeth was all dove-gray, with a little blue feather in her hat. "I'll take care of Pedro," she said in her high, decided voice. "Poor darling, he'd *hate* to be left behind, leopards or no leopards."

"Well," said Colonel Macbeth, shrugging, "remember what happened to Pongo."

"And to Dumdum," added Captain Ponsonby, darkly. "And to Gypsy."

At one time or another leopards had made off with all three dogs, but Mrs. Macbeth refused to be separated from her special pet, a fat and breathless spaniel now miraculously in his fifth year. "Pedro can ride in the dandy with me, and the children will see that he doesn't wander too far when we get there."

"He's *your* dog," her son reminded her, coldly.

Jacques revived in the vagrant thrill which any expedition brings to an unjaded spirit. He tasted the primitive lust for faring forth, for leaving all that is known and stale and turning one's face in a fresh direction. And he saw at once that the others felt this — he saw it in Macbeth's nervous smile and Bertie's expressive eyes; he heard it in a new note of Mrs. Macbeth's voice and in the Captain's pointless jokes; above all, he saw it in the youthful gaze of that gentle warrior, Colonel Macbeth.

Bertie exclaimed, "Jacques! We're going to ride all afternoon — lunch under the trees — then camp, with the charcoal fires and the coolies' voices coming out of the dark, and the nighthawk going like this." She pursed her lips and made the hollow gong-like note of the Himalayan nighthawk as it floats out of a purple shadow.

Jacques stared at her. "How do you know it will be like that?"

"Because I know, I know!"

"Come on, everyone!" shouted the Colonel. Mrs. Macbeth was already seated in her dandy, with Pedro slavering on her lap. Four grunting coolies swung the poles on their shoulders, and their muscular brown legs vanished down the slope among the trees, pursued by Colonel Macbeth and the Captain. The children mounted their own beasts and followed, while behind them straggled the grooms and a man with a straw lunch basket balanced on his head.

Their road led away from the semi-civilization of Gambul towards the lower hills, and presently they were in a warmer air of cultivated terraces and a sudden village of thatched roofs and bleating goats. They rode past a little temple with a red-painted stone beside it, and jostled and were jostled by strings of starved-looking pack ponies coming the other way. Wizened old women with babies slung in rags on their backs smiled up at Bertie and in passing laid their gnarled hands on her skirts. "*Bhao! Bhao!*" they cried, and held their babies up to her saddletree.

"What do they want?" asked Bertie, laughing down at the leathery faces which laughed back at her.

"Money," said Jacques. "Don't give them any or they'll be all over us."

"Luckily, I haven't any," said Bertie. They rode on and she said: "I wish I'd had a few pennies, though. I hated to refuse."

Bertie and Jacques rode together, and at every turn of the road they caught glimpses of their companions — Mrs. Macbeth's parasol bobbing above her white dandy, the Colonel's tall back and the neater, slighter figure of the young officer. John kept scurrying between the two segments of the procession, bringing odds and ends of information and needless suggestions and commands, and presently they realized that he was engaged in a game of his own — a game in which he lorded it over these separate friendly destinies without their knowledge or connivance.

Bertie laughed suddenly. "It's queer about John. Whenever he is happiest he seems to be most alone. Have you noticed?"

He had noticed, but had not thought of putting it into words.

"Now I —" continued the girl, "I am happiest when I'm *not* alone." She glanced at Jacques as their ponies came together in a narrowing of the road. "You know, I'm glad we're friends — the three of us. I've never had friends before — not like this. Not the ones I wanted and chose for myself."

Macbeth came tearing back, his horse in a lather. "I say, wouldn't it be fun if we should get a man-eater!"

Bertie wailed in terror, and Jacques explained that leopards do not attack people. Macbeth gave him a superior glance. "They have been known to. They climb trees after you and even fight their way into houses. Oh, not often, of course. But sometimes." And with this contribution to natural history he galloped away, all hat and horse.

They rode beside a shallow valley under a sky of interminable blue, and from a sunlit terrace a black partridge called as it had called to Marco Polo from

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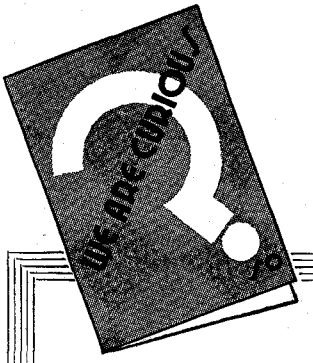

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these same terraces: "*Shir dharam ke shakrak!* (I have milk and honey!)" Then they began to climb and sprays of yellow dogwood brushed their hats as the ponies snorted and toiled up a slippery pine-spilled slope.

The road widened and slipped out of sight round the edge of a gorge which seemed to open on nothing but the sky. Bertie suddenly reined her pony and sat motionless. "Look," she said. Before them, but many miles away, towered a jagged rampart of quartz and cobalt cutting the world in half. Bertie looked questioningly at Jacques.

He answered softly: "Tibet."

16

THE tents were pitched in a semicircular glade with a fragment of the snows before and a densely wooded slope behind. Underbrush had been cleared and a shelter of boughs erected for horses and men. As the frail blue evening spiraled into night a bonfire sprang up in the center of the semicircle and a charcoal brazier glittered in the dark triangle of the cook's tent.

They sat round a table improvised out of an old packing case, and by the glow of the fire and the flicker of a smoky lantern ate their soup and their tinned sardines, and heard their own voices disperse in the starry air.

When dinner was finished Lal Singh, the old tracker, squatted beside Colonel Macbeth and they discussed plans. Lal Singh was tall and spare with a fringe of greenish beard and the eternally youthful eyes of the hunter. "I have arranged with the headman of a village not far from here to tie out a young goat. Tomorrow he should bring me word of the kill."

Bertie looked up quickly. "Must it be killed?"

The Colonel laughed, and Captain Ponsonby, smiling, tilted back in his chair. In the firelight, faces and hands shone like gold, and gestures were abrupt portents flung upon the screening darkness. Jacques emerged from his tent and took his place between Bertie and Macbeth. As Jacques sat down beside her, Bertie whispered: "This is just as I said it would be. Listen!"

He listened, and heard the nighthawk strike its copper notes, two high and two low; and as though in answer to a signal the fire fell together in a burst of sparks.

Long after Macbeth had tumbled into sleep on the next cot, Jacques lay awake, attentive to the Indian dark where there is no such thing as silence — only a subtle shift of key and volume dividing the sound of night from the noise of day. Propped on his elbow, he stared through the opening of the tent across miles of starlit foliage to the pointed snows. He fell asleep sitting up, and slid gently onto his pillow, the faint light touching his head and lying on his closed eyes.

The shriek which roused him roused, with its stroke of terror, the whole camp. A little clot of humanity leaped and gesticulated outside the Colonel's tent, and among them appeared Lal Singh, majestically wide-awake.

"A leopard, Sahib! A leopard has taken the Mem-sahib's dog!"

It was true, Pedro had vanished. Leaving the foot of his mistress's bed, he had paddled forth to investigate the midnight stones, and in a weighted flash his pampered little spirit bubbled into a red silence in the gully behind the camp. Now all the whistling and crying in the world would not bring him wagging out of the darkness.

"By Jove!" exclaimed Captain Ponsonby, sailing out of his tent in pajamas. "I thought the tribesmen had risen!" His eyes sought Pedro's mistress, weeping on the edge of her bed with Bertie crouched beside her.

The Colonel stalked out of the tent to quell a babble of grooms and coolies, then turned to Lal Singh. "You are sure?"

"The dog is dead, Sahib. Not a hundred yards from this tent. I myself ran at once to see — and the leopard, hearing me, dropped the body and made off. But he will come back. Swiftly and silently, we must construct a platform in the nearest tree." And he vanished into the shadows, trailed by two shivering hillmen carrying axes.

The Colonel glanced at his wife. "My poor darling! But you know that Pedro always was a fool."

Bertie stared at her with terrified eyes. "It must have been awfully sudden. He couldn't have felt any pain."

"How do you know?" demanded Macbeth in a strange, stiff voice. "That scream. Of course he felt it."

"We had better toss up," Colonel Macbeth broke in. "The main thing now is to get the brute. Anybody got a rupee?"

"You needn't include me," said Bertie emphatically. "I'm not going to sit up in any old tree. Wild horses won't make me."

"Then it's between the four of us. All right, Ponsonby?"

The coin spun upwards and fell flat on the Colonel's outstretched palm. "I'm with you, Bertie,"

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said Captain Ponsonby, laughing. He sat down beside them and lighted a cigarette.

The Colonel smiled at the two boys. "All right, Jacques!"

"Heads," said Jacques, his voice ringing in his ears, dissolving in another sound which seemed caught there — the sound of something screaming in the blackness.

"Heads it is! Now it's between you and John."

"Heads," said Jacques again, premonition gripping him, sending the sweat running over his body.

The coin described its broken arc and landed once more on the Colonel's outstretched palm. He smiled at Jacques. "You win. Good boy!"

The Colonel picked up a rifle which stood at the foot of his own cot, and Jacques watched stiffly as the brass cartridges slid into the breech. "It's a bit long for you, my boy, but I think you'll handle it. Better cock one barrel at a time — you may only need one unless you just wound him, in which case try and get in the second shot as fast as you can. Aim for the shoulder, or just a fraction behind the shoulder, unless you're sure of a good head shot." He stared suddenly into the boy's face. "What's the matter, old chap? You're shaking like a leaf!"

Jacques was staring at the rifle which the Colonel had put into his hands. "I —" he said. "I —" He looked up and encountered Colonel Macbeth's eyes. "I don't know why I'm shivering. Shall we go?"

A coolie escorted them with a lantern, which cast its little varnish on the nearer leaves and the big pale stones of the gully. They found Pedro lying beside a small boulder; his throat was torn open and his tongue hung horribly from a corner of his mouth. The Colonel whispered sharply: "Don't touch him. We want to leave as little scent as possible. Ah, they've got the machan ready. Good work, Lal Singh!"

The machan comprised two short planks lashed between the branches of a tough little oak which leaned out towards the gully about fifteen feet above Pedro's body. Lal Singh had contrived a screen of boughs and leaves which made a perfect eyrie for the hunter, and into this Jacques was pushed and hoisted, with a handful of extra cartridges and a few last instructions: "Remember, don't move. Keep your eye on the kill. Don't shoot until you're sure, and then aim for the shoulder. Keep your fingers off the hammer until you're ready. The moon may come up before he decides to return. Now, good luck!"

They left him there and he watched the lantern dance away among the trees, and with it vanished their voices and the sound of their cautious feet. With their going the night surged upon him like a tide, and he was alone with the bleeding corpse below him and death marauding among the leaves. He was alone, and in a little while the camp, which he could not see, settled itself into indifferent silence. They had cut him adrift, they had abandoned him utterly.

A breath of wind rustled the stiff leaves of the oak in which he sat, and he felt the sweat stealing down his face — felt it wet the palms of his hands which gripped the rifle barrels. The unrelenting steel thrust its precision back into his flesh: Use me, it said, for that's what I mean, that's what I am. Holding his breath, he practiced drawing back the hammers, then releasing them, feeling their sinewy strain against the ball of his thumb. All I have to do is pull the triggers and the hills will rock in uproar and every live thing go to earth. Well, why not? Tell them I aimed at a shadow or at a flitting owl, and let them laugh.

Then he saw Colonel Macbeth's offended eyes and behind them a succession of eyes, the offense of men who abhor a coward.

One of his feet went to sleep, and he stared desperately at the sky, which seemed to change as the moon began to thrust invisibly past a barrier of hills. The silence became unbearable, a tensile web which strove to stifle him. Below him Pedro lay limply dark on the lighter stones, yet he might have been a stone himself, a furred stone from which the blood escaped with lively logic. I wonder, thought Jacques, what is fear? Mauling, uproar, struggle, pain? And he remembered Pedro's dying shriek; when men die they die like that, like dogs with their throats torn in half.

Jacques clutched the rifle. He was trembling. Then his trembling ceased as he heard the sound for which he had waited — the tiny creak of a dry leaf. It was as though the earth had drawn a faint extra breath, and this disturbed pattern set the hairs rigidly along the back of his neck. There was no further sound, but a stone which had been dark now appeared light, and another which had been light concealed itself. Just as when an hour ago he had known that he was about to win the toss, he now knew that his presence was detected, that he was being pondered and judged, and that calculation had passed from him to an incalculable, inhuman god.

Silence crouched in the slow fire of the rising moon as Jacques, blind with terror, reached forward to tear away the screen of leaves before him, and caught the exploding charge full in his left hand.

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17

Accompanied by Hanif, Madame de St. Remy arrived at the Macbeths' house. They took her at once to see her son where he lay on the Colonel's bed, in that little dressing room which smelled of Pinaud's brilliantine and boot polish, where John Macbeth liked to help his father dress for great occasions. Colonel Macbeth and his wife had left Madame at the door, but Hanif followed her in and crouched at Jacques's feet, clasping them in his slender brown hands, murmuring over them.

Madame drew a chair towards the bed and sat down, bending towards her son. They stared at each other for a moment, then she kissed him, holding his right hand in both of hers. His left arm lay across his breast under the sheet. Madame had forgotten to remove her gloves and she felt his fingers play with the little buttons at her wrist.

"Don't talk," she said in her soft, precise voice. "Lie very still until you are well again."

He replied at once, with a vitality that astonished her. "There is something I've got to tell you."

"I know everything."

"I want to tell you myself." He gazed at her with his young lion eyes. "They had to cut off my hand, you know, at the wrist."

It was a cool, measured speech, and she knew that he must have lain there for hours practicing how to say it. She caught her breath, then murmured: "Yes, I was afraid —"

"The regimental surgeon did it, but Colonel Macbeth saved me. He lifted me down from the tree and put a tight thing round my arm. He helped the dandy-coolies carry me back to Gambul. He and Bertie and Macbeth — and all the time when I felt I was going — you know, Maman, going — they held on to me as if they knew — as if they understood that I felt I was going."

"Don't talk," whispered Madame between dry lips. "My darling, don't talk."

"I want to. I must. You see, it wasn't anybody's fault, what happened. It wasn't *their* fault. Maman, you must promise me —"

She freed one hand and brushed the loose hair back from his forehead.

"We'll talk tomorrow. Close your eyes, let me sit here beside you and hold your hand. Close your eyes. I am here. I shall stay here until you sleep."

Dinner was brought to her on a tray, and when at last the boy fell asleep she went downstairs to the big, strange, lamplit room where the Macbeths awaited her. John had disappeared but Bertie stayed, curled like a tawny cat on the window seat. Stiffly, with the air of a somnambulist, Madame allowed her hand to be shaken, and accepted the chair which Colonel Macbeth brought forward. Mrs. Macbeth, expressing her concern in faint indefinable murmurs, relapsed into silence, but the Colonel stood before Madame, fixing her with his pale, luminous eye.

"Nothing," he declared in his deep voice, "nothing could have upset me more than this, Madame — not even if it had happened to my own son!"

Madame de St. Remy returned his gaze with expressionless calm. "But it did not happen to your son, sir. It happened to mine!"

Mrs. Macbeth, seated beside the piano in a little pool of light, stared down at her hands, but the Colonel continued to meet and to withstand the cold shock of their visitor's gaze. "At least we know now that Jacques will recover. He is young and very strong. We should thank God for that."

"I shall never cease to thank God. But you, I think, have additional need to thank Him." After a tiny silence, she went on: "Jacques trusted you. I trusted you. Now I realize that it might have been better had I acted on my first impulse, which was certainly not one of blind trust."

"Then what was your first impulse, Madame?" inquired the soldier, gently.

"My first impulse was to forbid Jacques to spend his holidays away from the authorities who were charged with his safety."

Mrs. Macbeth glanced up in distress, but it was Bertie who suddenly interposed in a high, excited voice: "But good heavens! You couldn't leave him stuck at St. Matthew's all the time, could you?"

It was always difficult for Madame to lose her temper in English, and to have lost it in French would have made the whole situation ridiculous, since she was quite sure that these Saxon barbarians spoke nothing except their own tongue. Ignoring Bertie's interruption, she continued swiftly: "Of course I realize that the English have peculiar ideas in regard to the training of their children, ideas of nobility and courage — virtues which you exact from mere infants. I suppose this is admirable. It is, no doubt, one reason for your great success as colonizers!"

The Colonel twisted his mustache in violent agitation. "Well, upon my word, don't you know —"

"*Enfin, Monsieur*, not being English myself I have less exalted ideas. I don't believe in throwing my children to lions and panthers. I don't believe in compelling them to sit in trees with loaded guns, and leaving them there for hours on end until they go insane with fright!"

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Colonel Macbeth took a short step in one direction, changed his mind, and retraced it. "By Jove, I never thought of it in quite that light. Leopards are quite harmless, really. You see, it was entirely a question of luck."

"Luck?"

"*Qui porte bonheur!*" He smiled with an air of relief, as though he believed that this succinct phrase must clear away all misunderstanding. "Jacques, you see, won the toss."

She smiled bitterly. "You are wrong. He lost."

"Oh no, he didn't!" As she spoke, Bertie rose and crossed the room to her uncle, taking his arm. "If you were to ask Jacques, Madame, he'd tell you himself that he won."

Madame seemed to notice her for the first time; as a matter of fact she had met them all several hours ago, but then she was conscious of nothing and of no one except her son. Now, as the mist of terror and anxiety began to lift, she perceived these cold-blooded English in the special baleful light in which she had always judged them. Their composure, their acceptance of their own irresponsibility as something which involved no more than a stroke of "luck" or a point in "sportsmanship," roused the dormant fury in her breast. They were in league as usual; they stuck by each other even when they were in the wrong — perhaps never so loyally as when they were wrong! They submerged their differences and pooled their strength against the stranger, for this too was part of their code.

Feeling suddenly very hot and very tired, she rose, distributed fragmentary bows, and went out of the room. But in the dimly lighted hall she paused for a minute to get herself in hand before going upstairs to Jacques. She stood in an angle of the big staircase, her dark dress merging with the heavy shadow which fell about her. From here she had a partial view of the room which she had just left, and the tableau now being enacted there in the golden lamplight recaptured her attention. The Colonel's figure loomed amply framed, with his arm still round his niece's shoulder. Madame heard his deep, undistinguishable murmur followed by Bertie's voice, as clear as a bell: "I don't care! She's going to try and take Jacques away from us. You'll see. You'll see!"

Further cavernous murmurs came from the Colonel, then again the ringing young voice: "It *is* our business! I'll fight her if you don't. John and I will fight her together. We'll fight her tooth and nail!"

Madame turned away, stepping out from the shadow towards the foot of the stairs, and she saw then that she was not alone, for John Macbeth leaned against the newel post, facing her, facing past her towards the glowing doors of the drawing room. From his expression Madame guessed that he had heard what Bertie said and that he had caught her, herself, in the intolerable role of an eavesdropper. As she prepared to pass him their eyes met, and Madame, smiling bitterly, thought: "Yes, they're in league, all of them, even the children."

Her sense of desolation increased as she mounted the stairs and found Hanif squatting like a watchful genie outside Jacques's door. He rose, reassuringly strong and familiar in his elegant garments. Madame waited a moment to get her breath. "Does he sleep?" she asked at last, and raised her hand to her own tired eyes.

"He sleeps," the young man answered softly. "He woke but once, thinking you were near, and asked something of you."

Madame stared at her servant through the gloom. "Asked something? What was it he asked?"

"Perhaps he was not quite awake, but it seemed to me that he begged you to promise him something."

She waited, and presently the deferential voice continued: "Have I liberty to speak? You are my father and my mother, else how would I dare?"

Madame drew a deep breath. "Oh, go on, go on!"

"Then you must know that he has set his heart on these friends. Do not take him away from them, for if he should come to believe that you intend to take him away, he may lose heart — and he must not lose heart!"

When Madame hesitated, a strange anger leaping and dying within her, Hanif waited, his hands clasped before him and his eyes lowered. Then with a curious little sigh Madame put her hand on the door and walked past him into her son's room.

(To be continued)

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